

Feb. 24, 1973

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BUTLEY—Alan Bates, continuously onstage and in continuous eruption, as a miserable teacher at the University of London bent on making everyone around him feel as unhappy as he does. The author, Simon Gray, has found the means of making Butley sympathetic; he has also given him wonderfully funny lines to utter. An excellent comedy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

DOCTOR SELAVY'S MAGIC THEATRE—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

SHAY DUFFIN AS BRENDAN BEHAN—A one-man show of selections from the altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

ENDGAME—André Gregory's Manhattan Project in the Beckett play. (Normandy Room, New York University, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15.)

FINISHING TOUCHES—A very domestic comedy by Jean Kerr, who writes marvellous lines but who lets her characters go no farther than to flirt with the promises of life before they wistfully repudiate them. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FREEMAN—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean, directed by Lloyd Richards. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA—A funny, brief lark, set in a seedy night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

GREEN JULIA—A rather silly comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES—An irresistible, old-fashioned English comedy by William Douglas Home, starring Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner. (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

KASPAR—A multimedia production of a play by the gifted young German dramatist Peter Handke, who this time is writing about writ-

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ing—about words and logic and meaning. The going is hard, most of the time—remote, impersonal, pedantic, and distracting—but a beautiful soliloquy near the end almost redeems the evening. The soliloquy is well spoken by Christopher Lloyd, as the actual historical figure Kaspar Hauser. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC—A musical suggested by the Ingmar Bergman film "Smiles of a Summer Night." Stephen Sondheim wrote the

music and lyrics, Hugh Wheeler is responsible for the book, and the cast is headed by Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. Harold Prince directed. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 24. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 25. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MEDEA—Irene Papas as the proud and passionate barbarian princess who teaches her errant husband a lesson, and what a lesson! The adaptation and the direction are by Minos Volanakis. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

NO SEX, PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH—A London play by Anthony Marriott and Alistair Foot, starring Maureen O'Sullivan and Tony Tanner. Staged by Christopher Hewett. (Ritz, 48th St., W. 489-6046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2.)

OH COWARD!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OUT CRY—A two-character play by Tennessee Williams, with Michael York and Cara Duff-MacCormick. Directed by Peter Glenville. Preview Wednesday evening, Feb. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 1. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PENTHOUSE LEGEND—A revival of Ayn Rand's 1935 play, "Night of January 16," with jurors drawn from the audience. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 21. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 22, at 7. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PIPPIN—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2.)

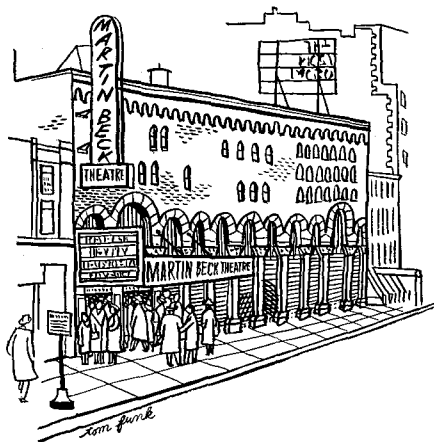
THE PLAY'S THE THING—Molnár's comedy, first done here in P. G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation in 1926, seems as fresh and funny as ever. The performance is O.K., too, though certainly no better than that. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

THE REBBITZEN FROM ISRAEL—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Shakespeare's *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*, directed by Ellis Rabb, with Rosemary Harris. The third in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 28, except Thursday, Feb. 22; special matinee Wednesday, Feb. 21. Opens officially on Thursday, March 1, and will run through Saturday, April 7. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE RIVER NIGER—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

SHELTER—A small musical, full of cheery songs in a bright setting. The able cast, directed by Austin Pendleton, includes Marcia Rodd, Terry Kiser, Susan Browning, and Joanna Merlin. The author of the book and lyrics is Gretchen Cryer, and the composer of the



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music is Nancy Ford. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIAMESE CONNECTIONS—A gloomy, murky bore, set on a ghost-ridden farm. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

6 RMS RIV VU—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STATUS QUO VADIS—A play written and directed by Donald Driver, with Bruce Boxleitner and Gail Strickland. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

STEP LIVELY, BOY—A musical adapted by Vinnette Carroll from Irwin Shaw's play "Bury the Dead," with a score and lyrics by Micki Grant. Directed by Miss Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WARP 1: MY BATTLEFIELD, MY BODY—The best things about this tiresome experiment in comic-strip science fiction are the lighting effects and the sound effects, which are probably injurious to your health. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WEDDING BAND—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 25.)

WELCOME TO ANDROMEDA AND VARIETY OBIT—A pair of sad one-acters by Ron Whyte. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with de-

lightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 5,334 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR**: The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE**: Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE PROPOSITION**: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND AND AFTER MAGRITTE**: Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) ... **SLEUTH**: Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SUGAR**: A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON**: This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA**: Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, April 1—Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Jive" (première), and "Le Beau Danube." ... Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Trinity," "After Eden," "Confetti," and "Jive." ... Friday, Feb. 23,

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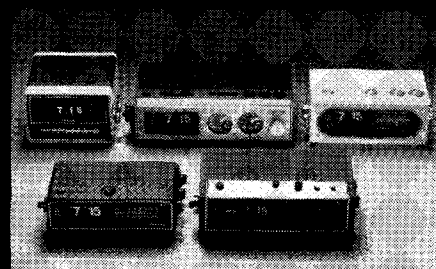
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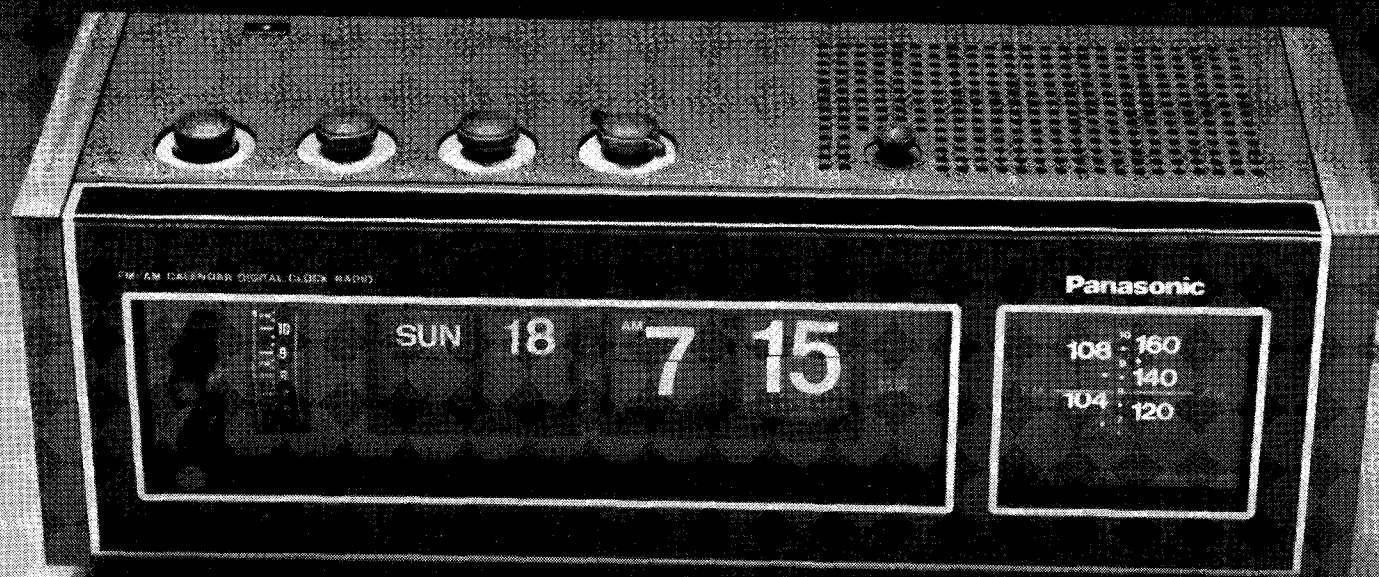
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at 8: "Meadowlark," "Secret Places," "Jackpot" (New York premiere), and "Interplay." ... ♪ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Trinity," "After Eden," and "Le Beau Danube." ... ♪ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Secret Places," "Jackpot," and "Interplay." ... ♪ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2: "Kettentanz," "After Eden," and "Interplay." ... ♪ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 7:30: "Meadowlark," "Secret Places," "Jackpot," and "Jive." ... ♪ Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Interplay," "Secret Places," and "Le Beau Danube." ... ♪ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Secret Places," "Jackpot," and "Jive." ... ♪ Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Moves," "Deuce Coupe" (New York premiere), and "Le Beau Danube." ... ♪ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Moves," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "The Clowns." ... ♪ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "Kettentanz," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "Jive." ... ♪ Saturday, March 3, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Deuce Coupe," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY AND ALWIN NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of a joint week-and-a-half engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7; Thursday, Feb. 22, at 1 and 8; and Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: Opening dance from "Go 6," "Foreplay," "Calligraph for Martyrs," and "Tent." ... ♪ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2: "Somniloquy," "Index," "Continuum," and "Tower." ... ♪ Sunday, Feb. 25, at 7: Group dance from "Sanctum," "Personnae," "Grotto," and "Hoopla." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with beer kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz—some of it familiar, some futuristic—created by a trio under the leadership of pianist John Foster. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Sunset Café Stomp" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Robert Klein, a comedian, will depart after Monday, Feb. 26, and Brewer and Shipley will open Wednesday, Feb. 28. A country-folk duo, they have been around for a few years, and—lo and behold!—they write and sing material that manages to be good-natured and incisive at the same time. In this world of musico-cultural blah and image-inflating hype, B. & S. are refreshingly relaxed and unpretentious, and you might even go out whistling their tunes. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. On Wednesday, Feb. 21, a singer named Shango will appear with a trio. Thursdays through Sundays, Feb. 22-25 and March 1-4, three Grade A jazzmen—pianist Duke Pearson, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer Mickey Roker—will combine talents. Entertainment nightly from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Guitarist Joe Beck will work with a bassist through Saturday, Feb. 24. Pianist Don Friedman, who has gigged with practically every major jazz group in New York at one time or another—and deservedly so—will turn up with a bass violist on Monday, Feb. 26. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, another very capable pianist, Bill Rubenstein, performs between nine and one.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Marian McPartland, for whose seemingly innate technique the piano might

have been invented, is finishing her too brief stay in this old, faintly anachronistic room. With drummer Joe Corsello and bassist Rusty Gilder, she will be doing jazz a service through Saturday, Feb. 24. On Tuesday, Feb. 27, Bobby Short will return, to take a trip to the moon on gossamer wings and other excursions. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson, one of the rocks upon which the contemporary jazz piano was built, will continue to play in his flawless manner, in company with bassist Al Bruno, through Thursday, March 1. On Friday, March 2, a trio consisting of guitarist Tiny Grimes, pianist Kelly Owens, and bassist Jimmy Lewis will start an engagement. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his chock-full-o'-notes approach to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Through Saturday, Feb. 24, two girls who sing a cappella and who call themselves The Act will be onstage opposite a four-piece instrumental group known as Oregon. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with bassist Al Hall Tuesdays through Saturday from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Feb. 25, from five until eight—before their regular session—Larkins and Hall will do an all-Richard Rodgers program. Mondays, another jazz duo plays. Snacks.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The Last Chance Café—which is to say that this club, which has been presenting the best jazz-guitar music in New York for the past three years, is about to leave this location for a new, East Side one. Guitarist Carl Thompson and bassist Bill Crow will trade sets with acoustic-guitarist David Qualey through Saturday, Feb. 24. Then there will be a blank space of several weeks while the move is effected. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, slick midtown home, this club seems to be doing well with a policy that offers two high-level jazz outfits each night. The J.P.J. Quartet, a fine outfit guided by reed man Budd Johnson, will alternate with a foursome led by tenor player Grover Washington through Saturday, Feb. 24. Billy Taylor—

who must know as much about jazz piano as any man alive—brings in his trio on Monday, Feb. 26, to play opposite vocalist Sylvia Syms and a trio led by pianist John Bunch. Music from nine-thirty until three or four every night but Sunday, when pianist Duke Pearson leads a big band (four trombones, among other things) between nine and two.

HILLY'S ON THE BOWERY, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (777-8500)—One of the longest bars in this or any other city, beautifully lighted by neon beer signs. Drummer Rashied Ali is conducting a quintet—both frenetic and verging on the dodecaphonic—Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-forty-five until closing. Chili and hamburgers are available. The location is not quite as *louche* as it sounds.

HORN & HARDART, 1557 Broadway, at 47th St.—Well, yes. Live music and dancing at the old Automat, and it makes a hipper setting than one might suppose. The place is still a cafeteria most of the week, but on Fridays and Saturdays, between nine and one, the lights are dimmed, musicians appear, and a pleasantly motley crowd sits at tables in the big, candy-striped room. An outfit called Vertical Burn, which uses a Moog synthesizer, is currently on the stand. Snacks and alcoholic beverages.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes his place. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

JAZZBOAT, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Another new jazz club, this one being a long, narrow bar-and-back-room with seashells and other marine devices on the walls. Through Sunday, Feb. 25, tenor-saxophonist Joe Henderson will lead a sextet. Another accomplished tenor man, Sonny Stitt, will come in with a quartet on Tuesday, Feb. 27. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. The bandmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

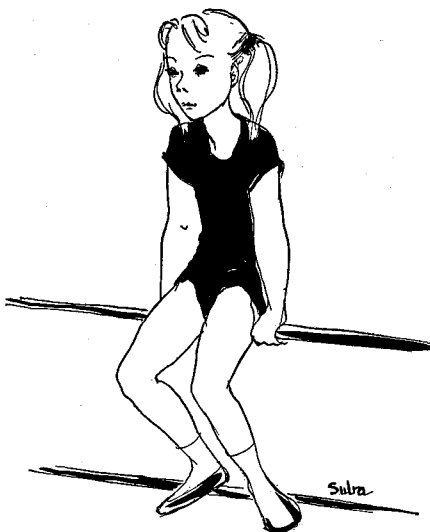
JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new, large restaurant (once a Toots Shor establishment) with a ceiling as high as a mastodon's eye. In the circular bar, pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays. No music Mondays.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9802)—A bar with one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York, and a back room that specializes in vocalists. Jim Kweskin, who led a jug band during most of the nineteen-sixties, will sing and strum through Sunday, Feb. 25. Folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker will appear Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 27-March 4. Shows beginning at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the BLUE ROOM CABARET, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing at ten and midnight each night.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Dave McKenna, a pianist who can be subtle, swinging, and sometimes positively dazzling, is at the keyboard Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinetist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Junior Mance, a strong and experienced pianist, will lead a trio Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 22-24. Vibist Milt Jackson, of M.J.Q. renown, will conduct a trio Thursday through Saturday, March 1-3. Music from ten until three. No live entertainment Sundays through Wednesdays.

MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, Patti Wicks plays a full-bodied jazz piano and sings, accompanied by bassist Perry Lind, in this relaxed club. Mondays, pianist Don Heitler teams with Lind. Sundays are silent. Dining.

ONLIEST PLACE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Formerly the Half Note (which recently moved to midtown) and now under new management, this little club is located two miles west of Nowhere, but it offers jazz of a fairly high calibre. Randy Weston, a pianist who usually performs in his own club in Tangier, is in this country for a short time, and he is doing a gig here with his son, Azzedin-Niles Weston, on conga drums and Larry Ridley on bass. Closed Mondays.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—This new restaurant, which uses a sailboat as its logo, has started to make waves. The spacious front portion is reserved for dining. In the rear—a roofed-over courtyard—singer-host Jimmie Daniels, pianist Sammy Benskin, and vocalist Jackie Washington keep New York's supper-club tradition alive at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, there is a showcase for new entertainers. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who knows how things were when the world was young, sits and charms her followers with songs—more recited than sung these days—that offer a distillation of wisdom through well-considered experience. Jimmy Lyon is her accompanist. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Two rooms above a Greek-French restaurant, with some crystal chandeliers and other remembrances of things past. Bassist Richard Davis and guitarist Jim Mitchell do their own sets and accompany vocalist Jane Harvey. Singer-pianist William Roy serves up some polished, show-biz things. Nine-thirty to two every night except Sunday and Monday.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights) in which some good musicians have to cope with a less than ideal pianoforte. Flutist Bobbi Humphrey will be in charge of a quartet Friday and Saturday, Feb. 23-24. No music the rest of the week. Ten to three-thirty are the hours. Snacks.

TWO SAINTS, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—This jazz club, formerly well known as the Five Spot, is back in business, with music provided by electric-pianist Dave Matthews and electric-bassist Midge Pike. Ten to two every night but Sunday. Italian food.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Bu Pleasant, a newcomer to the New York night-club circuit, plays a solid organ and sings in a compelling, jazz-oriented voice. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman alternates with Ms. Pleasant. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 23-24, pianist Thelonious Monk, grand master and innovator emeritus, will be here with his quartet. Mondays are problematical, with new talent showing up.... Downstairs: On Monday, Feb. 26, from eight to one, Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Discipline Arkestra will attempt to reproduce some of the weirdissimo sounds more commonly heard on Jupiter's third moon.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boite* where history is sometimes made. Keith Jarrett, an influential pianist who deals in intricately

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balanced note relationships and provocative rhythmic patterns, will remain with his quartet through Sunday, Feb. 25. Pharoah Sanders is a reed specialist who has experimented with advanced forms that incorporate various Eastern and Western musical ideas. He will arrive with his quintet Tuesday, Feb. 27. Mondays, the large and well-schooled Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band takes over. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz and piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays and by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays. Eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new portmanteau revue, is on view Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerel, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHATEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Little Marcelo, as proud a peacock as ever strutted the Lusitanian plains, hardly ever keeps his feet on the ground when he and his ballet troupe take off at dinner and supper. Cuban singer Rolando Laserie is also on hand. On Thursday, Feb. 22, the invincible Chavales de España will take over. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays.... In the adjoining **FLAMENCO SUITE**, a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a five-some operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Billy Eckstine and Jackie Forrest will cease their song recitals on Wednesday, Feb. 28. Next evening brings on caroller Melba Moore and comedian Rick Topper. Closed Mondays.... In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, trop-

ical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT**, where every prospect pleases, the dance music during the dinner hours issues from Mark Monte's orchestra and the Teddy Diamond trio, while the supper hours are devoted to a London-style discotheque. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's dance crew calling the tunes through Saturday, Feb. 24, and Phil Wayne's threesome Sunday through Saturday, Feb. 25-March 3.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, the Dick Lewis orchestra is putting forth dance tunes Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Soprano Kelly Garrett makes her appearances at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... Singer-guitarist Robert Miano disports himself in the **GREEN TULIP** from five to ten. Discotheque dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays.... In the **PALM COURT**, violin-and-piano music surrurates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Cab Calloway and his entourage (including his vocal daughter Chris and comedian Irwin C. Watson) will finish up on Saturday, Feb. 24. The singing team of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral arrives on Monday, Feb. 26. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE**, that venerable aristocrat of the dining table, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the songs and comedy of Kay Ballard. Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio are in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays.... **LA BOITE RUSSE**, the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the violin of Jani Sarkozi during dinner and supper every night but Monday. The menu is Russian.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that might please some playboy of some polyvinyl Western world. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Joel Grey is singing and dancing his way through dinner and supper these nights in the **EMPIRE ROOM**. Dance music by the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two.... **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays.... **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four.... **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pave-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ment, though, but under it. There's piano Tuesday through Saturdays from cocktails until well never. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie I. Torella.)... **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-7733): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *sola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and hurrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at night. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ... **FRAK'S PLACE**, 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): For cocktails and early dining, Norman Kubrin sings with *élan* and plays a spinet with *nesse*. He is present Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SN ALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-untill-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of perbole, and one that is distinctly not storage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabit a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the ne-arts piano of Herman Arminski follow him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always piano. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from five to one every night but Sunday and Monday. ... **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Candlelight and memorable melodies. The piano is manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. ... **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. ... **LA BIBLIOTHEQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that leads from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. ... **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by pianist Murray Grand, who was on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. His hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, from eight to two. ... **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. ... **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800):

As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. ... **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Calm voice, confident piano. ... **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more; the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music every night but Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. ... **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KOSTA ALEX—Painted-relief canvases; through March 10. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABA BAYEFSKY—Paintings, prints, and drawings by a leading artist of Ontario; through Friday, Feb. 23. (Canadian Consulate General, 1251 Sixth Ave., at 50th St.)

JACK BEAL—Figure paintings, pastel landscapes, and charcoal drawings by a realist; through Friday, March 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

CHECK BOTERF—Five large shaped canvases; through Thursday, March 1. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRETA CAMPBELL—Landscapes of Maine and figure paintings; through March 8. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

KENNETH CAMPBELL/CHARLES S. DUBACK—Humanoid marble sculptures. / Etchings, mounted in tandem with poems by his wife, Daphne Mumford. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Through March 9. Closed Mondays.)

DON COLE/RICHARD TUM SUDEN—A variety of imagery on unstretched canvas. / Abstract Expressionist paintings with suggestions of a subject. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through March 15. Closed Mondays.)

RONALDO DE JUAN—Thickly painted Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

TONY DELAP—Four constructions of wood and Plexiglas, plus drawings; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAN DIBBETS—Photographic reports by a Dutch Conceptualist widely known in Europe; through Saturday, March 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Paintings, some long and horizontal, by a follower of the color-field movement; starting Saturday, Feb. 24. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN FLAVIN—New works with curvilinear fluorescent lights; through March 7. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ROLAND GEBHARDT—Geometric abstractions in marble; through Saturday, March 3. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

KARL GERSTNER—Painted reliefs stressing gradations of color by a Swiss designer; through March 10. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through March 10. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

SANTE GRAZIANI—Realistic paintings in high-keyed colors, sometimes related to well-known works by other artists; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE HERRIMAN (1878-1944)—Twenty-five framed Sunday pages and twenty-five pages in portfolio of cartoons of Krazy Kat, drawn from 1916 to 1923; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

BILL HOCHHAUSEN—Laminated wood sculptures with suggestions of animals; through March 10. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGARET ISRAEL—Figurative painted-plaster and ceramic wall pieces and sculptures; starting Thursday, Feb. 22. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Abstract Expressionist figure paintings; starting Tuesday, Feb. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Two hundred and four photographs taken between 1912 and 1972; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9 to 7.)

DAVID LEVINE—Caricatures; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MATTA—Recent paintings by this Chilean Surrealist; through Saturday, March 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—Forty-five paintings of this early twentieth-century American modernist's Fauve period, done before World War I; starting Tuesday, Feb. 27. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) ... **Q** Twenty-five paintings; starting Saturday, Feb. 24. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MERKIN—High-keyed paintings with themes of the nineteen-thirties—gangsters, Nazis, movie stars—plus drawings and assemblages; through March 10. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARL MORRIS—Large paintings with references to nature shapes; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GEORGES NOEL—Abstract paintings that combine geometric grids with atmospheric areas; through March 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH NOLAND—New works by this well-known color painter; through March 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Expressionist paintings with suggestions of organic forms, by a member of the Cobra group; through March 10. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM PETTET—Paintings consisting of irregular bands of colors; through March 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ROGELIO POLESSELLO—Paintings and free-standing sculptures, plus columns with inserted lenses that reflect the paintings and members of the audience; through March 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

SALVATORE ROMANO/WILLIAM SELLERS—One large sculpture in wood and plaster with an upper section that floats on water in the lower section. / Columns. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Starts Saturday, Feb. 24. Closed Mondays.)

LEE SAVAGE—Paintings of the artist's family and friends, the faces blurred, but raised from the surface, as in relief, plus portraits with a nostalgic, photographic quality; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MORTEZA SAZEGAR—Paintings in patterns of uniform squares; starting Tuesday, Feb. 27. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

ROLPH SCARLETT—Non-objective paintings by a veteran in this field; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

LOUIS SCHANKER—Abstract paintings and wooden boxes with fronts of painted Plexiglas illuminated from within by changing lights; through March 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—A major exhibition of more than a hundred works previously shown in London and Zurich—it consists of paintings, constructions, assemblages, col-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lages, bronzes, plaster casts, watercolors, and drawings—by the German modernist, who died in England; starting Saturday, Feb. 24. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID SHAPIRO—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Five large sculptures composed of welded-steel parts and ready-made forms such as cylinders and I beams; through Saturday, March 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAUL STEINBERG—A double exhibition of landscapes and drawings, plus assemblages of simulated pens, pencils, trisquares, and other materials constituting the artist's "tables;" through Saturday, March 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St., and Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Parsons is closed Mondays.)

CHARLES TAUSS—Canvases that experiment with chromatics, and sculptures of sheets of aluminum and steel that are bent, cut, and turned; through Saturday, March 3. (141 Prince Street. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD VAN BUREN—Multi-sectioned sculptures in poured pigmented fibre glass; starting Saturday, Feb. 24. (112 Greene Street. Closed Mondays.)

LYNTON WELLS—Large paintings based on photographs; starting Saturday, Feb. 24. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL WIESENFELD—Interiors with figures, and still-lives; first one-man show here. Starts Saturday, Feb. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

TOM WUOL—Patterns in acrylic and metallic paint on perforated newspaper, by a young Californian; through March 21. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

JERRY ZENIUK—Encaustic paintings in tones of glowing gray; through March 7. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Still-lives by Avery and twentieth-century European masters; through Thursday, March 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **CHINESE CULTURAL CENTER**, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Fifty Chinese woodblock prints done for folk festivals; through March 10. (Daily, 10 to 6.)... **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Bishop, Davis, Gorchov, Mangold, Ohlson, and Parker; starting Saturday, Feb. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Christensen, Poons, Noland, and others; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures juxtaposed with works of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Saturday, Feb. 24... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: About fifty pieces of American folk art; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Berman, Demuth, Kent, Spencer, Weir, Stuenkel, and others; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **LOWENSTEIN LIBRARY GALLERY**, 60th St. between Columbus and Tenth Aves.: Paintings by nine well-known women—Baber, Campbell, Dunkelman, Edgar, Lansner, Roos, Schwartz, Speyer, and Wechter; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 5.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings based on travels by the gallery's artists; through Saturday, March 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by Bill Bollinger and Alan Bernowitz and paintings by Eleanor Mikus; through Saturday, Feb. 24... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through March 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by German Expressionists; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **SANDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and others; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **STAEMPLELI**, 47

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E. 77th St.: About a dozen sculptors, among them Bertoia, Rickey, and Max Bill; through Saturday, Feb. 24... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Male nudes by Alice Neel, Lowell Nesbitt, Philip Pearlstein, John But-ton, and others; through March 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by artists associated with Alfred Stieglitz—they include Hartley, Bluemner, Walkowitz, Marin, and Nadelman; through Saturday, March 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Newly acquired paintings and sculptures by Arp, Braque, Giacometti, Chagall, and Moore; through March 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Seven one-man shows; through Sunday, Feb. 25. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings by Gerald Ferstman; intaglio and relief prints of birds, clouds, and landscapes by Richard Gaffney; and paintings that aim at visual ambiguity by W. Canovan Tucker. Through March 9. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Ten pairs of portraits of husbands and wives by Dutch painters of the seventeenth century: Rembrandt, Menling, Hals, and others; through March 4... About sixty outstanding East Indian sculptures, paintings, costumes, textiles, armor, and jewelry, from 2700 B.C. to the nineteenth century, taken from the Museum's collection; through April 1... Sixty-five examples by the Photo-Secessionists, who, by emulating the art of their day, sought to establish photography as an art form; through March 15... About thirty objects—embroidered and painted silks, Ming porcelains, ceramics, and fans—made in China, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, for export to the West; through March 25... A retrospective of the photographs of Paul Strand, dating from 1915 to 1968; through April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—There are some good photographs in the exhibition here of two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography, sponsored by the *Daily News* and entitled "From the Picture Press," but what one remembers from the show are the reprehensible pictures of bleeding corpses, suicides in the act, horribly wounded survivors of accidents, anguished relatives of victims of fire and flood—pictures that probably never should have been taken and yet have a transfixing effect on the viewer. This show, like the Museum's recent show of the photographs of the late Diane Arbus, has a special fascination for children. (Diane Arbus, as it happens, had a hand in the selection of this show.) Nine- and ten-year-olds stand before the images of



violence and catastrophe (as they stood before the Arbus pictures of freaks and people at the end of their rope) and respond with cries of horror and sympathy. (A responsive child in a museum is a rare sight these days, as you may be aware.) Among the photographs that rise above the level of sensationalism are an affecting picture of Winston Churchill standing in a sad reverie at the grave of Franklin D. Roosevelt, with Mrs. Roosevelt in the background looking bleak and uncertain; a mordant profile view of Tricia Nixon shaking hands gingerly with a black Nigerian student; and a hilarious picture of Nixon, Agnew, Rockefeller, and Romney, who seem to be parodying the Three Graces as they hold hands and cavort at a Republican rally. Through April 29... Sixty-five prints of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), some of them devoted to the relationship between man and woman; through April 29... Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Swiss painter Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918) has been unknown in America except to students of Art Nouveau and Symbolism. The current exhibition here of a hundred and eighteen of Hodler's paintings and drawings (it originated at the University Art Museum in Berkeley, will travel to Harvard in May, and is the first museum show of the artist's work ever held in this country), establishes him as a major figure in the flat, sinuously linear, decorative, erotic, and mystical pre-modern art that flourished at the end of the last century and at the beginning of this one, and whose better-known practitioners include Gauguin, Bernard, Munch, Redon, and Klimt. Hodler's life resembles Munch's in its recurrent tragedy, and his art shares Munch's preoccupation with death; a horrifying series of paintings and drawings that record, over a three-year period, the sickness, disintegration, and death of Hodler's young mistress, Valentine Godé-Darel, is the culminating work of his career and one of the strongest treatments of death in art. A large symbolic painting of seven recumbent figures and a grim, shrouded shape, entitled "Night," which was the turning point of Hodler's career and brought him to international attention in 1890, expresses the connection between sleep, sex, and death, and misses greatness because of the bathetic expression on the face of its central character. Most of Hodler's pretentiously titled symbolic/allegorical works ("Day," "Truth," "Eurythmy") have a (to today's taste) repellent monumentality. The late landscapes, in contrast, transcend the mannerism of Art Nouveau and Symbolism and seem as "modern" as the Abstract Expressionist paintings that their magical colors, amorphous cloud shapes, and active brushstrokes evoke. Through April 8... Forty-five paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, done since 1952; starting Friday, Feb. 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual. The first stage will close March 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

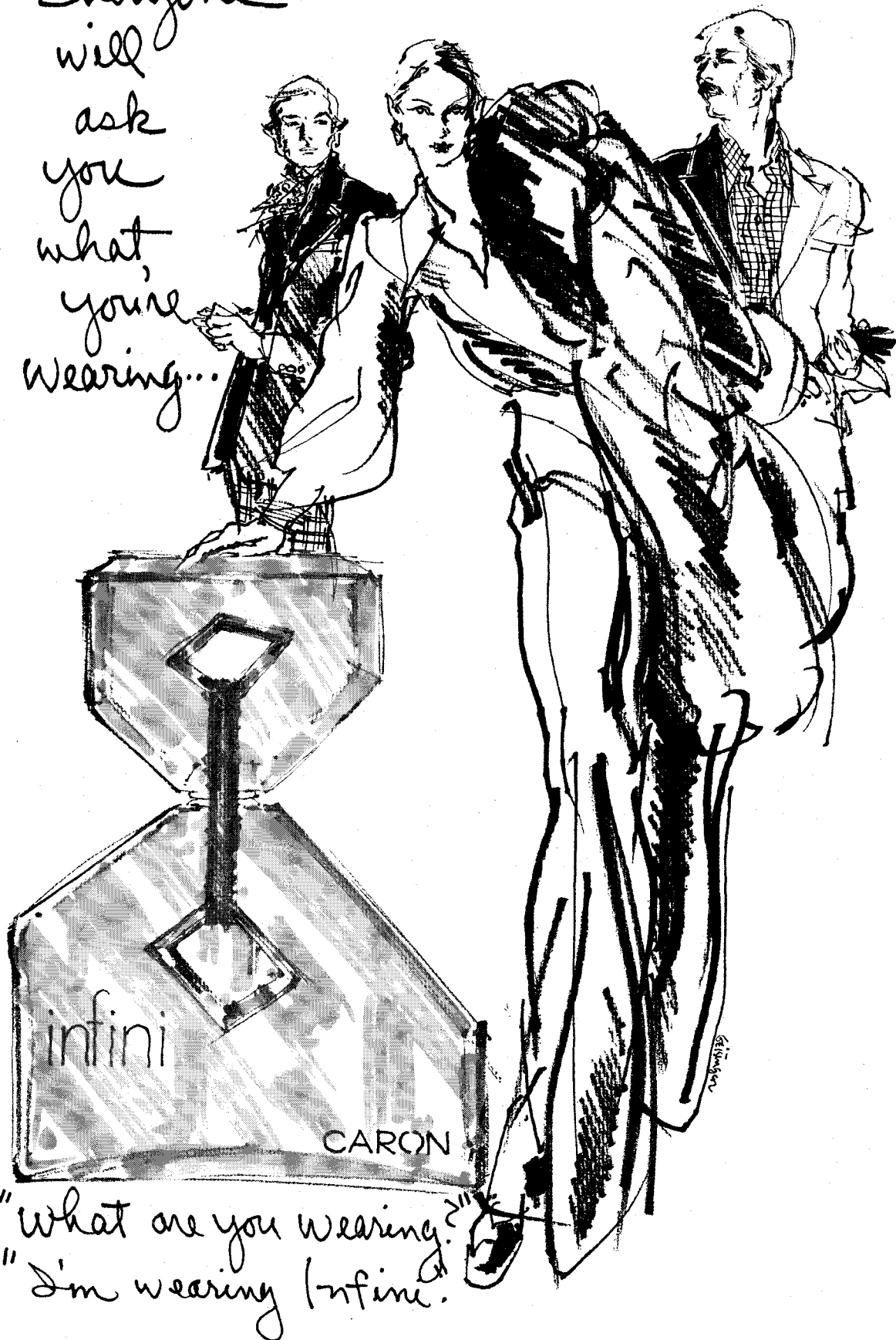
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Pottery and porcelains dating from the fifteenth century to the seventeenth; through March 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Abstract canvas collages by Lee Gatch (1902-68), often pastoral in mood and suggestive of landscape; through March 18... Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Sunday, Feb.

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will
ask
you
what
you're
wearing...



"What are you wearing?"
"I'm wearing Infini."

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

25....**Eighty-four etchings** by Salvator Rosa (1615-73), done between 1651 and 1663; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—Seventy-four works, including screens, panel paintings, lacquer ware, metalwork, and ceramics, done in Japan in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and reflecting the influence of the arrival of the Portuguese and Spanish; through Friday, Feb. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LOW MEMORIAL LIBRARY, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Approximately seventy oils, watercolors, drawings, and miniature figures by Florine Stettheimer (1871-1944), a well-known figure in the New York art world between the two world wars; through March 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, plus dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through March 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Over a hundred works by thirty-two artists exploring the creative potential of glass; through March 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through March 31....**Forty-two Hopi kachina dolls**, toys, musical instruments, and other objects; through Wednesday, Feb. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-eighth annual, composed of nearly three hundred oils, sculptures, prints, drawings, and watercolors by both members and nonmembers; starting Saturday, Feb. 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred drawings, most of them done in the nineteen-sixties, by American artists—Flavin, di Suvero, Heizer, Judd, Serra, and Smithson, for instance; through March 11....**More than eighty works** dealing with New York City subjects and country-house scenes done in the past thirty-five years by John Koch; through April 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—“Documents: Famous & Infamous,” an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31....**Prints by women**, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Surreal images of American urban and rural life by Eldzier Cortor, Rex Goreleigh, and Hughie Lee-Smith; through March 18. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459,

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and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1011. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Feb. 21: “Norma,” with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Ivo Vinco; conducted by Carlo Felice Cillario....**Thursday evening**, Feb. 22: “Rigoletto,” with Reri Grist, Batyah Godfrey, John Alexander, Ingvar Wixell, Ruggero Raimondi, and James Morris; Ignace Strassfogel....**Friday evening**, Feb. 23: “Macbeth,” with Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli....**Saturday matinee**, Feb. 24: “Aida,” with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (A non-subscription performance.)....**Saturday evening**, Feb. 24: “Salome,” with Ursula Schröder, Irene Dalis, Ragnar Ulfung, William Dooley, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; Karl Böhm....**Monday evening**, Feb. 26: “Peter Grimes,” with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; Sixten Ehrling....**Tuesday evening**, Feb. 27: “Salome,” with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Robert Nagy, William Dooley, Rod MacWherter, and John Macurdy; Karl Böhm....**Wednesday evening**, Feb. 28: “Rigoletto,” with Reri Grist, Batyah Godfrey, John Alexander, Ingvar Wixell, Ruggero Raimondi, and James Morris; Ignace Strassfogel....**Thursday evening**, March 1: “Aida,” with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, Ruggero Raimondi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli....**Friday evening**, March 2: “Il Trovatore,” with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Plácido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario....**Saturday matinee**, March 3: “Don Giovanni,” with Edda Moser, Pilar Lorengar, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, George Shirley, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag....**Saturday evening**, March 3: “Macbeth,” with Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Giorgio Tozzi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 29—Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7: “Der Rosenkavalier,” with Johanna Meier, Sylvia Anderson, Bodo Schwanbeck, and Vittorio Terranova; conducted by Mario Bernardi....**Thursday**, Feb. 22, at 8: “Les Contes d'Hoffmann,” with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, André Turp, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel....**Friday**, Feb. 23, at 8: “Der Rosenkavalier,” with Johanna Meier, Sylvia Anderson, Bodo Schwanbeck, and Vittorio Terranova; Mario Bernardi....**Saturday**, Feb. 24, at 2: “Carmen,” with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Wells, Harry Theyard, and John Darrenkamp; Julius Rudel....**Saturday**, Feb. 24, at 8: “Lucia di Lammermoor,” with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, José Carreras, and Richard Fredricks; Ross Reimuel....**Sunday**, Feb. 25, at 1: “Madame Butterfly,” with Maralin Niska, Deborah Kieffer, Reginald Byers, and Dominic Cossa; Ross Reimuel....**Sunday**, Feb. 25, at 7: “Les Contes d'Hoffmann,” with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, André Turp, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel....**Tuesday**, Feb. 27, at 8: “Les Contes d'Hoffmann,” with Beverly Sills, Deborah Kieffer, Harry Theyard, and William Chapman; Julius Rudel....**Wednesday**, Feb. 28, at 8: “Oedipus Rex,” with Gwendolyn Killebrew, John Stamford, Edward Pierson, and Will Roy; and “Carmina Burana,” with Ruth Welting, Vittorio Terranova, and Dominic Cossa; Walter Susskind....**Thursday**, March 1, at 8: “Così fan Tutte” (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Susanne Marsee, Leo Goeke, and David Holloway; Charles Wilson....**Friday**, March 2, at 8: “Maria Stuarda,” with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tins-

ley, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson....**Saturday**, March 3, at 2: “Rigoletto,” with Patricia Wise, Susanne Marsee, José Carreras, and Vasile Martinou; Julius Rudel....**Saturday**, March 3, at 8: “Carmen,” with Sylvia Anderson, Patricia Wells, Harry Theyard, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-7652. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

OPERA AT THE FORUM—The Met's project of producing lesser-known classical and contemporary works in a small house, in this case the little Forum Theatre (EN 2-7618), under the Vivian Beaumont. The schedule: A double bill—Maurice Ohana's “Syllabaire pour Phédre,” with Nancy Williams/Elaine Bonazzi and Cynthia Barnett/Susan Belling, and Purcell's “Dido and Aeneas,” with Evelyn Lear/Nancy Williams, Susan Belling/Cynthia Barnett, Elaine Bonazzi, and Thomas Stewart/Lenus Carlson. Wednesday evening, Feb. 21; Friday evening, Feb. 23; Saturday matinee, Feb. 24; Wednesday evening, Feb. 28; and Saturday matinee and evening, March 3....**Virgil Thomson's** “Four Saints in Three Acts,” with Betty Allen and Benjamin Matthews. Opens Thursday evening, Feb. 22. Other performances Saturday evening, Feb. 24; Monday and Tuesday evenings, Feb. 26-27; and Thursday and Friday evenings, March 1-2. (Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2. All operations cease Saturday, March 10.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 23, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Jacqueline du Pré, cello)....**With Mr. Bernstein and Daniel Barenboim as piano soloists**; Miss du Pré and Lorne Munroe as cello soloists; and John Cerninaro, French horn, on Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. A concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund....**Further concerts** on Thursday, March 1, at 8:30; Friday, March 2, at 2; Saturday, March 3, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 6, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin).

CZECH STATE ORCHESTRA—Jiri Waldhans conducting, with Gyorgy Sandor, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Claudio Abbado conducting, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Feb. 26, at 8:15.)

HANDEL SOCIETY ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Stephen Simon directing Acts II and III of Handel's oratorio “Belshazzar,” in English, and William Walton's “Belshazzar's Feast,” with Elinor Ross, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi and Beverly Wolff, mezzo-sopranos; Seth McCoy, tenor; and Simon Estes, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Frederic Waldman conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

CONCORDIA CHOIR—Paul J. Christiansen directing an a-cappella program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Roger Wagner directing, with Sharon de Fremery, soprano; Susanne Marsee, mezzo-soprano; Dan Marek, tenor; Edward Pierson, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

CAMERATA SINGERS AND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Mattiwilda Dobbs, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

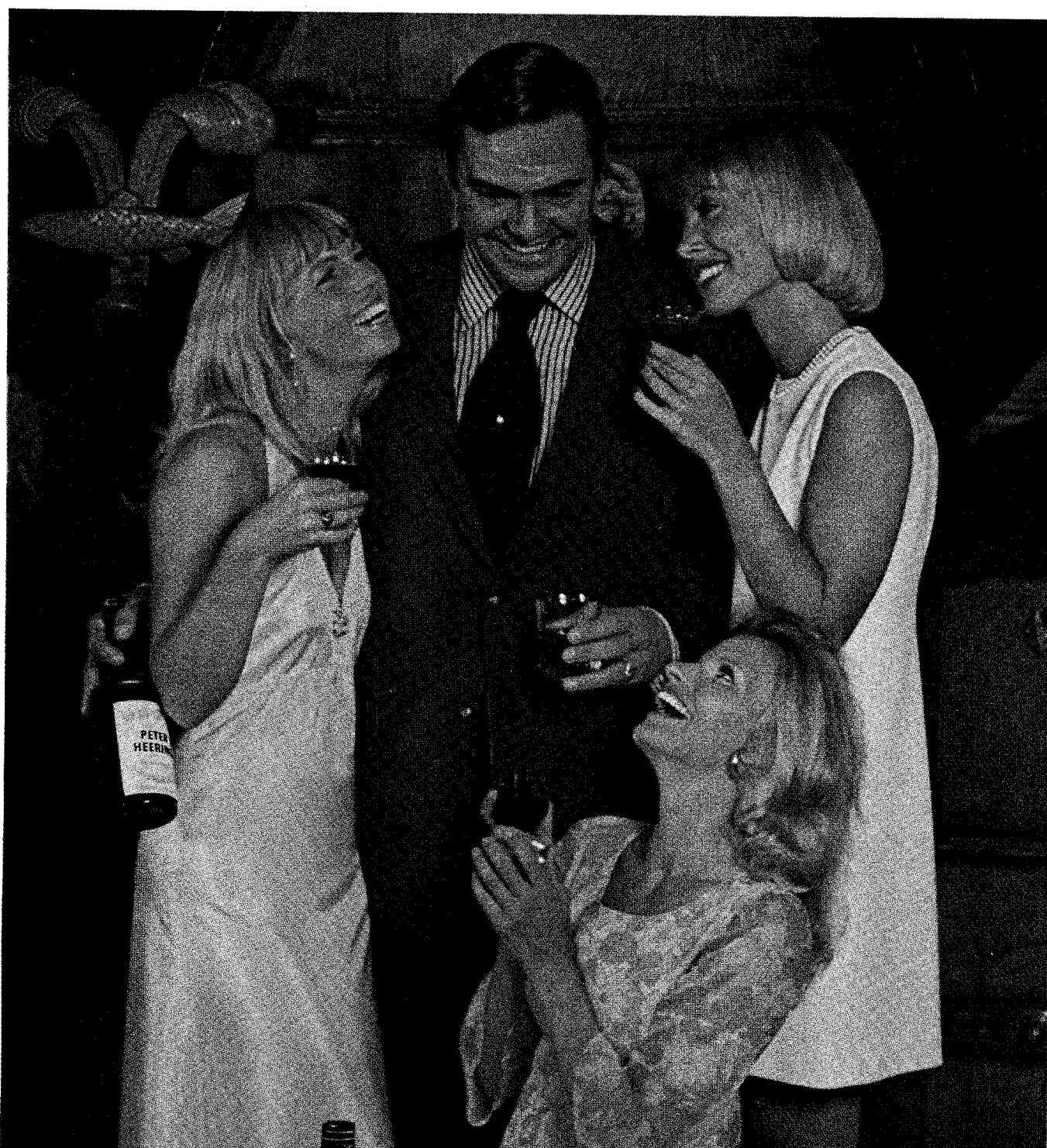
ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classical guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

CHARLES ROSEN—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

SPECULUM MUSICAE—Contemporary chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

THE ROMEROS—Classical and flamenco guitarists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

RONALD ROSEMAN—Oboe, with Gilbert Kalish, pi-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ano, and others. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

JOSEF SUK AND JÖRG DEMUS—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JOHN BROWNING—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2:15.)

MARILYN HORNE—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall, Monday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

JESSE MILLER—Recent work realized on the electric music box. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Monday, Feb. 26, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

ELEANOR STEBER—Soprano, in a lieder program. (Alice Tully Hall, Monday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

FESTIVAL OF COURT MUSIC—The fourth in a series of six concerts, this one a program of medieval music from France and Italy played by the Trio Francesca Caccini. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Monday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

LARRY NELSON—Chamber music for tape and instruments, with Jan Coward, clarinet. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET—An all-Schubert program. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

JULIAN BREAM AND JOHN WILLIAMS—Classical guitarists. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, at 8.)

ITZHAK PERLMAN—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 2, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The Tokyo String Quartet; Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall, Friday, March 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 4, at 5.)

ANTONIO BARBOSA—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, March 3, at 8.)

NICANOR ZABALETA—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDE CONCERTS—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 5:45; **MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY**. . . ♪ Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 5:45; **EUBIE BLAKE**.

GLEN CAMPBELL—Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8.

BOBBY SHORT—Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8.

JAZZ/TAP—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

MELVIN VAN PEEBLES—Philharmonic Hall, Sunday, Feb. 25, at 8.

LOGGINS & MESSINA—Carnegie Hall, Thursday and Friday, March 1-2, at 7:30 and 11.

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III AND DAVID BROMBERG—Philharmonic Hall, Friday, March 2, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8. . . ♪ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30. . . ♪ Knicks vs. Baltimore, Saturday, March 3, at 8. . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Carolina, Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:05. . . ♪ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, Feb. 25, at 3:05. . . ♪ Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 8:05.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Raiders vs.

Alberta, Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30. . . ♪ Raiders vs. Cleveland, Sunday, Feb. 25, at 1:30. . . ♪ Rangers vs. Minnesota, Sunday, Feb. 25, at 7:05. . . ♪ Rangers vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 7:35. . . ♪ Raiders vs. Cleveland, Saturday, March 3, at 1:30. . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Detroit, Saturday, Feb. 24. . . ♪ Islanders vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Feb. 27. . . ♪ Islanders vs. Vancouver, Saturday, March 3.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Thursday, March 1, through Saturday, May 12. The Paumonok Handicap, Thursday, March 1, and the Swift, Saturday, March 3. . . **BOWIE, Md.**: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 3.

TRACK MEET—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Feb. 23, at 7.)

TROTting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, March 1. . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury**: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, March 2, through Thursday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The Light Opera of Manhattan presenting "H.M.S. Pinaflore." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturday, March 3, at 4.)

H. R. PUFNSTUF SHOW—Sid and Marty Krofft presenting forty-four characters from their television shows "H. R. Pufnstuf," "The Bugaloos," and "Lidsville." (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 21-24, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 1 and 3:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Chicken Little," Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2:30. . . ♪ "Looice," Saturday, March 3, at 2:30. (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Dandelion." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE**: "Pulcinella" and "Punch and Judy." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **POKO PUPPETS**: "A Cornucopia of Puppetry." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . **YOUNG WORLD FOUNDATION**: "Who Am I?" (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Feb. 25, at 1 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A selection of children's art from UNICEF's permanent collection. Through March 18. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "When Earth Became a Planet;" through Monday, March 5. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ♪ Hour-long

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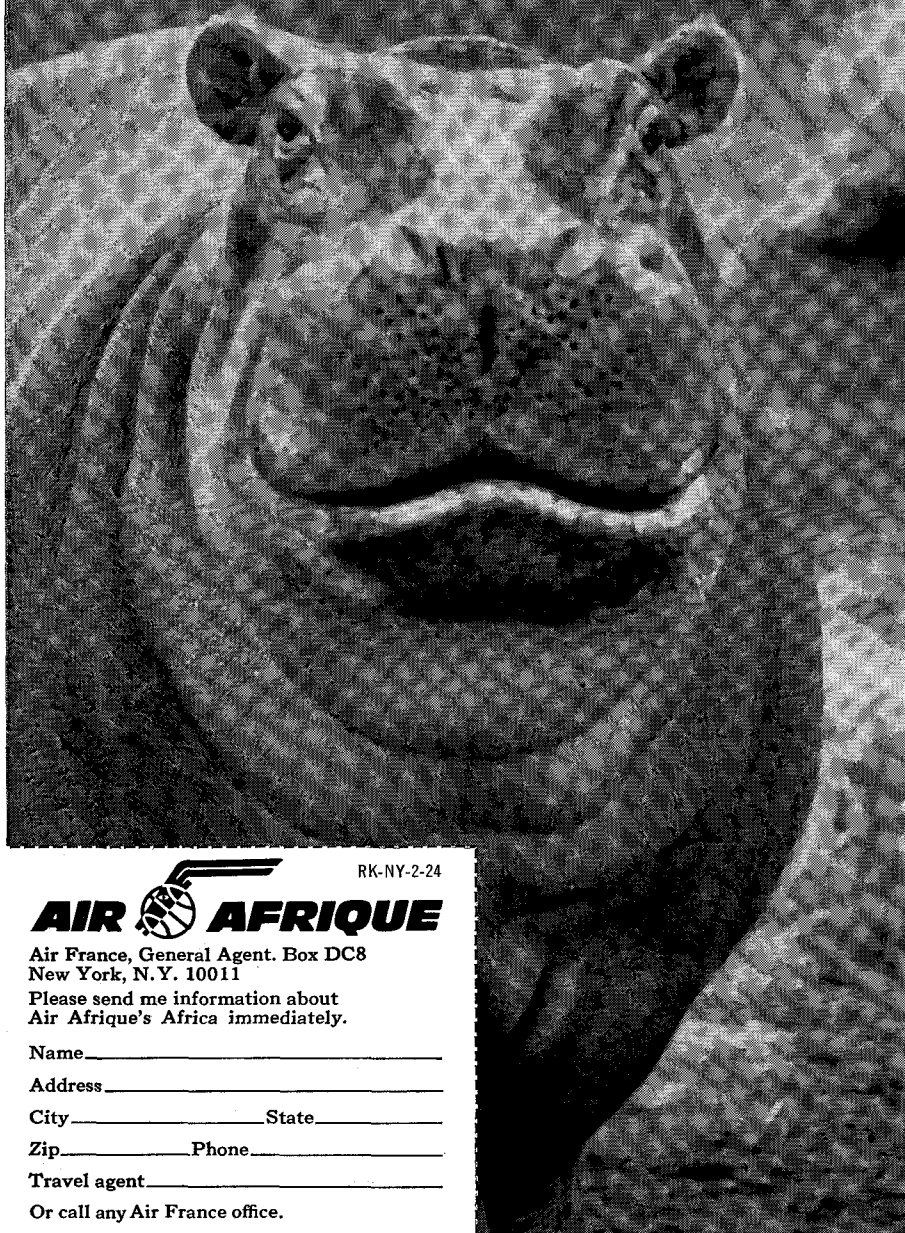
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Allen and Louis Ginsberg reading from their own poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—Thirty special exhibits of Victoriana, including such diverse objects as furniture, silver, china, jewelry, golf clubs, and toys, highlight this year's show. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 21-24, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 25, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. . . . Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 22-24, at 2: Oriental art, from a number of sources. . . . Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 10 and 2: Books and manuscripts, including Oriental miniatures, modern illustrated books, books on botany, books on the dance, and sporting books; from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society and from other sources.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 21 at 5:30: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1920), directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. . . . Feb. 22 at 5:30 and 8: "Sindbad" (1972), in Hungarian, directed by Zoltán Huszárik. . . . Feb. 23 at 2: "Love Emilia!" (1970), in Hungarian, directed by Pál Sándor. . . . Feb. 23 at 5:30 and Feb. 24 at noon: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . Feb. 24 at 3: "Grimace" (1965), in Hungarian, directed by Ferenc Kardos and János Rózsa. . . . Feb. 24 at 5:30: "Love Emilia!" (1970). . . . Feb. 25 at 12:30 and 3: "The Beloved Rogue" (1927), directed by Alan Crosland, with John Barrymore. . . . Feb. 25 at 5:30: "Grimace" (1965). . . . Feb. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "The Confrontation" (1971), in Hungarian, directed by Miklós Jancsó. . . . Feb. 27 at 2: "Tartuffe" (1926), a German film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings. . . . Feb. 27 at 5:30: A program of four films by Curt McDowell. . . . Feb. 28 at 5:30: "Tartuffe" (1926). . . . March 1 at 5:30 and 8 (tentative): "The Whistling Cobblestone" (1972), in Hungarian, directed by Gyula Gazdag. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)—NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Feb. 22: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1956), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Tom Ewell and Jayne Mansfield. . . . Feb. 23: "Johnny Guitar" (1954), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Joan Crawford and Sterling Hayden. . . . Feb. 24-25: "Revenge of the Creature" (1955), directed by Jack Arnold, with John Agar and Lori Nelson. . . . Feb. 28-March 1: "Picnic" (1955), directed by Joshua Logan, with William Holden and Rosalind Russell. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)—ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Snow, Smith, Riefenstahl, Vigo, Vertov, von Stroheim, Warhol, Anger, Brakhage, and others. Feb. 21-22 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 23 at 6 and 8; Feb. 24 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 25 and 27 at 6 and 8; Feb. 28 at 6; and March 1 at 6, 8, and 10. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Feb. 21: "A New Consciousness," three films by and about women. . . . Feb. 22-28: Ten personal films by eight women filmmakers. . . . Starting March 1: "Eroticism and Exploitation," four films by five women filmmakers. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings); on Feb. 21 at 2 and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.



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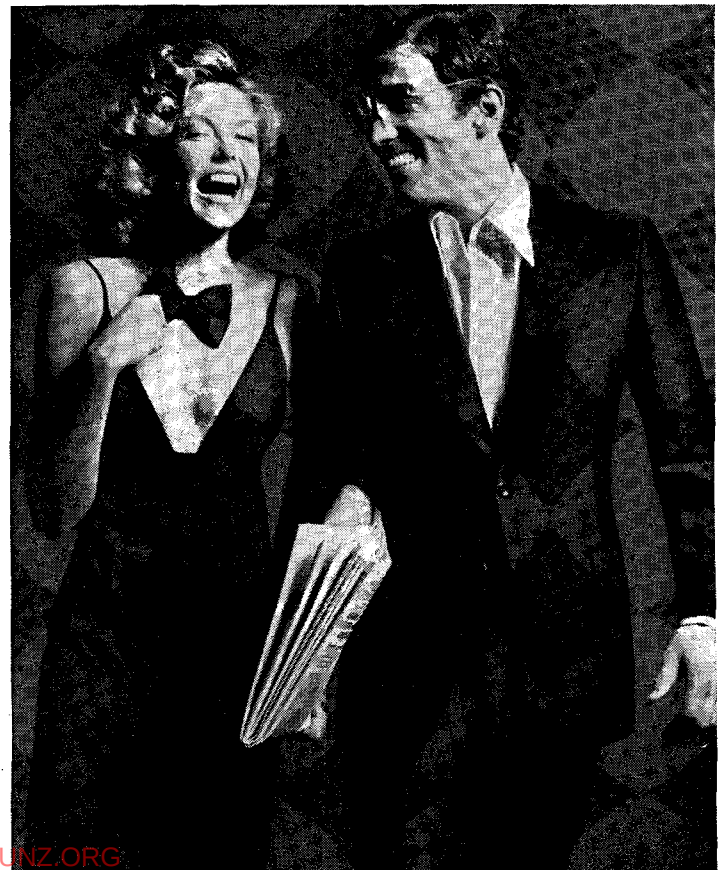
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FORMALS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Before the Revolution."
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 24: "Roberta" and "Flying Down to Rio."
Feb. 25-27: "Fashions of 1934" and "Kid Galahad."
From Feb. 28: "Show Boat" and "Cabin in the Sky."
ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Feb. 27: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sunday Bloody Sunday," and "Pretty Maids All in a Row."
From Feb. 28: To be announced.
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Poseidon Adventure."
KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Pulp."
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Feb. 21: "The Big Store" and "A Day at the Races."
From Feb. 22: "Payday."
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Under Milk Wood."
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."
FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Lady Caroline Lamb."
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Feb. 27: "Travels with My Aunt."
From Feb. 28: "Billy Jack."
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Up the Sandbox."
R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Lolly-Madonna."
R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Feb. 21: "Black Caesar."
From Feb. 22: "Ludwig."
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."
FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Feb. 21: "Viva la Muerte!"
Feb. 22-28: "Childhood II."
COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Wattstax."
COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Feb. 28: "Steelyard Blues." (No performances on Monday, Feb. 26.)
From March 1: "The Thief Who Came to Dinner."
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Traffic."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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		21	22	23	24	
25	26	27	28	1		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Save the Tiger."
72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Love Happy" and "I Am a Camera."
JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Cabaret."
JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Feb. 21: "Images."
From Feb. 22: "Payday."
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Harder They Come."
U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 1 (tentative): "The Poseidon Adventure."
LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Wattstax."
LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Shamus."
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Deep Throat."
R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Feb. 22: "Prison Girls."
From Feb. 23: "Slaughter Hotel."
R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Caesar."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 22: "Two English Girls" and "Jules and Jim."
From Feb. 23: "Jeremiah Johnson."
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 27: "Cabaret."
From Feb. 28: "Traffic."
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Tout Va Bien."
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 27: "Sounder," "The Hot Rock," "The Emigrants," "Four Nights of a Dreamer," "La Salamandre," "The Ruling Class," and "A Day in the Country."
From Feb. 28: To be announced.
ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 27: W. C. Fields Shorts and "Room Service."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

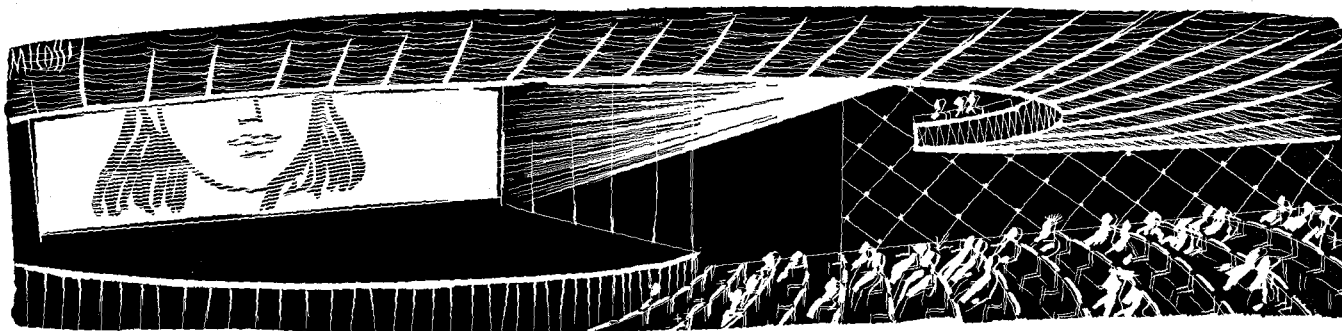
ACROSS 110TH STREET—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (Beacon; through Feb. 27.)
AVANTI!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Cinema Studio.)
BEFORE THE REVOLUTION (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Art.)
THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Murray Hill; Feb. 21.)
BILLY JACK (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naive feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and

when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza; starting Feb. 28.)
BLACK CAESAR—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. ... R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Feb. 21.)
LE BOUCHER (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 27-March 1.)
CABARET (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Juliet 1 and Embassy 72nd St. ... 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 27.)
CABIN IN THE SKY (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and

From Feb. 28: "Richard III."
R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 27: "Reflection of Fear" and "Creeping Flesh."
From Feb. 28: "Innocent Bystanders" and "Four Flies on Grey Velvet."
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sounder."
MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Feb. 21: "The World's Greatest Athlete."
From Feb. 22: "Charlotte's Web."
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through the afternoon of Feb. 22: "Fellini's Roma."
From Feb. 22 at 8: "Ten from Your Show of Shows." (Opening night by invitation only.)
PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 23: "The Philadelphia Story" and "Ninotchka."
Feb. 24-27: "Gaslight" and "Camille."
From Feb. 28: "Travels with My Aunt."
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"I Love You Rosa."
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."
PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."
CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Avanti!"
EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Cabaret."
BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Feb. 27: "Across 110th Street" and "The Landlord."
From Feb. 28: "Fiddler on the Roof."
LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Feb. 22: "1776."
From Feb. 23: "Jeremiah Johnson."
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Tout Va Bien."
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 22: "The Emigrants" and "The Entertainer."
From Feb. 23: "Traffic."
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 22: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Frenzy."
Feb. 23-26: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
Feb. 27-March 1: "Le Boucher" and "Without Apparent Motive."
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Feb. 27: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
From Feb. 28: "Travels with My Aunt."
RIVIERA, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Poseidon Adventure."
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 27: "Deliverance" and another feature, to be announced.
From Feb. 28: To be announced.

John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 28.)
CAMILLE (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Playboy; Feb. 24-27.)
CÉSAR AND ROSALIE—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)
CHARLOTTE'S WEB—An animated musical version of the E. B. White story. (Music Hall; starting Feb. 22.)
CHILDHOOD II—A documentary by Martin J. Spinelli. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 22-28.)
CREEPING FLESH—With Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, directed by Freddie Francis. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 27.)
CRIES AND WHISPERS—Ingmar Bergman's dream

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Karl Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Murray Hill; Feb. 21.)

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Quad Cinema 4; through Feb. 27.)

DEEP THROAT—Strictly hard-core, and not much superior to others of the genre, except that there are a few amusing camera angles, and that the heroine, Linda Lovelace, appears to have studied with a sword swallower. (86th St. East.)

DELIVERANCE—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Olympia; through Feb. 27.)

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snails and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward

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has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

THE EMIGRANTS—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Symphony; through Feb. 22.... Quad Cinema 2; through Feb. 27.)

THE ENTERTAINER (1960)—Laurence Olivier at the top of his bent as a second-rate English music-hall performer—one of the great characters of modern drama. From John Osborne's play, directed by Tony Richardson. With Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Symphony; through Feb. 22.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 27.)

FASHIONS OF 1934—Bette Davis at her blondest as a fashion artist professionally and romantically involved with suave, shady promoter William Powell. Elaborate piffle, directed by William Dieterle; it mixes fashions and show business in the sort of bewildering combination that used to come off the Hollywood assembly line. With Frank McHugh (as Snap), Verree Teasdale (as the Duchess), and Reginald Owen (as Baroque). Somebody in the back room at Warners' was being subversive. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 25-27.)

FELLINI'S ROMA—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Festival; through the afternoon of Feb. 22.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Beacon; starting Feb. 28.)

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Elgin; through Feb. 27.)

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitates in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent

Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 24.)

FOUR FLIES ON GREY VELVET—With Michael Brandon and Mimsy Farmer, directed by Dario Argento. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 28.)

FOUR NIGHTS OF A DREAMER—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture is so lifeless and empty, and so silly, that it borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (Quad Cinema 3; through Feb. 27.)

THE FRENCH CONNECTION (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (Thalia; Feb. 23-26.)

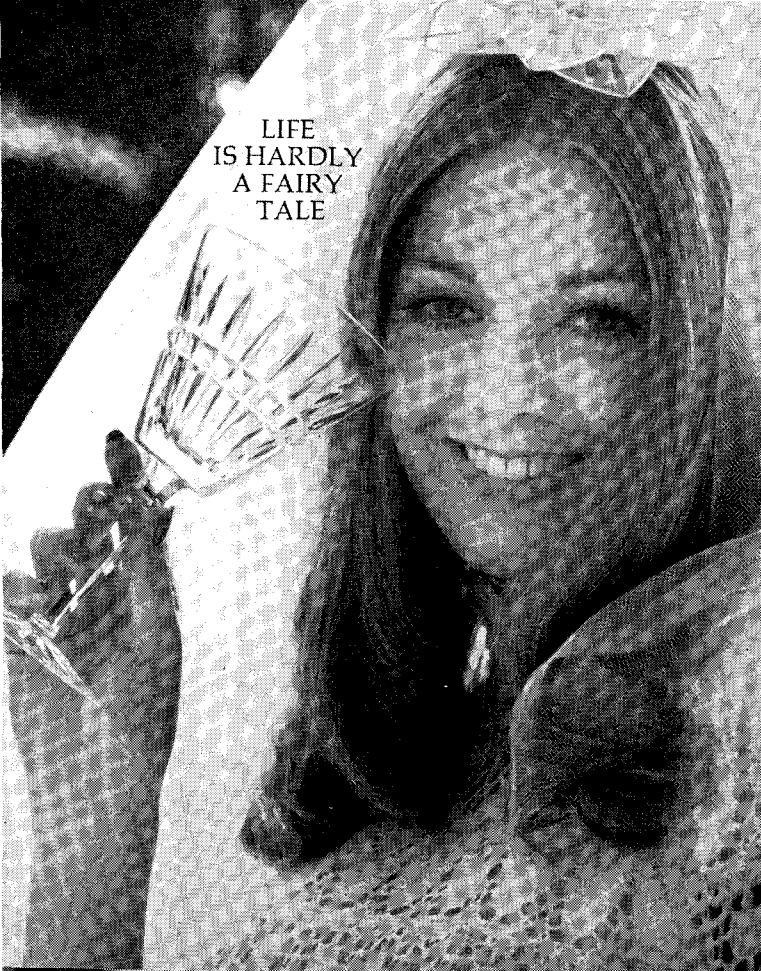
FRENZY—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Thalia; through Feb. 22.)

GASLIGHT (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won the Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-age Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Playboy; Feb. 24-27.)

THE HARDER THEY COME—With Jimmy Cliff, directed by Perry Henzell. (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

THE HEARTBREAK KID—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

THE HOT ROCK (1972)—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Gold-

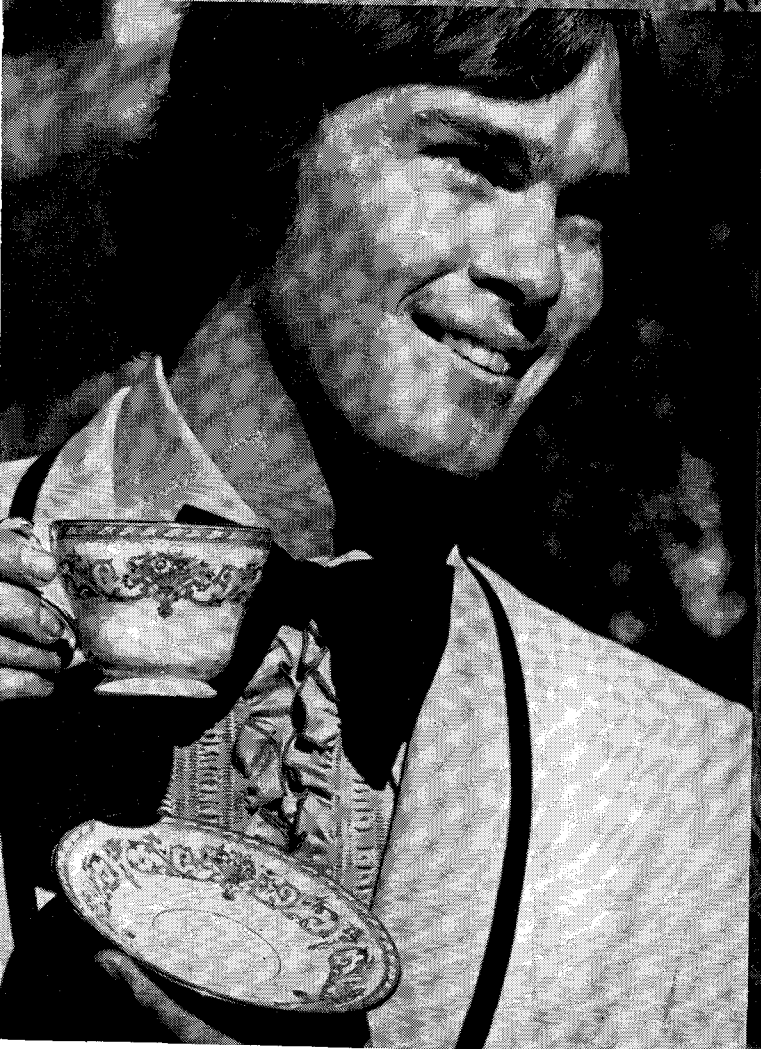


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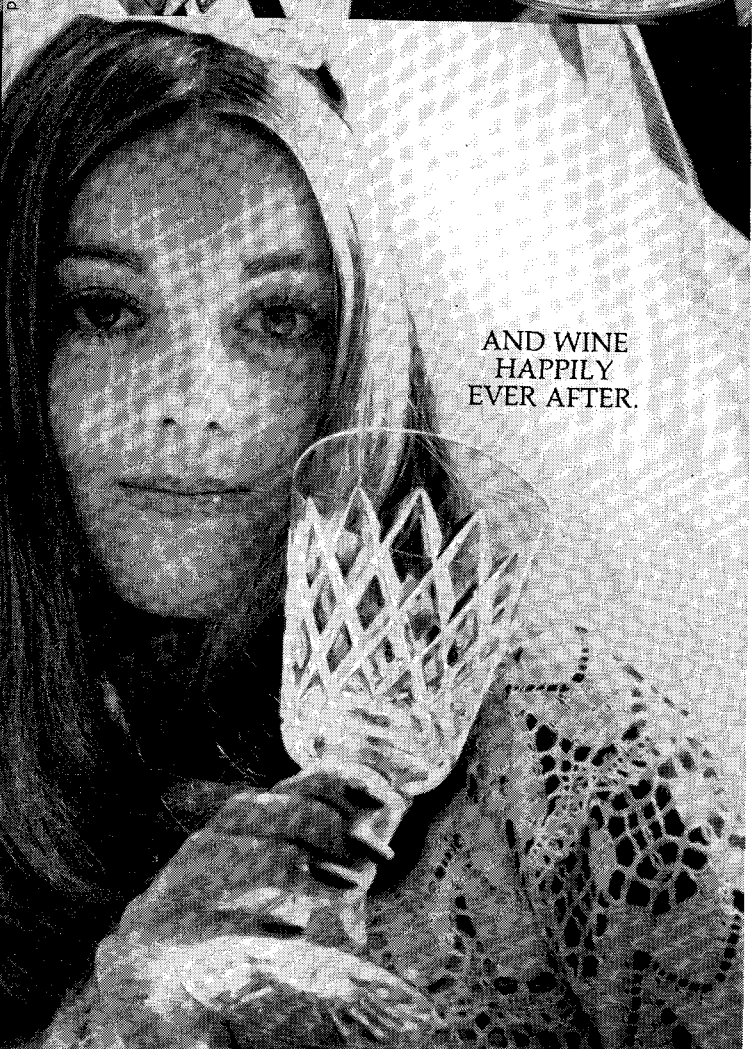


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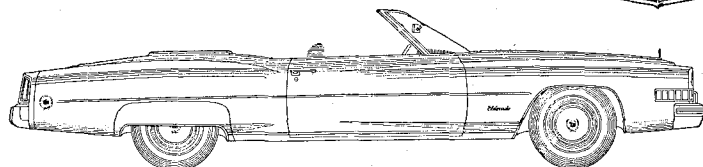
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man's screenplay. (Quad Cinema 1; through Feb. 27.)

I AM A CAMERA (1955)—Derived from the same Christopher Isherwood Berlin stories that were later used in "Cabaret," but aiming at a simpler, frothy, madcap quality. Julie Harris is Sally ("Shall we have a drink first or shall we go right to bed?") Bowles, and Laurence Harvey is Isherwood, with Shelley Winters and Anton Diffring in the subplot. Henry Cornelius (who directed "Genevieve") did this erratic version from John Collier's adaptation of the John Van Druten play. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

I LOVE YOU ROSA—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie.)

IMAGES—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Juliet 2; Feb. 21.)

INNOCENT BYSTANDERS—Misleading title; it's a labyrinthine spy thriller and a revolting example of the constant use of brutality (plus a dash of sexual sadism) to rouse the audience from the apathy brought on by the over-familiarity of the material. The massively built Stanley Baker is impressive as the tired agent, but he can't save this picture; it's just one noisy beating after another. The major resource of the director, Peter Collinson, appears to be loud karate chops. The members of the M.P.A.A. Rating Board who gave it a PG must have grown calluses on their brains. With Geraldine Chaplin, Dana Andrews, and Donald Pleasence, who must be as weary of playing an icy bastard as the audience is weary of watching him. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 28.)

JEREMIAH JOHNSON—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Waverly and Loews 83rd St.; starting Feb. 23.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Waverly; through Feb. 22.)

KID GALAHAD (1937)—By 1937, Bette Davis had earned something better than the role of Fluff, girl friend to a fight manager (Edward G. Robinson), but the movie was directed by Michael Curtiz, and though it has few dimensions it has pace and "entertainment value." Wayne Morris is the bellhop turned fighter, whom Fluff christens Kid Galahad; Humphrey Bogart is the bad guy; and Jane Bryan plays Robinson's sister. With Harry Carey, the ineffable Veda Ann Borg as the Redhead, and, for the finale, a Warners' operatic shoot-out in which Robinson and Bogart kill each other. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 25-27.)

LADY CAROLINE LAMB—Robert Bolt, directing for the first time, thrashes about from one style and point of view to another. The film seems to have been made by a square Ken Russell; Bolt tries for romantic excess, but he can't get anything warmed up. His Caroline Lamb is an hysterical fool but also a misunderstood free spirit struggling against a hypocritical society—a sort of Regency Zelda. Sarah Miles acts like a dizzy shopgirl dreaming of being a great lady, and falling flat even in her dreams; as Byron, Richard Chamberlain scowls and sneers. With Jon Finch as Lamb; Margaret Leighton as his mother; Laurence Olivier as Wellington; and Ralph Richardson as the King. (Fine Arts.)

THE LANDLORD (1970)—About Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Beacon; through Feb. 27.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS—A movie that people will

be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Greenwich. . . . Riverside; through Feb. 27.)

LOLLY-MADONNA—With Rod Steiger and Robert Ryan, directed by Richard Sarafian. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

LOVE HAPPY (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

LUDWIG—With Helmut Berger and Romy Schneider, directed by Luchino Visconti. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 22.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Thalia; Feb. 23-26.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Playboy; through Feb. 23.)

PAYDAY—With Rip Torn, directed by Daryl Duke. (Murray Hill and Juliet 2; starting Feb. 22.)

PETE 'N' TILLIE—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of movie-making. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Playboy; through Feb. 23.)

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull

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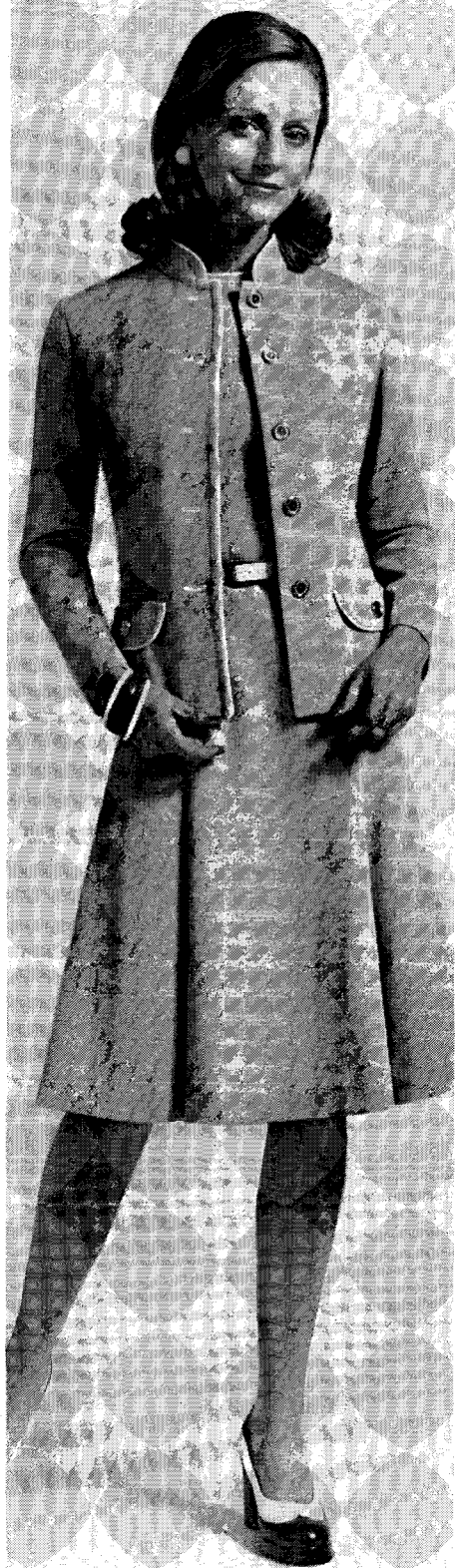


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

efficiency. (Gramercy and Riviera. . . U. A. East; through March 1, tentative.)

PRETTY MAIDS ALL IN A ROW (1971)—Roger Vadim, working with Rock Hudson as a football coach and Angie Dickinson as a teacher in a school improbably crammed with beauties and sexpots. Bad, silly film. Vadim is flippant about everything, including himself. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 27.)

PRISON GIRLS—With Robin Whitting. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Feb. 22.)

PULP—With Michael Caine and Mickey Rooney, directed by Mike Hodges. (Kips Bay.)

REFLECTION OF FEAR—With Robert Shaw, Sally Kellerman, and Mary Ure, directed by William A. Fraker. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 27.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crook-back Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Elgin; starting Feb. 28.)

ROBERTA (1935)—Astaire and Rogers, and also Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin, and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 24.)

ROOM SERVICE (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lame) by William Seiter. (Elgin; through Feb. 27.)

THE RULING CLASS—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Quad Cinema 4; through Feb. 27.)

LA SALAMANDRE—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, amiable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Quad Cinema 3; through Feb. 27.)

SAVE THE TIGER—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance

money will finance filing those orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbars; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed this grotesque example of what happens when a TV writer goes philosophical. (Loews Tower East.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Loews 83rd St.; through Feb. 22.)

SHAMUS—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews Ciné.)

SHOW BOAT (1936)—Despite the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winniger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 28.)

SLAUGHTER HOTEL—With Klaus Kinsley, directed by Fernando di Leo. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 23.)

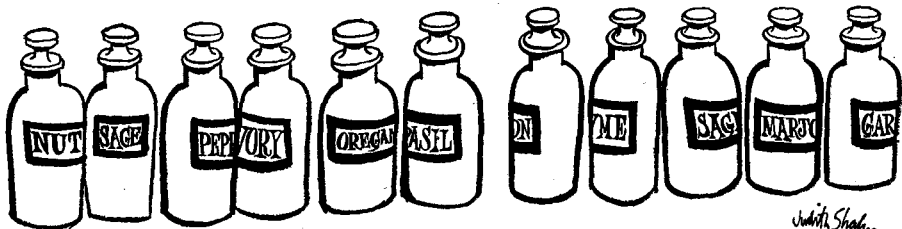
SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Thalia; through Feb. 22.)

SLEUTH—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripping old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

SOUNDER—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonnie Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Guild. . . Quad Cinema 1; through Feb. 27.)

STEELYARD BLUES—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (Beekman; through Feb. 28. No performances on Monday, Feb. 26.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With



Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 27.)

TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS—From the television show, which ran from 1949 to 1954, with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. (Festival; starting Feb. 22, at 8.)

THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER—With Ryan O'Neal, Jacqueline Bisset, and Warren Oates, directed by Bud Yorkin. (Beekman; starting March 1.)

TOUT VA BIEN—With Yves Montand and Jane Fonda, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema and New Yorker.)

TRAFFIC—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse. . . . Symphony; starting Feb. 23. . . . 8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 28.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Plaza; through Feb. 27. . . . Playboy and Riverside; starting Feb. 28.)

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Waverly; through Feb. 22.)

UNDER MILK WOOD—An affectionate and beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (Eastside Cinema.)

UP THE SANDBOX—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Coronet.)

VIVA LA MUERTE!—Directed by Fernando Arrabal. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 21.)

WATTSTAX—Filmed at the Stax record company's August concert for the people of Watts, held at the Los Angeles Coliseum. (Columbia I and Loews Orpheum.)

WITHOUT APPARENT MOTIVE (1972)—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 27-March 1.)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Music Hall; Feb. 21.)

YOUNG WINSTON—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR Financial Editor, just back from a whirlwind tour of the world's money marts (including a memorable two-day coming-out party for the beguiling young escudo in Punta Arenas), dropped off this report on the devaluation of the dollar and the ensuing world currency turmoil before entering the hospital with a near-terminal case of jet fatigue:

Devaluation of the dollar has been followed by a predictable total failure of courage on the part of the American newspaper reader. "But I don't understand devaluation!" whimpered Mr. and Mrs. Average Investor on the morning after Treasury Secretary George P. Shultz's epochal (and on the whole not unclucid) announcement, thus driving the American dander still lower in world esteem while reconfirming our country's ancient and enervating affection for *laissez-faire* ("no spick") economics. Even in the worldly cafés of downtown Zurich, one saw Wall Street currency specialists, their Minoxes and joy buzzers laid aside, scratching their pates in puzzlement as they examined the change left in the dish by their waiter. Once again, then, it is time to take our readers through a Q & A primer of world money.

Q: What is devaluation?

A: Plainly and simply, it's a mark-down, which enables Uncle Sam to get rid of some unwanted or out-of-style goods in his "store"—in this case, dollars. For example, the bargain ninety-cent dollar sold out by midafternoon of the first day in Brussels, Paris, and Hong Kong last week, thus making room for our new line of spring dollars, which will be previewed at Bill Blass's opening before the end of the month. In Amsterdam, we did especially well with a Wildfire Lincoln's Birthday Penny Sale—two dollars for \$1.01.

Q: But how can you "sell" dollars?

A: Dollars can be bought and sold just like anything else. The simplest way to learn all about this is to ask

Dadda for some old dollar bills and then set up a stand out on the front lawn, with a hand-lettered sign that says "MUNNY." You and the other kids on the block can take turns at being Secretary Shultz, Arthur Burns, and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and you will notice that by changing the value of Mr. Dollar as the day goes along you will make lots of new friends. If you end up with more dollars (or kroner, or marks, or forints) than you had in the morning, please call the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company collect and tell them all about it; they will be waiting for your call.

Q: Why does a country devalue?

A: Our recent devaluation was brought about mostly by the fact that foreign banks do not yet understand the importance of electric toasters and clock radios in monetary affairs. Without such essential banking lures, a great number of foreigners habitually "hold on to" their dollars, sometimes folding them into origami swans or musingly holding them up to the light and wondering what "*annuit coeptis*" means; then they yawn and tuck their greenbacks safely away inside an opera fan or in the back of an old bullfight program and stroll down to the corner for a *fine*, and another dollar day is gone forever. This makes the whole game of foreign exchange a big bore, like an afternoon of Monopoly during which one of the younger players slips all the cash under his cushion.

Q: What about gold?

A: From 1934 until 1972, Uncle Sap cheerfully bought and sold gold to foreigners and total strangers for the price of thirty-five dollars an ounce—a steal. With the onset of improved dentistry, however, the bottom suddenly dropped out of the gold-inlay market, and the United States has been forced to back its dollars with porcelain. Thus the position of the John Birch Society on fluoridation has been utterly vindicated.

Q: What is "floating" currency?

A: The best place to see and understand floating currency is on one of the well-known bridges over the Seine, in Paris. Here, on any warm morning in June, July, or August, one may observe tourists leaning over the parapet as they watch one of those interesting-looking riverboats prepare to let down its smokestack before passing under the bridge. "Toot!" goes the boat, down goes the stack, forward leans the tourist, and—*hélas!*—there goes his wallet: floating currency. Actually, as a result of the recent devaluation, the yen and the lira have been *permitted* to float. The zloty is also trying to float, but its feet keep sinking. The guilder is poised anxiously at the end of the diving board, while the rial and the drachma will not be allowed in the pool until an hour after their lunch.

Q: What about foreign trade?

A: Devaluation is intended to make foreign goods more expensive while sustaining the value of homemade products. From now on, a Mercedes, a Nikon, or a bottle of Château Cos d'Estournel '62 will cost an arm and a leg, while a Vega, an Instamatic, or a pint of Thunderbird are expected to deepen steadily in charisma. As usual, Japan remains the key figure in the entire international-trade ballgame, and the gnomes of Zurich are anxiously pondering the meaning of the haiku written yesterday evening by the Emperor:



Young yen, orchid boat,
Ripples currency moon-pond—
Leap upstream, Sir Carp!

Q: How important is this devaluation, anyway?

A: Good question. You see, on the occasion of the *last* American devaluation, at the Smithsonian meeting of 1971, President Nixon hailed the agreement as "the most significant monetary achievement in the history of the world." (The entire party then

repaired to the exhibitions and examined the John Bull steam engine and the stuffed body of General Sheridan's horse, Winchester.) White House insiders hint that the President is wrestling with the proper wording with which to hail the Shultz pronouncement. Anything less than "the most significant monetary achievement in the history of the solar system since at least 1971" is expected to have a chilling effect on world trade, the price of gold, and the stability of the new dollar.

Long Birthday

JOHN CAGE is sixty. John Cage, in fact, has been sixty for months, and the recent retrospective concert of his

music performed by the Ensemble, at Alice Tully Hall, was merely the latest installment of what appears to have become a worldwide birthday party, *largo sostenuto* and *molto con amore*. Although a few scattered boos in the packed Alice Tully auditorium gave notice that his music still manages to irritate and outrage some people, the concert was one of the most affectionate tributes we have ever attended; at the close, when Dennis Russell Davies, the Ensemble's young conductor, called Cage up to take a bow, and Cage, richly bearded, clothed impeccably in denim, looking as wise and benign as a Chinese sage, applauded the young musicians and then turned to applaud the audience, which was

standing up to applaud *him*, there was no question that sixty was the age to be.

A few days before this event, we called on Cage at his home, a basement apartment on Bank Street, and asked him about some of his other birthday celebrations. "It's simply amazing," he said. "I turned sixty only last September, but I was considered to be sixty during all of last year. The first occasion was in West Berlin in January, 1972. An art gallery there, the Kleber, ran I don't know how many concerts of my music; there must have been fifteen. I spent a good part of last year touring in Europe with David Tudor, the composer, and there was a rash of special performances of my work—in Bremen, London, Bonn, Basel, The

Hague, and Pamplona. David and I did another program in Berlin in June, and then we went back there in July for a large and very beautiful performance of 'Harpischord.'"

Cage explained that "Harpischord" (whose formal title is "HPSCHD"), composed in collaboration with Lejaren Hiller, is a work scored for from one to seven harpsichords and from one to fifty-two tape machines, in which selections from the music of leading European and American composers, from Mozart to Schoenberg, have been subjected to a process of "fragmentation" according to calculations derived from the "I Ching." "In Berlin, we performed it in the lobby of the Berlin Philharmonie," he said. "It was an ideal space, with many different levels on which we could mount our tape machines—we had fifty-two tape machines and five harpsichords. And then inside the concert hall we had a perfectly conventional program of the same music unfragmented, being played by soloists. You could be in the lobby for a while, and then go into the concert hall and be right back in the nineteenth century. It was a very pleasant situation."

In addition to doing his own concert work, Cage serves on the music staff of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, and dur-



ing the first week of September he and Tudor joined the Cunningham troupe in Shiraz, Iran (which Cage calls Persia), to take part in the international arts festival there. "On the night of my real birthday, September 5th, the company was performing 'Canfield,'" Cage said, "and Merce had arranged that at one point the dancers would form a circle around me, where I was sitting, at one side of the stage, doing the music, and sing 'Happy Birthday.' From Shiraz we went on to perform in Venice, where I was invited to take part in a panel discussion of our work. One of the students asked why we had performed in a country like Persia, which has such terrible politics. I said, 'Well, you have to remember what country we come from.' It was a very successful tour, I think, and there were many celebrations as a result of my turning sixty, and, naturally, I will be sixty all of 1973."

The program for the Alice Tully Hall concert began with a very early twelve-tone piece called "Music for Wind Instruments" and ended with the first American performance of "Cheap Imitation," completed only last year, and, unusually, written with conventional scoring for conventional instruments. Cage told us how it came about.

"In the late forties, Merce Cunningham made a dance called 'Idyllic Song,' to the first movement of Erik Satie's 'Socrate,' which I adapted for two pianos," he said. "I liked the dance and the music so much that for the next twenty years I tried to persuade him to do the choreography for the two other movements, and I would do the two-piano arrangement. It wasn't until the summer of 1969 that Merce finally said he would. I was composer-in-residence at the University of California at Davis then, and busy with other things, but in Illinois I had met a good young composer named Arthur Maddox, who agreed to continue the two-piano arrangement under my supervision. We finished it, and I wrote to Eschig, in Paris, Satie's publisher, for permission to use the material, and Eschig refused. We pulled every string we could think of, but they wouldn't be budged. I don't know why they were so adamant; they didn't even want to see the arrangement, which was perfectly faithful in every way and very beautiful. Anyway, this brings us to December, 1969, and Merce was to open in January at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, doing the new and as yet untitled dance. I told him not to worry—I would make a piece that kept the phraseology and the rhythm in de-



"Now that the war is over, do you think the smut might draw to an end, too?"

tail but changed everything else. I said I would call it 'Cheap Imitation,' and Merce said in that case he would call his dance 'Second Hand,' and that's what we did. I tried to imitate Satie in every way I could, even in the title. You know, rather late in his life Satie was commissioned by a publisher to do three pieces, and he wrote them and gave them the title 'Three Flabby Preludes for a Dog.' The publisher refused to publish them with that title. So Satie made one change—he called them 'Three Genuine Flabby Preludes for a Dog'—and they were published. 'Cheap' being in a sense the reverse of 'genuine,' I felt my title was in the same world."

Cage is not doing much composing at the moment, but a new volume of his prose writings, called "M," is to come out in April; the title was derived by consulting the good old "I Ching," and to Cage it connotes music, mushrooms, and a dozen other good things. Another Cageian retrospective concert will take place at Columbia University on March 7th, and later that month Cage will be on hand (and in the pit) when the Cunningham company makes four appearances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. In the meantime, he is busy organizing all his original manuscripts, musical and otherwise, so that he can give them away to various universities, and pondering both deeply and whimsically, as is his

wont, on how to improve the world. "I must say I've begun to feel skeptical about that, and even unnaturally pessimistic," he confided to us. "When I told this to Jasper Johns, he roared with joy and said, 'At last!' It's true that the musical scene is very lively, and that's excellent, but I can't help thinking that the great freedom of the arts that exists in the United States today simply proves that our government doesn't take art seriously. If it did, it would clamp down on us *immediately*." Cage burst out laughing. "The trouble is," he said, "I'm completely untrained as a pessimist."

Auras

THE Second Western Hemisphere Conference on Acupuncture, Kirlian Photography, and the Human Aura was a cheerful and pleasant all-day affair at Town Hall last week. First things first. Kirlian photography was developed by the Russian husband-and-wife research team of Semyon D. Kirlian and Valentina Kh. Kirlian. "The Kirlian process," according to the recently published "Galaxies of Life," edited by Stanley Krippner and Daniel Rubin, "employs a high-voltage alternating-current energy field between two condenser-like plates (Figure 2). Interestingly, the same techniques had been employed by previous researchers since the early 1900s." The high-volt-

age alternating current takes a photograph of a leaf or a human fingertip, or whatever. The photographs thus taken are both beautiful and highly unusual. The leaves and the fingertips show bright streams of energy pouring from their surfaces. One speaker told us how to make Kirlian photographs in our bathroom at home: Use a red light, as in a darkroom. Put some unexposed film on the edge of the basin. Then put a Lincoln penny on the film. Then work up a good static-electricity charge on a nearby rug and touch the penny, so that a spark jumps. What you have when you develop this film is a much simplified Kirlian photograph.

The moderator of the morning session was Mrs. Judith R. Skutch, whose husband, Bob Skutch, a stockbroker, has done some psychic healing, and whose seventeen-year-old son, Jonathan Cohen, has been working with the Kirlian process. Mrs. Skutch is president of the Foundation for Parasensory Investigation, and the Skutches live up on West Eighty-first Street. Mrs. Skutch wore a turquoise pants suit, and at about a quarter to ten she asked everyone to take his seat in a hurry, please, as they had a good and exciting and very full program that would leave everyone enlightened and enriched by midnight. We were sitting on the left, sort of in the back, between a woman who was knitting and a young man who had a small pocket calculator he played with when he got bored. Very lightweight, this calculator, and only sixty dollars, he said, and it could add, subtract, multiply, and divide, and had digital numbers, and it was called Rapidman 800. He showed us how if you divided by zero this forced the calculator to shut itself off. We heard five speakers in the morning and five speakers in the afternoon, and we left before the conference got around to acupuncture.

First, there were some Kirlian photographs of the fingertips of laying-on-of-hands healers and their patients before and after treatment. Most of the time, the energy streams from a patient's fingertip—these streams were referred to as coronas—brightened after treatment. If this happened, the healer's fingertip coronas diminished. Occasionally, the healer's coronas brightened after treatment, inviting speculation that he was off his form and was draining energy from his patient. Dr. William Tiller, a physicist at Stanford, called for more scientific controls on the Kirlian-photography experiments. He also reminded his audience that the senses

and the brain act to select information. "The senses do not present reality," he said. "They present information about reality. The brain acts to impose its kind of sense on this information. In a famous M.I.T. experiment, a man was required to wear glasses for two weeks that made the world look upside down. Suddenly, at the end of that time, his brain 'corrected' the information it was receiving, did a flip, and he started seeing the world right side up again even though he was still wearing the glasses."

Stanley Krippner, who has done pioneering work in dream research at Maimonides Medical Center, in Brooklyn, then described the proceedings of the Bioenergy Conference in Moscow last year. He told us about a Russian psychiatrist who treated schizophrenia by forcing his patients to fast for a month. This doctor, Yuri Nikolaev, began his work twenty-eight years ago. He has treated eight thousand patients, two-thirds of whom, he has reported, made a full recovery. Stanley Krippner also showed a movie of a Russian woman who could move a cigar tube around on the top of a Plexiglas cube without touching anything. "You know," the young man on our right whispered to us, "here are these new facts. You have to either change your viewpoint to include them or use them to bolster your current point of view. For some people, this evidence feeds their fantasies of a spiritual reality, and they get excited about it. Other people take it in their stride, and go on from there. That reminds me of a story I just read in a book, but I left it at home, and I'll read it to you later."



After lunch, we had a new moderator, Lucille Kahn, who was very cute. When she was introduced, she couldn't be seen over the lectern, so she turned to the audience and said, "This is how I levitate myself," and a stagehand brought her a box. Captain Edgar D. Mitchell, the former astronaut and the sixth American earthling to walk on the surface of the moon, told us we should all be studying consciousness—only we should be calling it by a Greek word, "noetics." There was a long speech by a scholar who used the word "reinstantialized" twice. There was an interesting speech by a woman named Frances Farrelly, who said she was a water witch. Dr. John C. Pierakos, M.D., an important figure in bioenergetic analysis—a very violent therapy that includes screaming, ranting, and raving—talked about the research he has done on the human aura.

He spoke with his eyes closed most of the time, and said the auras of healthy persons were mostly blue. A dirty-yellow aura indicated illness. Dr. Pierakos, who was wearing yellow-tinted spectacles, also said that wherever a person had an area of muscular congestion and tension—and most people in our culture have tightening up in the shoulders and the small of the back—the congestion interrupted the aura.

The young man's chair on our right had been empty during the afternoon session. Now he returned. "I found that story," he whispered. And, in a whisper, he read us the following story:

"Hasan came upon Rabia one day when she was sitting among a number of contemplators, and said: 'I have the capacity of walking on water. Come, let us both go onto that water yonder, and sitting upon it carry out a spiritual discussion.'"

"Rabia said: 'If you wish to separate yourself from this august company, why do you not come with me, so that we may fly into the air, and sit there talking?'"

"Hasan said: 'I cannot do that, for the power which you mention is not one which I possess.'"

"Rabia said: 'Your power of remaining still in the water is one which is possessed by fish. My capacity, of flying in the air, can be done by a fly. These abilities are no part of real truth—they may become the foundation of self-esteem and competitiveness, not spirituality.'"

Major Motion Picture

A YOUNG friend of ours who is critical of his invitations and rarely agrees to attend *anything* came to see us the other day. "I have wonderful news," he said. "At last, I have an invitation I can accept. Frank Yablans, president of Paramount Pictures, has asked me to attend a conference at which he will announce the acquisition of a Major Motion Picture. I'm very pleased. It would be more interesting, of course, if Mr. Yablans were to announce the acquisition of a Minor Motion Picture, but it doesn't pay to be too critical, and I happen to know that the Major Motion Picture involved is the film version of 'Jonathan Livingston Seagull' and that there will be seagulls at the conference. I don't know if you've read 'Jonathan Livingston Seagull,' but it is a remarkably successful book about a Seagull with Aspirations who goes to Heaven and then discovers that Heaven is just a different way of looking at things. I may have got it a little wrong, but it's something like



"At what hour tomorrow do you wish to resume your humdrum existence?"

that, and anyway all you *really* have to know about the book is that instead of being dedicated 'To Mother' or 'To J. G. with love and wonder' 'Jonathan Livingston Seagull' is dedicated 'To the real Jonathan Seagull who lives within us all.' But still, if Mr. Yablans of Paramount has gone to all the trouble to bring seagulls to the conference, I think I ought to go, and I think you ought to come along."

We went with our friend to the conference, which was held on the twenty-ninth floor of the Gulf & Western Building, near Columbus Circle, in a screening room decorated in various shades of forthright red. At the front of the room, Mr. Yablans sat at a table with Mr. Hall Bartlett, who is the producer-director of "Jonathan Livingston Seagull." "I don't see any seagulls," our friend said. We can't say that we saw any, either. We did notice that Mr. Yablans, who is a man

of medium height with a fringe of dark hair, and Mr. Bartlett, who is a heavy man with lots of gray hair, had different styles. Mr. Yablans seemed to be retreating from the waves of effusive feeling that surrounded Mr. Bartlett.

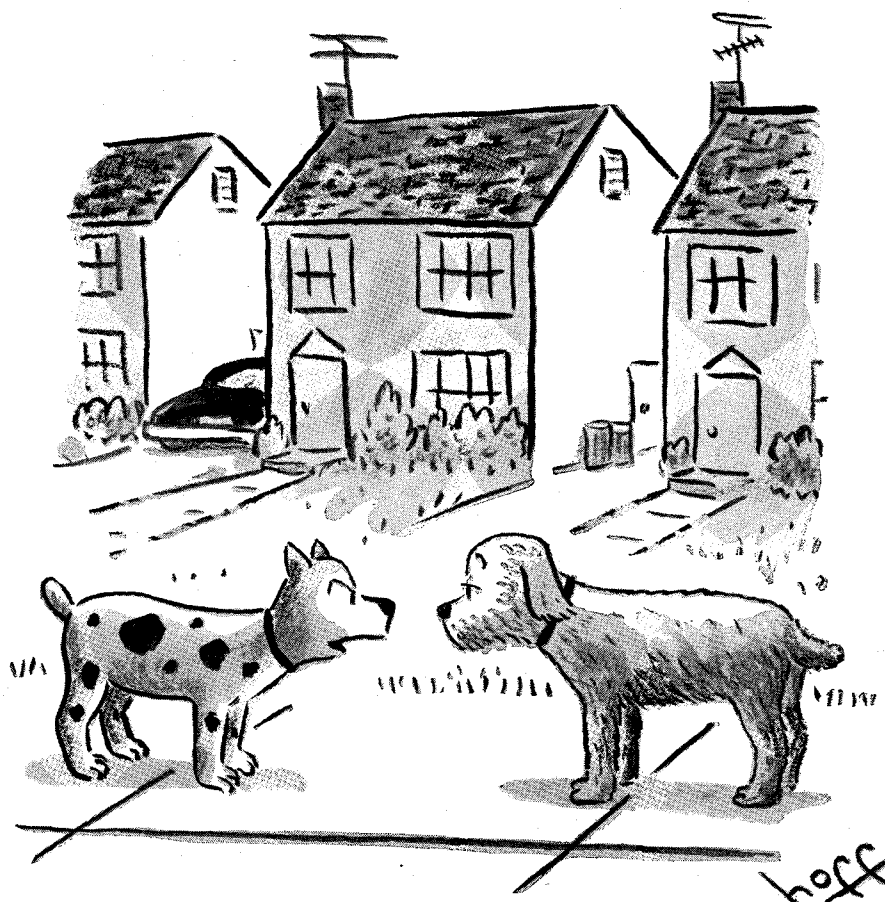
Mr. Yablans began the conference. Mr. Yablans kept to the facts. He said that the book "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" is unprecedented in publishing history. He said that more than two million copies have been sold in hard cover, and that in the first three weeks of paperback distribution three and a half million copies have been sold. Mr. Yablans said that the publisher expects that record millions of copies will be sold in paper. Mr. Yablans said that the book has been translated into fourteen languages.

"Successful books are always translated into fourteen languages," our friend said. "Never thirteen. Never fifteen."

Mr. Bartlett's speech was less factually rigorous. He said he didn't feel that Jonathan belonged to him or to Paramount or to the author. He said he thought that everyone who liked the book was a co-author. Then he said that although he had met Frank Yablans only three times, he knew Mr. Yablans very well. "Frank is a man who knows how tough it is out there—how to survive—but Jonathan is going to get ahold of him. Frank is going to look inward—beyond money."

Mr. Yablans looked a little quizzical, and lit a cigarette, cupping his lighter in his hands as though he were fighting a wind.

Mr. Bartlett kept on talking, and said that there were many mystical things about the way he had come to make "Jonathan Livingston Seagull." "The girl I'm going to marry brought me the book," he said. "If she had brought it one day later, it would have



*"Maybe if the mailman brought me mail,
I wouldn't want to bite him."*

got into the hands of another producer. He would have made it differently. He told me he would have used human beings, and I think that would have been very wrong. Again in a mystical way, I found the money. Again and again, down the line, the mystical thing happened."

After Mr. Bartlett finished, some raw footage from the film was shown. There were waves and rocks and, of course, lots of seagulls. After the footage was over, a young trainer came out with three live seagulls, each on a leash. The most important seagull to come out was a glaucous gull that plays Jonathan Seagull in Heaven. The gull that plays Jonathan *before* he gets to Heaven wasn't there. "He's still working," said the trainer. "We couldn't bring him here, for insurance reasons."

Almanac

IN a world that is constantly changing and sometimes chaotic, the *World Almanac and Book of Facts* is a small buoy indeed but one that, whenever we stop to read it, ties us up for several hours. No matter how many trees went into the current edition, we think it was worth it. We can-

not always get out into the woods when we need to, but we can read the *Almanac*: a thousand and forty pages, and each one contains something of interest, including pages 624 ("New Zealanders Eat Most Meat Per Capita"), 385 ("The Dynasties of China"), 215 ("Midnight to Dawn Best Time to See Meteors"), and 400 ("Widely Known Americans of the Present").

We examined the list (two hundred and ninety names) of widely known present Americans, and were sixty-three per cent pleased to discover that we know—or have heard of—every single one of them, from Ralph Abernathy to Ronald Ziegler, including the slightly more narrowly known, such as Derek Bok, Ray C. Bliss, and Lewis F. Powell. We were less than fully pleased only because we had just looked through "Entertainment Personalities of the Past" and drawn so many blanks.

We enjoy reading a list of towns and cities of twenty-five hundred or more population as much as the next person, and the names of Eutaw, Paragould, West Mystic, Frostproof, Palos Verdes Estates, Toast, Sweet Home, Midlothian, Ho Ho Kus, Moosic, Snohomish,

and Aiea are, as always, a pleasure. Our greatest pleasure, however, is the collation and comparison of information. It took us less than forty-five minutes, for example, to figure out that the United States military has 292,491 commissioned officers on active duty in the *Almanac*; that there are more such officers than miles of railroad tracks in the entire country, members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, or square miles of Texas; that, assuming each officer to be ten feet tall, the entire officer corps put end to end would reach for 2,924,910 feet; and that at a rate of five hundred and fifty foot-pounds per second it would require a 5,318-pound horse to raise them a dollar with a pair (against which the odds are four to three) on the second hand. With a little more time, one could also calculate the number of famous religious leaders per mountain higher than fourteen thousand feet (including Colorado's Mount Conundrum), the estimated length of all home runs hit by major-league batters in 1972 in comparison to total yards gained passing and the distance between New York and Pittsburgh, and how much water has passed over Niagara Falls since last we met in terms of the number of persons that this water would supply if they were willing to drink it.

We do not recommend that you purchase a 1973 *World Almanac*; we do not recommend that you *not* purchase one. While it is good, of course, to have "Some Major Events and Trends of 1972" (page 35) at your fingertips, your old *Almanac* may be just as useful. After all, some things simply don't change. North America continues to lead all other continents in the number of telephones; the last winner of the Triple Crown is still Citation; the easternmost point in the United States is still West Quoddy Head, Maine; the major export product of Scotland is still whiskey; the Pope is still a Catholic; and Armenia still owes us money from the First World War. On the other hand, the amount of that debt keeps rising, and one needs a new almanac each year to get the latest figures. As of June 30, 1972, the Armenian war debt was \$43,536,945.30, of which \$31,577,045.30 was interest. According to the Treasury Department, only seventeen dollars and forty-nine cents has been paid back to us. The capital of Armenia is Erevan. The First World War lasted from 1914 to 1918. No matter how you look at it, seventeen dollars and forty-nine cents is not a lot of money, especially if you're paying that kind of interest.

THE PEOPLE'S SHOPPER

SHOP THE CO-OP WAY AND SAVE!
THESE FINE PEOPLES ARE HAPPY TO SERVE YOU

THE WHOLE WHEAT FOOD CO-OP

The WWFC Coördinating Council has approved the following statement for publication. The Council voted on the statement line-by-line, and where the vote was not unanimous the minority opinion appears in brackets.

WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

Ground on Our Own Millstone 12¢ lb.
[8¢]

ORANGES

6¢ ea.

MILK

39¢ ½ gal. 82¢ gal.

[What's the markup for—the pleasure of your company? 78¢]

CARROTS

15¢ lb.

[The carrots are not too crisp because the big honchos in this so-called organization don't know how to call an electrician to fix the cooler, which has not worked for six weeks now. In fact, it's like a steam pit in there. If the "co-ordinators" would come around once in awhile they might find out about these things. The oranges are shrivelled up, also the lettuce, and the carrots are like rubber. Organic or not, I wouldn't feed it to apes. Diane.]

HOME MADE YOGHURT

Delicious 75¢ qt.

[Anyone who can in good conscience sell this stuff for 75¢ should be forced to eat it.]

ACORN SQUASH

30¢ ea.

[I will not accept more than 21¢ per squash and I am giving away the bread and milk free until this group shows a little more sensitivity to the women, who do about 2/3rds of the work. That's no lie either.

I am at the store 1-4 p.m. Mondays and 5-8 Thursdays—the tall woman with reddish hair and glasses. See me for bargains. Marcia.]

SHARP CHEDDAR

80¢ lb.

[Stuff it in your ear, hippie ripoff artist! We're busting out of this pukehole!]

SUPPORT [THE BOYCOTT OF]
YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD CO-OP!

PEOPLE'S CANDY COLLECTIVE

Last August, five of us pulled out of the Whole Wheat Co-op to form the

Collective. Hopefully this article will try to explain what we're doing and where we go from here.

At Whole Wheat we were making sesame-seed cakes and oat balls. We enjoyed our work, but we wanted to branch out into wholesome chocolates and nut bars. This proved to be traumatic for the Co-op hierarchy, which was into macrobiotic and organic gardening, the whole élitist grocery bag. They took the position that candy is bad for the people, it ruins their teeth, spoils their appetite, etc. Finally, we split. Our purpose was to set up a candy store where the decision-making would be shared by the whole community and everyone could contribute his ideas.

First, we visited the existing candy store in the neighborhood, Yaklich's. We assured Mr. Yaklich and his son Baron that our intention was to coöperate, not compete, and we agreed not to sell cigarettes, cigars, newspapers, magazines, or adult books, which they are very much into. They are also into point spreads, and we agreed not to do that, either.

Second, we tried to get some Indian, black, and Chicano representation (of which there was none) in the Collec-

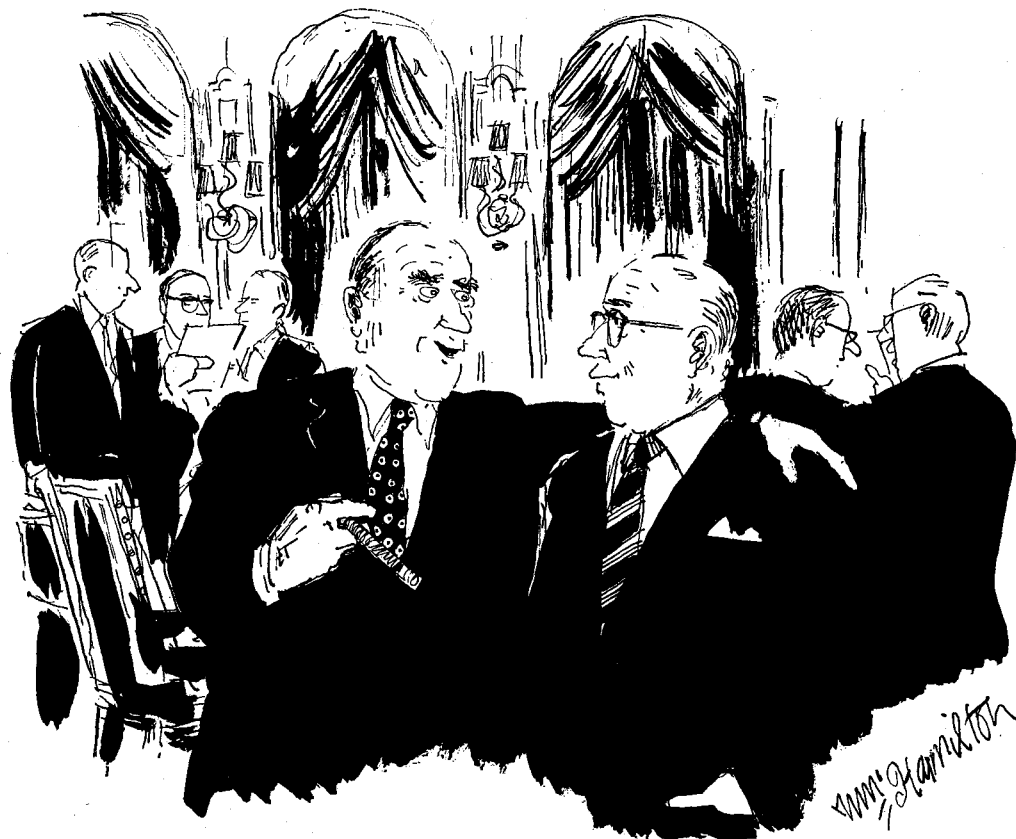
tive, but that was a problem, since there was none in the neighborhood, either, and attendance at our meetings would've meant a long ride on the bus for them.

Finally, we began soliciting community input. We began at the nearby grade school, where we met a lot of people who, though unfamiliar with the theory of running a collective, were very helpful and gave us a lot of new ideas. They suggested such things as licorice whips, nougat bars, sourballs, jawbreakers, bubble gum, soda pop, frozen delights, cupcakes, and Twin-kies.

These are yet to be discussed, but it appears we have several alternatives: To go back to Whole Wheat, to help the grade-school community set up its own candy collective, or to serve them and their needs in order to create a broader base of support within which we can seek to familiarize them with where we are at. We invite anyone concerned to stop by the store (upstairs from the Universal Joint).

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL DROP-IN HAIR CENTER

If you've decided to get a haircut, that's your decision, but why go to a straight barber and pay \$3.50 for a lot of bad jokes? Come to St. Paul's Hair Center (in the rectory basement) where Rev. Ray and Rev. Don are



"Damn, but I get a kick out of you at these meetings, Evans! I wish to hell more of our directorates interlocked!"

Now, a lot of folks can't dig that. They say, "Here's my car. When can you fix it?" or some other kind of linear crap. Well, we just got to talk that person loose. Because we are not in that *fix* matrix at all. We say, "We're not there yet. We're *here*." Or we say, "You on a wrench trip? O.K., here's a wrench!" But that's not where he's at or the car either, and on a simple planetary level they both know it. The car and him are one circuit, one continuum, and the ignition switch is right there in his head. Like we say, "The key is *not* the key! Tools are *not* the tools!"

The Stomach originated as a study group within the Whole Wheat Co-op, for people interested in vegetables as a tool in therapy. We were somewhat di-

vided between eggplant and kohlrabi, but we got along pretty well. All of us felt that eating vegetables helped us free ourselves from authoritarian life-systems and become more self-sufficient and honest with ourselves and more whole. Wholeness was the key. But as we pushed it farther we came to feel that vegetables were merely raising us to a higher ego-level that was rather empty and intellectual. We felt whole but we didn't feel full. It was then that we discovered "the other stomach."

The group was on a five-day fast in order to get beyond food and onto a different thought plane where we could meditate with our stomachs and find out what they wanted. One night we went up to the roof of an apartment building to cool off, and as we lay there we saw a great membrane descending from the sky. The membrane shone with a pale moist light. As it came near, we saw hamburgers in it, a thousand of them, and pizzas—pepperoni, sausage, anchovy-and-sausage, mushroom—along with French fries, Cokes, onion rings, Big Macs, Pronto Pups, chow mein, Reubens, malts, frosted doughnuts, buttered popcorn—everything right there within reach. We heard tremendous bursts of thunder from the membrane, and then a voice said, "Eat!"

We said, "But we can't. We're fasting, and besides it's not our kind of food."

And it said again, louder, "Eat!"

So we did—the stuff looked good—and to our surprise, it *was* good. It was hot and tasty and crisp, and the more we ate the more there was of it. We kept saying, "It is our thing, it is our thing!" Because we'd never felt that way before. A spreading circle of warmth from the stomach to all parts of the body. A great calorie rush.

The next night, the membrane came again. This time, we'd invited all of our friends. Hundreds of people joined in the feast. There was enough for everyone, and we became aware of



"Aren't you lucky! Very few people have anything original that's nice."

a very profound physical sensation that we never got from vegies. Now we know: Around the little vegetable stomach there is a second and much greater stomach, which eggplant cannot satisfy. This second stomach is the whole body. As the voice said to us the second night, "You are not *what* you eat. You *are* eating." You only realize that if you eat the right food.

We're trying to carry out this philosophy in our café. We sell burgers that make people listen to themselves and understand themselves and we got a machine that turns out a single continuous French fry. The endless potato.

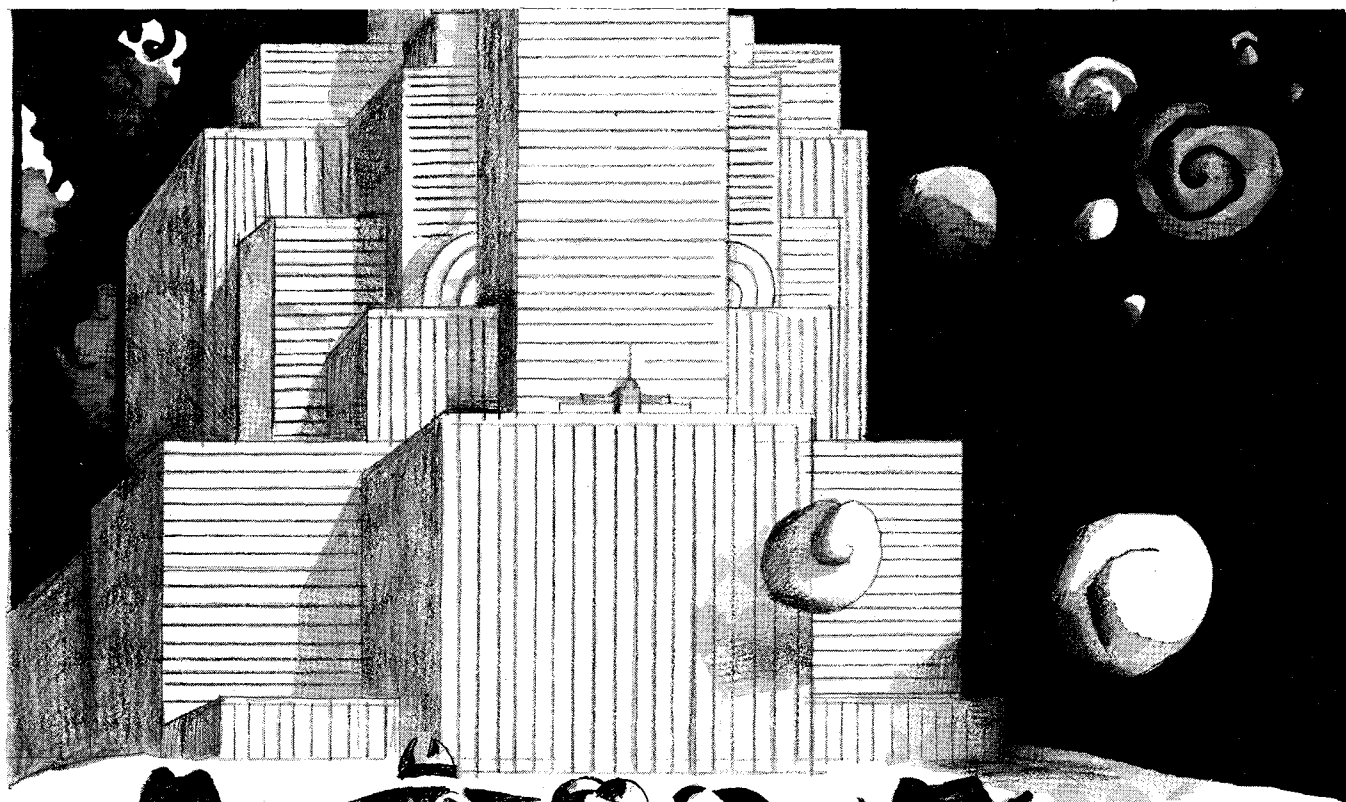
When there are no customers in the place, we like to open the front door and let the French fry go out into the community to make contact with people. Some of them, like us, have eaten their way back to the beginning.

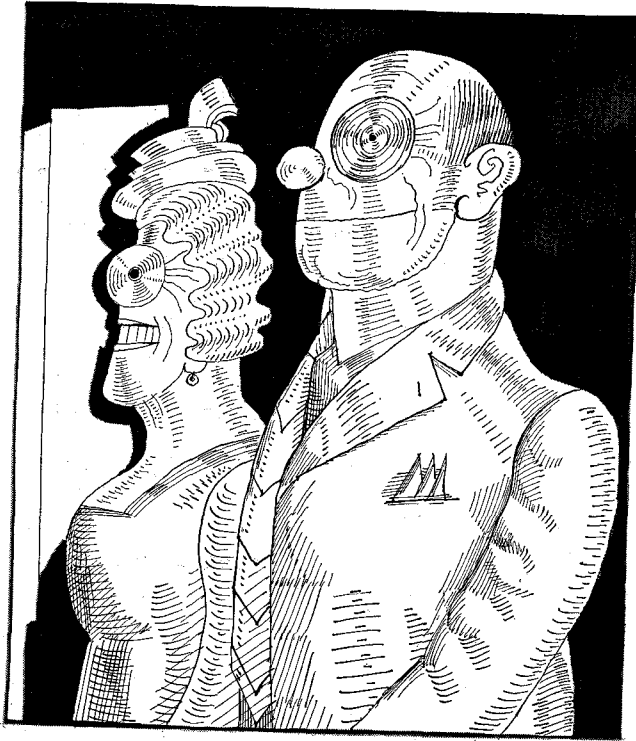
—GARRISON KEILLOR

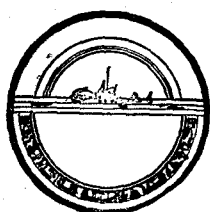
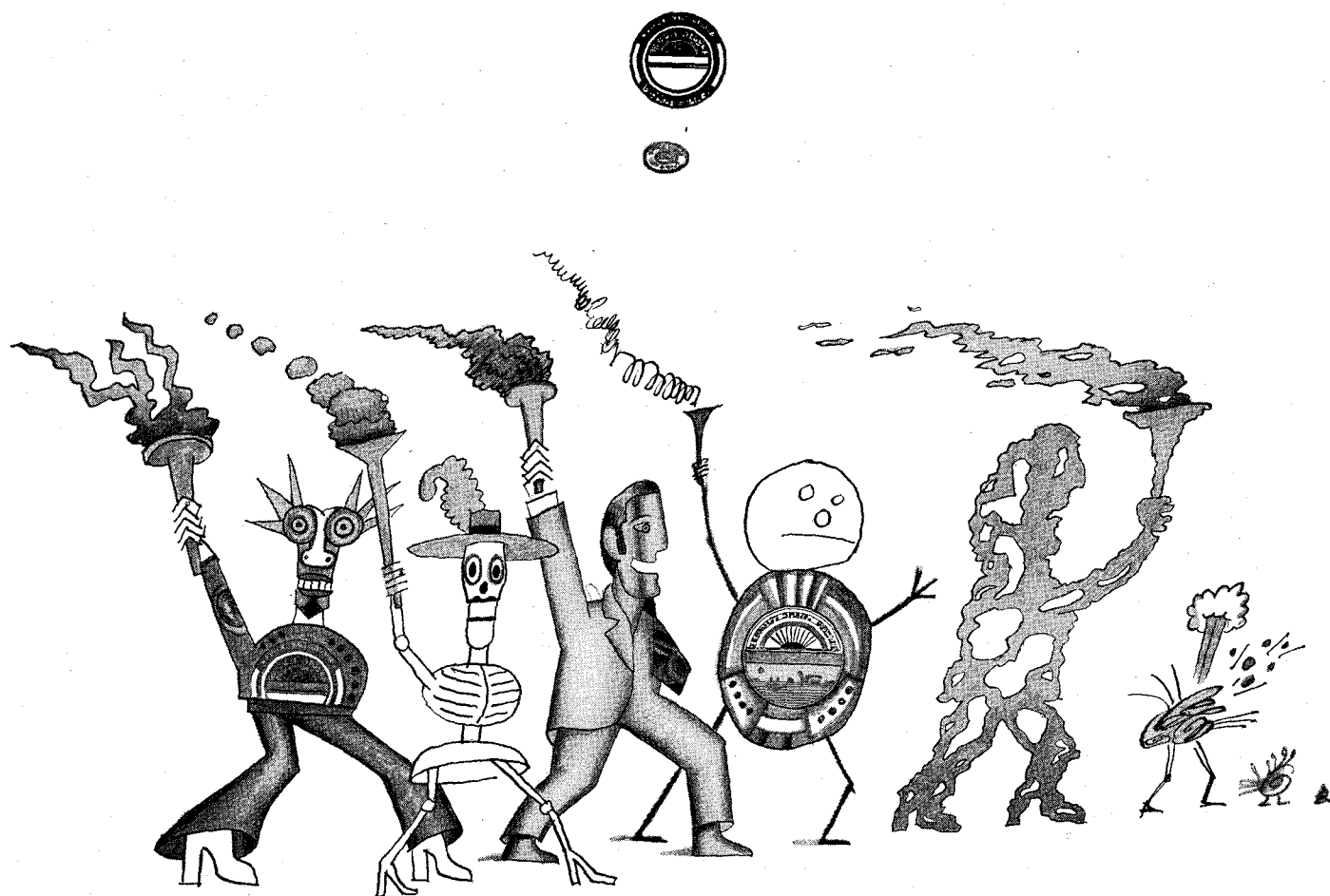
Fare on this crack train is almost as costly as plane fare from Munich to Frankfort, but it is a refreshing ride with a closeness to earth that one doesn't get flying.—Pottsville (Pa.) Republican.

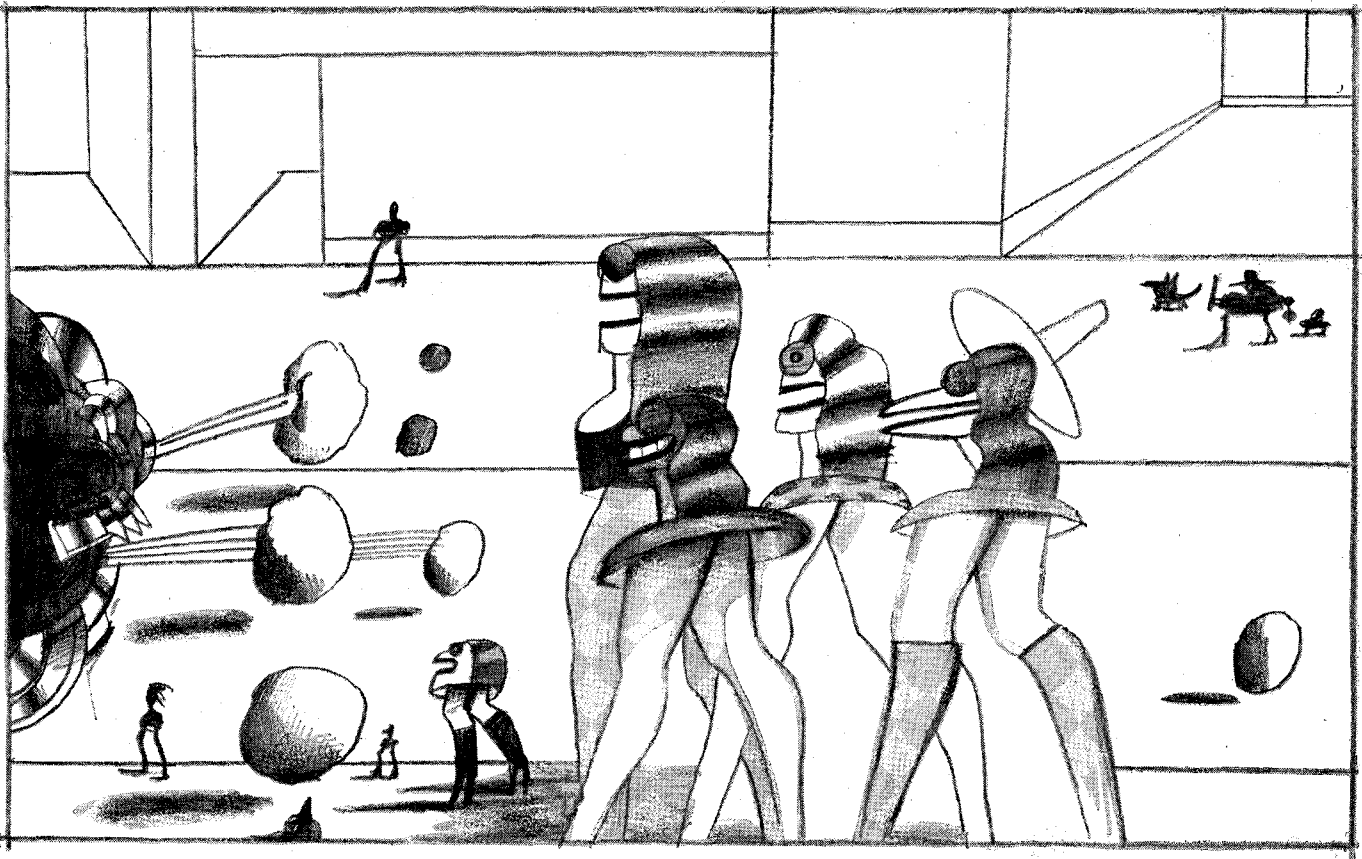
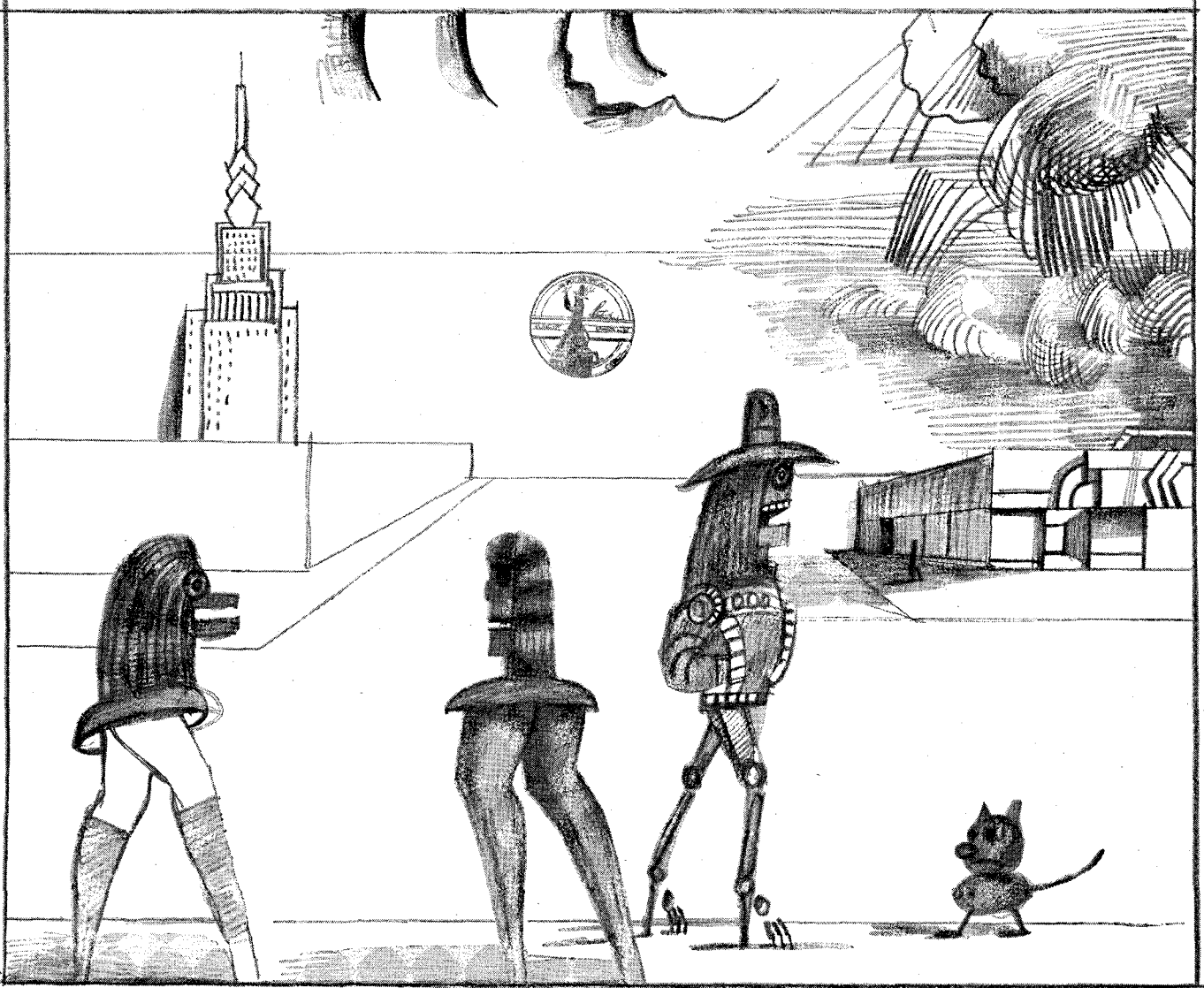
We knew there was *something* that seemed different.

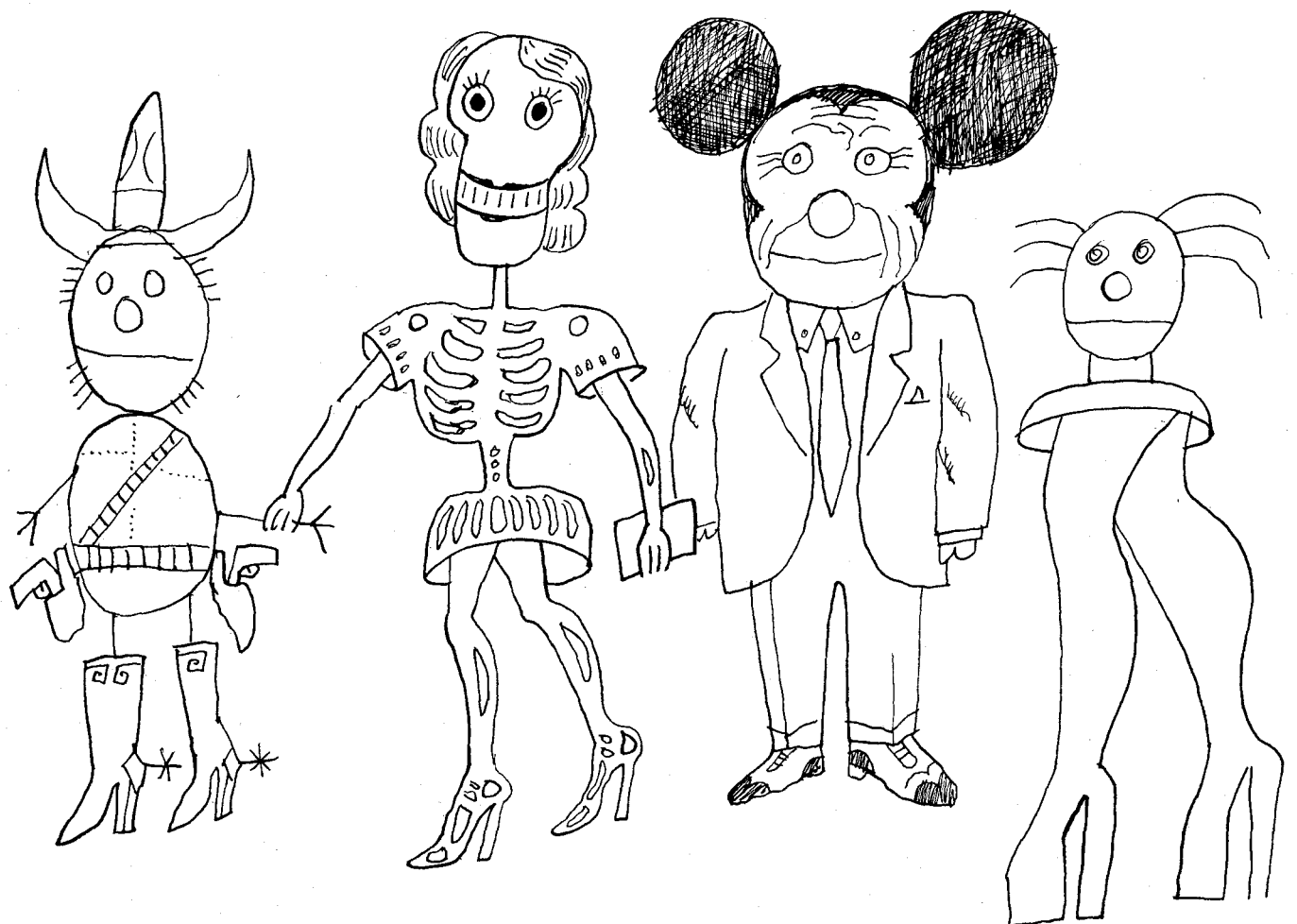
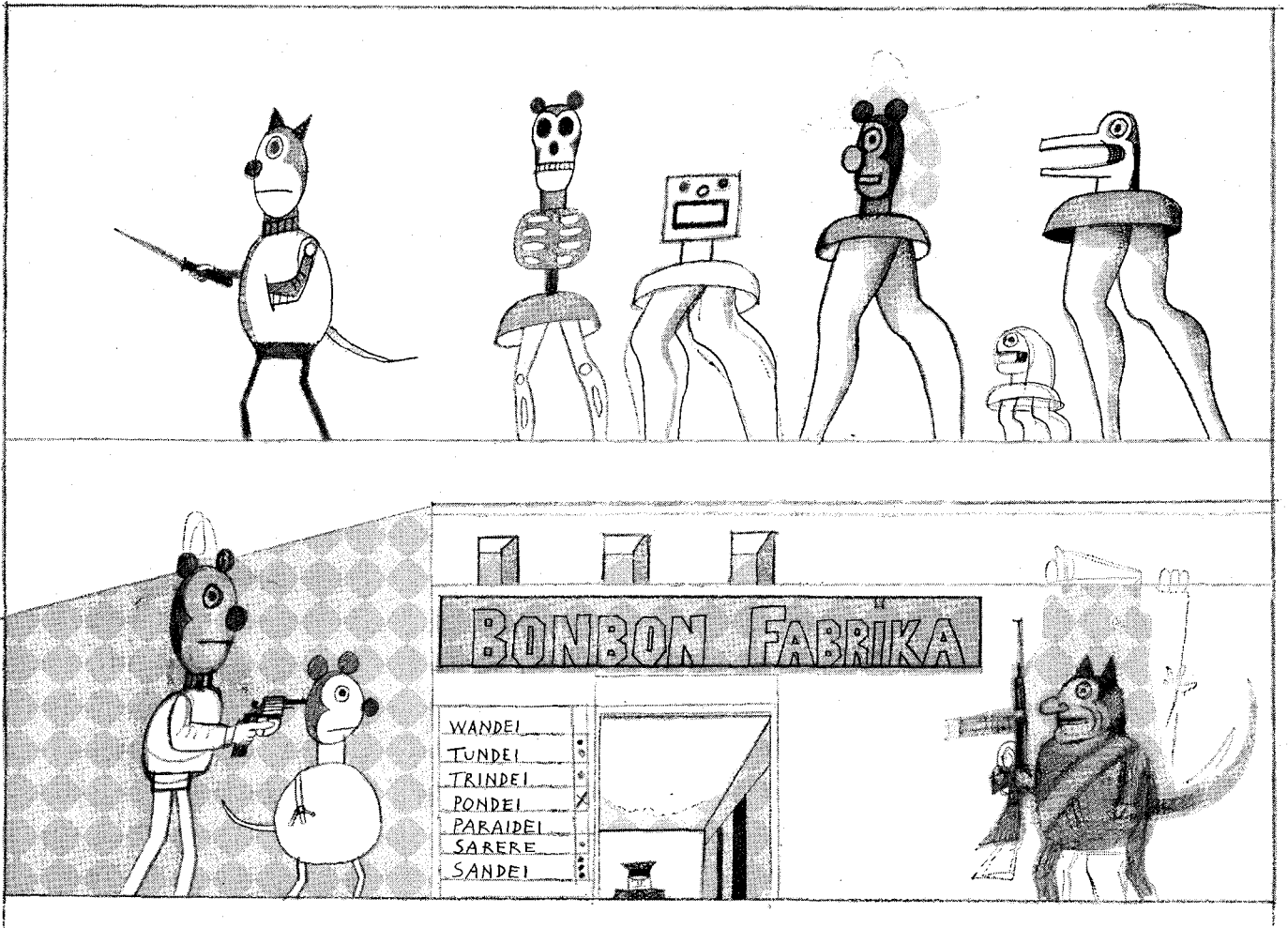
THE CITY

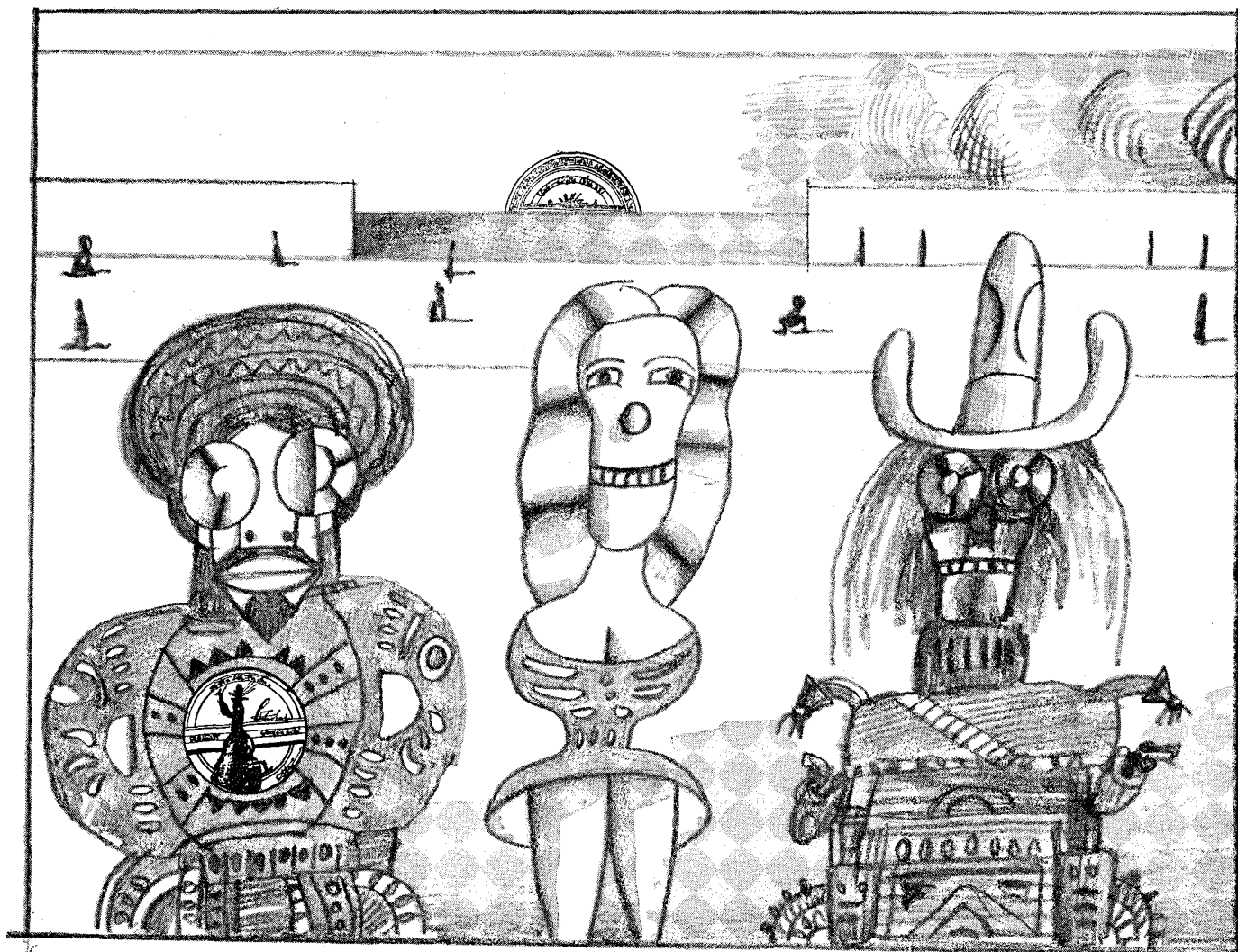
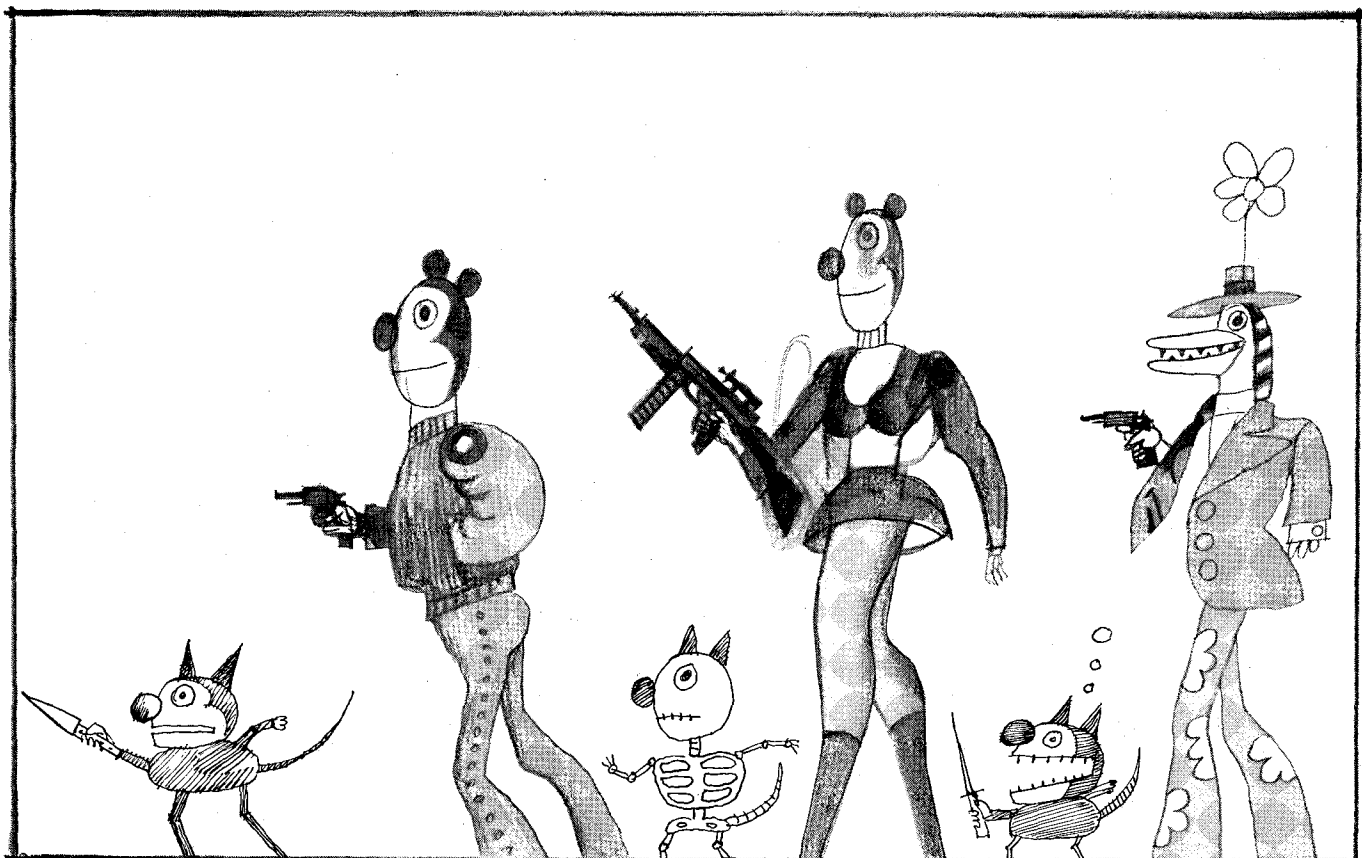












STEINBERG

FOUR FIGURES IN A ROOM. A DISTANT FIGURE

THEY had sat down to rest.

Both women were tall and physically eloquent. They appeared to have been engaged in an exploit which taxed them to the uttermost, and they laid by their violin bows as though they were rapiers.

The six-year-old boy lying under the grand piano drawing an alligator glanced out, saw that Fanny's small red velvet bolster lay on her lap unharmed, and went on drawing. All was well. "I can't play without it," she had explained to him. Sometimes—not very often and only if his hands were clean—he was allowed to stroke it. Enabled by the bolster, Fanny played such difficult music at concerts that people gave her a great deal of money. Ludovica also played and also got money but hadn't a bolster.

They began to talk.

"But what are we to do about him? Wouldn't he even listen when you'd gone all that way to see him?"

"He listened—as if he were listening to Clementi. He even patted my hand and said, 'Dear child.' I might as well have talked to the waves. They come much closer to the house than they used to."

"But you could do nothing with him?"

"Fanny! How long is it since anyone could do anything with Father?"

"You did, once—when you got the better of him about the cello."

"And that was forty-three years ago."

"Almost to the day. He had given you a larger one for your birthday present; it had been unpacked and lay on the sofa. Your twelfth candle had just been lit. You took the cake in both hands and banged it down on the bridge."

By the time Donald Gillespie had hoisted himself up in the world and owned the Bonnie Charlie Marine Stores it was too late for him to study the violin. His daughter Fanny was put to do so in his stead—a promising pupil. It followed his second daughter should learn the cello. Ludovica learned quickly, was inherently more musical than her sister; and studied with contempt. Fanny's violin bewitched her; she would have nothing but the violin. Life had not prepared Donald Gillespie to be worsted. He fell into a granite rage and went for a voyage round the world. Pride compelled him to have them well taught even while he taunted himself with rearing a circus act, the fiddling Gillespie Sisters. They made their debut together in an unac-

companied Duo Concertante by Spohr. Constructed from their aquiline noses to their sturdy insteps to the ideal specification for concert violinists, their vocation was plain.

Prompted by the story of the birthday cake, the boy under the grand piano gave the alligator chocolate and pistachio stripes.

"But what does he do with himself on that pocket island?"

"It's not really an island, you know, except at high tide. And he does a great many things and all to a regular timetable. He's got a weathervane and a rain gauge and several barometers and keeps a weather diary. Twice a week he bakes. Every day he goes out and gathers driftwood. He washes and irons and keeps the house like a new pin. He knits. He sings."

"Sings?"

"'Ye banks and braes.' He catches fish and snares rabbits and dresses their skins and reads 'Paradise Lost.' Never an idle moment."

"Does he see anyone?"

"The oil van comes out once a week with letters and groceries."

"Does he look older?"

"A great deal older."

The room was warm and smelled of chrysanthemums, and from the street, far below, the growl of traffic swelled up into their silence. Alligators live in swamps. But he had used up all the best greens. This should be a sea alligator, sitting on an island like the very old man they talked about—for as he was their father he must be very old indeed.

Ludovica took up a sheet of manuscript music and made a face at it. "I don't know how he thinks I'm going to get a mute on in the time. You'll have to hang on to your harmonic."

"He has no notion how to write for strings. But one must be grateful for small mercies; there's not much writ-

ten for two violins nowadays. One has to keep up. And he's got some ideas. We can do something with it—if he'll let us."

"He seemed a meek enough little MacRabbit when Klaus introduced him."

"Meek? With that dedication? 'For Fanny and Ludovica.' Our Christian names and not so much as a by-your-leave."

"The young are like that. No surnames. No key signatures."

"No manners. How much longer is he going to keep us waiting?"

"Well, while he does, let's get on with Father. We can't leave him there through another winter. There must be some way of persuading him."

"Do you know any way to persuade a limpet off a rock? That's what he was like, Fanny. A limpet."

"Limpets must come off occasionally. When we were children we used to pick up their shells."

"Dead."

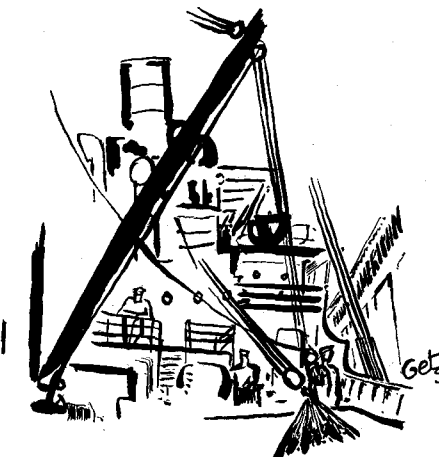
"What's a limpet?" asked the boy.

They took up their instruments and went back to the opening, which was tricky. Without ceasing to play, Fanny said, "One has to admit it, he's brave."

JULIUS MORLEY stepped out of the elevator into a world of his own music. The "Dialogue for Two Violins" was proceeding, and this was the first time he had heard it. He was overwhelmed by its beauty, its fitness; appalled by its fleetingness. Performance did that, then?—made actual and dismissed? He had not thought of it so. It had seemed boundless, a totality. But it would be over before its hearers had time to admire it. Occasional passages disconcerted him; it was as if they had got in by accident from an earlier composition. And then it was beautiful again, infallibly logical, going its mysterious way.

Suppose I were run over on my way back to Hammersmith, he thought. I might never hear it again. He unboxed the tape recorder he had brought with him and began to record. Immediately, all his pleasure went; he could hear nothing except the defects of the performance. He rang the bell. The music ceased. The door was opened by a small boy, and he went in.

His heart did not sink; he felled it. They were impossible—professional circus horses, pillars of the Establishment. They advanced on him, capability personified, and were delighted to see him. They thought his music so original. They hoped he wouldn't mind if they made one or two small suggestions, just for technical reasons, rea-



sons of performance. How could he have imagined these worldly harpies matched to his music, administrators of his treasure—cooked them up into his destined Fanny and Ludovica, fatally dedicated the "Dialogue" to them? A spring evening, an empty stomach, the skirl of gulls as he crossed the river to the Festival Hall, the grieving seabird fifths falling through the close of the Overture to "Idomeneo," two women distanced on a platform—two porpoises in bags could have overthrown him that night, playing the Bach Concerto.

"This scale passage would come out with more effect if it were divided between the two violins, for instance, and—"

"Shall we deal with them as we come to them?" he said.

From his lair under the piano (it had become a lair) the boy watched the clock. If his Miss Belton got back in time to take him down to the restaurant for tea— But she had gone on a bus to visit her mother, who lived in Greenwich; she might be late. The minute might have arrived.

They had been playing this piece over and over; he knew quite well when the minute was coming. First they grunted, loudly and mournfully, one contradicting the other. Then Ludovica was left grunting alone, while Fanny squirmed up—and up—and up, and arched her eyebrows, and produced an unearthly squeal like a sweetened gimlet, and Ludovica said, "Blast his eyes!" and snatched her mute. And then it would have arrived: his throat would stiffen, ice would form on his skin, he would begin to cry.

This afternoon it seemed that the bus from Greenwich was bound to win. Their MacRabbit man did nothing but interrupt and disagree and say they had not understood. And then they played the bit over again, loudly and neatly, and asked if that was what he wanted; and he said it wasn't. Their voices grew crosser and haughtier, and his grew quieter; and if it had not been for what lay ahead if Miss Belton did not come in time, it would have been fun to watch Fanny and Ludovica having to do what they were told. Checked and goaded, the music was driven on. They had got to the growls, Fanny had squirmed up—ward, attained her squeal—

"Excuse me. No *rallentando*."

They argued and argued. Then Fanny went over to the enemy.



"You come highly recommended, young man, but what experience have you had besides helping your mother around the house?"

"Get it on somehow, Ludovica! We can't stay fooling about till midnight."

The squeal hung on the air, brightened like a soap bubble, thinned, turned downward like a sigh, and was gone. Beneath it the muted voice had set out on its ghostly wandering. He felt his throat stiffen, ice form on his skin. It was the voice of something eternally lonely and destitute and blind. It probed his flesh. Tears streamed down his face as he wept for joy.

IT was because of this coda with its swaying five-beat ground bass that Julius Morley had at one time thought of calling the work "Full Fathom Five." The Ludovica one did not play too badly, and the mute obscured her professional alacrity. He waited uneasily for the entrance of the unmuted Fanny, who had to slide in on an off-beat (slide, not collide) and thread her shifting tonalities through the ground bass. He scarcely noticed how she did it, for a moment earlier he had been transfixed by a conviction that another listener had come into the room. Covertly glancing round for another pair of legs he saw the boy under the piano and that his face was rigid with ecstasy and glittering with tears. "Another of us," he said proudly to himself. "Poor

brat!" The unmuted violin began to take its farewells of the ground bass, which after the seventh farewell would go on its way alone, *senza diminuendo*, till it stopped, insignificantly, like a clock.

The fifth farewell vibrated with emotion.

"Excuse me—"

They ignored him and went on to the end.

"You were going to say—"

Ignoring them, he got up and walked across to the piano. The boy saw him stoop, almost as though he meant to get under, too.

"Do you like it?" His voice was serious; at first sight he looked just as a Mr. MacRabbit should—snub-nosed, with furry cheeks and an innocent expression. On closer view, his face was savage and anxious, as all grown-up faces are.

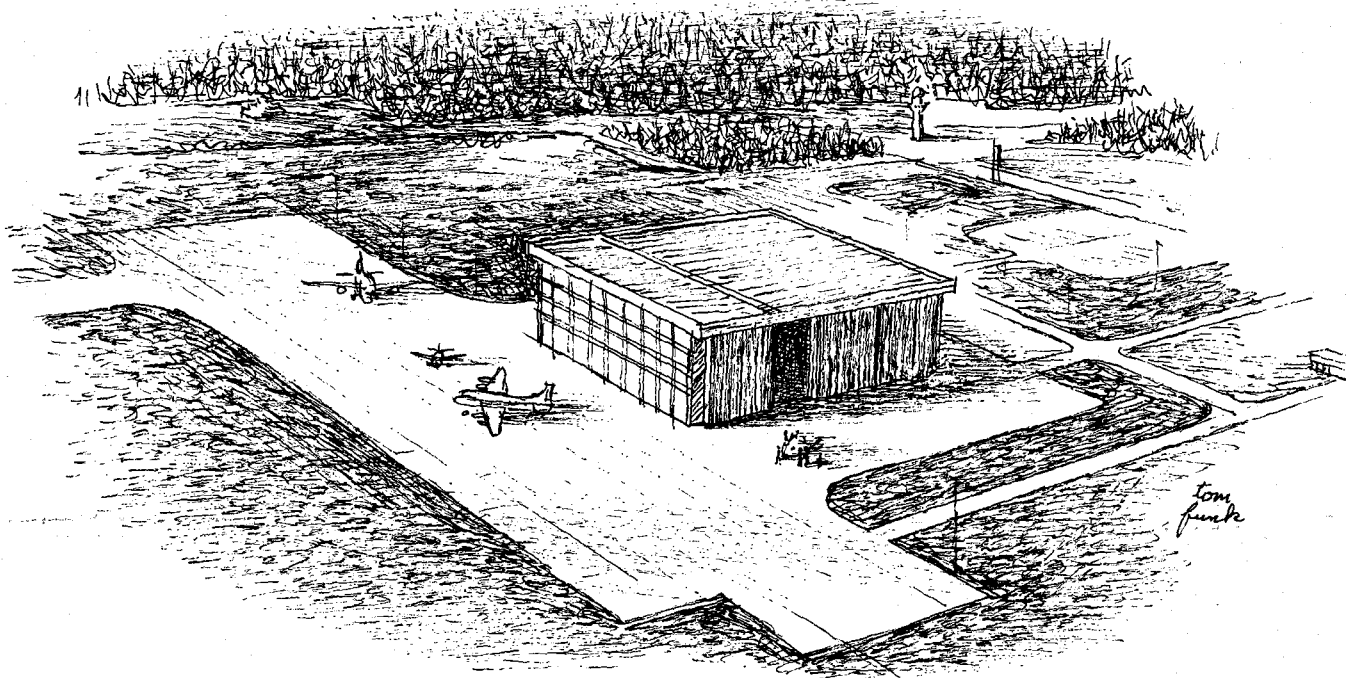
—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

A young Italian director who recently turned out a successful film on LSD says he is going to bring the Kama Sutra, the Indiana classic on love and sex, to the screen.—*Lowell (Mass.) Sun*.

It'll be called "A Man and a Hoosier."

PROFILES

THE DELTOID PUMPKIN SEED-III



AS long as people were alive who had known the rigid airships, the wish would continue that one day they would return. Mercer County Airport may have seemed an unlikely site for the revival, but New Jersey was where the rigids had been; and just as German airship men were living it out in places like Friedrichshafen, Frankfurt, and Zeppelinheim, American airship men were growing old with the wallpapers of, among other places, Trenton. There was in New Jersey a climate of support. Head-long zeal for airships was understood there. One day in the middle nineteen-sixties, William Miller walked into an investment-brokerage firm on Nassau Street, in Princeton. Miller was minding his own securities, which were then voluminous and diverse. As it happened, he was in the midst of a troubled and ambiguous era in his life. He was thirty-nine. His highly developed sense of mission was seeking, and not satisfactorily finding, a sense of direction. Princeton Theological Seminary had recently conferred on him the degree of Master of Theology, and he was engaged in various kinds of church work, but he was not sure he wanted to undertake a formal ministry. Lonely, self-sufficient less by choice than by force of habit, Presbyterian, he felt compelled to serve God and man but could not say to himself how best to do it. He watched the pari-mutuel for a while, the slide show from the New York Stock Exchange, numbers, letters.

In that yeasty market, his portfolio swelled before his eyes. His interest in it was less than consuming, though. He literally did not know what to do with his money or with himself. His glance fell on a picture that was on a broker's desk—a romantic sketch, photographically reproduced, of a triple-hulled dirigible soaring into a mottled, darkling sky. On the side of the dirigible was the word "AEREON."

"What on earth is that?" Miller asked the broker.

"That? Oh, that's Monroe Drew's airship." Drew, whose circles of contact were widening, had spoken at a luncheon of the Nassau Club and afterward had distributed the sketches to rich Princetonians. The broker explained that it was Drew's apparent intention to take up where the zeppelins had left off, with the emphasis this time on airfreight. As soon as it could be arranged, Miller and the broker went to Mercer County Airport. Miller saw the airship, admired its three cylindroid silver hulls, and met the Reverend Mr. Drew. God had not insisted that only trained Presbyterian clergymen or their sons could be the custodians of the Aereons. Coincidence merely made things appear that way. Miller at once felt the excitement and saw the potentialities in revival of rigid airships. Before very long, he would be describing Drew as "a leech, a seducer, elusive and slippery, a dexterous man, who bewitches people with half a shadow of reality and is able to weave fact

and insinuation in such a way that if things come out badly it was you who misinterpreted but if they come out well it was he who guided you." Miller began their relationship, however, by providing Drew with money to advance his dream.

Other people were journeying to Mercer County Airport, too, and from places a great deal more distant than Princeton. A cattle rancher in upland Peru somehow heard of Aereon and made a trip to Trenton to see if the company could solve his problem. On the way to Lima, his cattle were dying in the Andes, in a certain impassable pass, at twelve thousand feet. Could Aereons carry the cattle? *Sí, hombre. ¿Por qué no?* Production would begin soon—as soon as possible after the first flight test. Connellan Airways, of Alice Springs, Australia, approached Aereon. Huge cargo carriers, able to land on patches of grass, seemed appropriate for the development of the Australian bush. Right you are, mate; queue here. These were light-headed days. "Envision the most luxurious cruise liner, and we'll match it," Drew liked to tell people. Aereons could go anywhere. They could hover over cities as flying night clubs with dancing under the stars. They could lower tourists into the streets of Benares and reel them in again at dusk for defrosted American dinners in air-conditioned comfort. "Primarily, though, this can be the workhorse of the world, literally the workhorse of the world," Drew would

say. "Undeveloped civilizations can leapfrog from the donkey trail to the Aereon city."

The *Wall Street Journal* sent Robert E. Dallos, staff reporter, to Trenton, and the result was a front-page story on September 20, 1965:

FIRM OF EX-NAVY MEN BUILDS
CARGO-HAULERS OF FUTURE:
DIRIGIBLES

SHIP WILL CARRY
100-TON LOADS, THEY CLAIM;
SKEPTICS SAY PLAN'S FUTURE
COULD BE DIM

It's a bird. It's a plane. It's a super-dirigible! A group of Navy veterans plans to make huge, three-sectioned dirigibles for use as cargo carriers, bringing what they call "some startling changes" in the air-freight industry. The craft, each of which will be able to carry up to 100 tons and travel 150 miles an hour, will be able to haul containerized freight, huge missile components, prefabricated bridges, communications towers, buildings and oil rigs, the developers claim.

The initial launch of the experimental model is scheduled in six weeks, and, if all goes well, full-scale production will begin shortly thereafter with commercial use beginning in 1967, say the owners of Aereon Corp., the company they formed to build the dirigibles.

IN LOVE WITH A LOST CAUSE?

Success, however, is not assured, and skeptics abound. "I admire these men," says an official of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, at Huntsville, Alabama. But he adds: "Once a man is involved with L.T.A. (lighter-than-air) transportation, he stays with it. But he may be in love with a lost cause." Nevertheless, "if Aereon demonstrates its proven capability NASA would really be interested. It has potential," the official says.

Edward MacCutcheon, head of the office of research and development of the Maritime Administration, says Aereon "is developing some fascinating concepts. This could be a versatile aircraft." He says the "predicted performance capabilities and the economies promised by Aereon's venture are of interest to us as an adjunct to merchant shipping." Aereon sees its dirigibles loading and unloading merchant vessels at sea, saving time and cutting port fees and manpower costs.

Aereon also maintains its dirigibles will be able to haul freight across the country faster than trucks and at competitive rates. And it says its craft will be able to handle heavier loads for less money than existing jet freighters while landing at airports inaccessible to jets.

FEARS FROM THE PAST

If dirigibles are such wonder transports, why hasn't someone thought of using them before? Well, for one thing, the mention of dirigibles still instills fright in many people who remember a series of tragedies in the 1930s, notably the explosion of the airship *Hindenburg* May 6, 1937. The accident killed 36 persons and all but ended commercial use of...

All kinds of people were suddenly interested in Aereon. A Canadian holding corporation wanted a vehicle

that could land many tons on the tundra. The Kennecott Copper Corporation had found copper at drill sites beyond the Arctic Circle. Could Aereon bring out the ore? A garbage contractor who regularly dumped barge-fuls of garbage in the sea off New Jersey wanted to ease his work with a flying garbage scow. A man travelled to Trenton from western Ireland to ask Aereon to come carry his mutton to market. Drew told the Irishman that his request was somewhat premature. The prototype had not yet flown. The Irishman was broke. Aereon contributed to his return fare, on Aer Lingus.

The company was not only hovering shy of its objective. There had long since developed within the corporate structure schismatic vibrations over what in fact the objective was intended to be. Drew had not named his com-

pany Aereon for nothing. He wanted his airships to fly, at least partly, on what he referred to as "G-power"—gravitational power, nature gas, the method of locomotion used by Solomon Andrews for the original Aereons a century earlier. Drew happened to be the editor of the magazine *Military Chaplain*, and, as such, went to Washington twice a month. There he had made his own patent search, and had found what he was looking for: "S. Andrews, Aerostat, Patented July 5, 1864, No. 43,449. To all whom it may concern, be it known that I, Solomon Andrews, of Perth Amboy, in the County of Middlesex, in the State of New Jersey, have invented a mode by which the air may be navigated, and a new and useful machine by which it may be done, which machine I call an 'Aereon;' and I do hereby declare that



"Well, at last!"

the following is a full, clear, and exact description of the construction and operation of the same. . . .” Andrews had written a tight and technical document upward of four thousand words long, and with it Drew intended to replace the internal-combustion engine. At the very least, he intended to use gravitational propulsion in supplement to fossil fuels. Drew’s enthusiasm was not fully shared by Aereon’s first engineer. “The Andrews principle proved to be the curse of the project,” John Fitzpatrick said later, speaking *ex cathedra* from his gas station in Pennsylvania. “Drew had no scientific knowledge. Technology was all a big wonderful world, in his view. He built models out of Prell bottles and talked about ‘G-power,’ a term he coined. This embarrassed me.” Drew had also traced the whereabouts of Solomon Andrews’ direct descendants—among them a stockbroker, an ornithologist, an engineer. He put one of them on his board of directors. He told them he thought their ancestor was “one of the worst-cheated inventors in history.” Members of the clan invested a hundred thousand dollars in Aereon. It signified much to Drew that Andrews had got his idea while in church. “James Watt credited the steam engine to a devotional inspiration,” Drew would point out. “Watt was contemplating the power of God in nature. Solomon Andrews was the son of a Presbyterian minister. He got *his* idea in a devotional situation—in church, during one of his father’s sermons. He always considered this a direct inspiration. He had mystical drive. He had twenty-four inventions, but he always considered the Aereons to be the purpose of his life, his real destiny. He had solved the mystery of natural flight. I would like to build an Aereon with no engine at all. It would get into the air on hot air or on helium. It would be flown by controlling the center of gravity. John Fitzpatrick’s disinclination to use the Andrews principle is almost laughable, if it were not to me so tragic.”

“I regarded Drew as an annoyance,” Fitzpatrick would eventually reveal. “Gravitational propulsion was one of fifteen or sixteen things I was testing and experimenting with in trying to achieve complete utilization of the potentials of a combination of lighter-than-air and the aerodynamics of a buoyant wing plus the use of the helicopter rotor not for lift but for propulsion and control. Solomon Andrews had no particular influence on what I was doing. He had an imperfect understanding of fluid flow and aerodynamics in general. I thought he should get

THE OLD POET

“I had forgotten how the book once read
Before I rewrote it, how the letters jumped
Onto the blankest of white pages, how
A change of light and sound for every day
Traced my world inside its tracery,
How the pages, turning in the wind,
Were first a lexicon of light, of leaves
Drenched in nothing but themselves before
The word for leaves gave birth to more than leaves,
The word for light made possible more light,
Before sleep took the very word for word
And drowned it back into a pool so wide
Its underground of nerves lay everywhere.

“The morning gradually rose. I rose,
Fed by a luminous transparency
That led the azure down on steps of cloud
To where I stood before a window wide
Open on a thousand worlds I thought
I knew. Five stories slapped themselves awake.
Then a thousand. Faces took their forms
And drilled them deep into my weathered eyes.
Now I can tell a story of my own;
It is a book I read again, again—
Not the great long novel of my heart
But the one slim volume it has all become.”

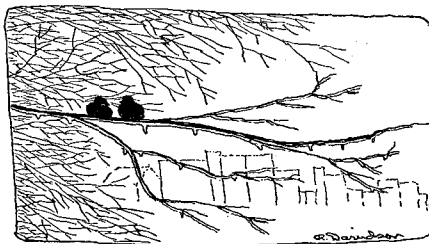
—HOWARD MOSS

proper credit for what he had done, that’s all. I wanted to build an aerobody, but the curse of Solomon Andrews was on the corporation. Drew was pitching his money-raising efforts on the mystical qualities of the first Aereon. We built the wrong vehicle, the three-hulled vehicle. We had been trapped by the Solomon Andrews thing.”

“The ship was designed to demonstrate the Andrews effect,” Drew would say. “But because of a slight error on John’s part it could not do so. It weighed three hundred pounds too much.”

While all these pustules were festering, Drew, of course, had his perennial problem of finding money to keep the corporation alive. The search eventually led him to the door of William Sword, an investment banker who also happened to be a ruling elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton. Sword, potentially, was the answer to Drew’s prayers—a figure of loft in the laity of a sister church and,

simultaneously, a Wall Street financier, a partner in Morgan Stanley & Co., whereunder the green waters ran extremely deep. Sword greeted Drew cordially and led him into his living room. Sword was an affable man of pebbly chatter. He was scarcely forty, younger than Drew had expected he would be. He and Drew had much in common in addition to their close association with the Presbyterian Church. Sword’s specialty, within his world, was sales. So was Drew’s. Each had put in a long apprenticeship knocking on igloos, and each had become a super-salesman, a megafack. The two men circled each other verbally—a long theological sniff with commercial undertones. Drew outlined the opportunity: the salvation of the world through big rigid Aereons, formed into a Christian Faith Fleet. Sword excused himself, saying that he was technically unequipped to evaluate this—did Drew mind if Sword called a friend who was an aeronautical engineer? Certainly not. Sword went into his study and called his friend, who said, among other things, “That company is a big joke.” When Sword returned to the living room, his eyes were as friendly as two nickels. Packaging the conversation, he showed Drew to the door. The contact might have ended there—just another rebuff in Drew’s tireless rounds—but Sword took it upon himself to protect the innocents of Princeton from



further approaches by the reverend minister of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Trenton. According to Sword, one reason he felt this responsibility was that Presbyterians kept coming up to him—widows, deacons, threadbare academics—with the light of hidden provender in their eyes and saying, “I understand *you* know Monroe Drew.” “Slightly,” Sword would say. “And I frankly don’t think he’s got anything more than a kite. He is using the church to get his company financed. He is selling stock to pay off loans. The whole thing disgusts me.” If Drew kept hounding people in Princeton, Sword said, he was heading for trouble with the securities people. At a coffee hour following a Sunday-morning service, Sword talked to Miller and warned him to look out for his investment. All this filtered back to Drew, who eventually decided that Sword was a threat to Aereon and had to be silenced. There was no need to go to secular law. Within the codes of the Presbyterian Church itself there were provisions for handling people like this. Drew called the minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton and told him that if Sword did not at once cease to belittle the Aereon Corporation, Drew was going to arraign Sword before the session of the Princeton church, there to answer charges levelled by Drew himself. There were laws of centuries’ standing within the Church of Scotland applicable here, Drew said, establishing the form of such an ecclesiastical trial. If Sword was found guilty, he would be condemned to the cutty stool, the low stool of penance, on which he would sit facing the congregation on as many successive Sunday mornings as the plenary session might deem appropriate and commensurate to his offense. Sword turned into a plowshare. According to Drew, not one negative syllable was ever again uttered by Sword about Aereon.

Belial did not always back away so quickly—as when trouble came to Aereon in the form of the Securities and Exchange Commission. There are three ways to float stock: by private offering; publicly, through full registration with the S.E.C.; and, also pub-



“Marlon Brando and I happen to be the exact same age.”

licly, under an S.E.C. exemption from full registration, known as Regulation A, which allows companies to issue a maximum of three hundred thousand dollars’ worth of stock without incurring the avalanche legal fees that go with full registration. Early in 1965, Aereon had applied for a Regulation A exemption. It was granted in the spring of 1966, almost on the exact day that Monroe Drew’s airship, the triple-hulled Aereon, was blown over by the wind and bulldozed back into the hangar, never to emerge again. That summer, a computer created the deltoid Aereons, and the computer was paid with money from sale of the new stock. Just after the turn of the year, without warning of any kind, the S.E.C. telephoned and told the officers of Aereon to appear in Washington the following afternoon with the company’s books. Sale of stock was halted while the S.E.C. gathered facts. The S.E.C. took depositions in Trenton. What or who had triggered this investigation has never been revealed. The strain of it cracked the company to pieces. Board meetings were dipped in savagery. John Fitzpatrick, who, in addition to his engineering functions, had for the past three years been playing president to Drew’s founder, quit. “I have long felt that ministers get between man and God,” he explained. “Drew has a monstrous ego. He has demonstrated consistently over a long period of time that he is incapable of living with reality. In selling the stock, he talked the moon. Everyone in the organization at one time or another has tried to put a wet blanket over him. In his approach to investors, he has never failed to be Reverend Drew. If

you really want to know what I think of Monroe Drew, get a copy of ‘Moby Dick’ and read Father Mapple’s sermon. Jonah was a man who tried to flee from God. ‘Woe to him whom this world charms from Gospel duty. Woe to him who while preaching to others is himself a castaway.’ I wanted to build an airship that could maneuver when landing or taking off, that wouldn’t blow away in the first big wind. Meanwhile, Drew was talking about ‘G-power’, saying it was ‘something mystical.’ He was going to revolutionize aviation transportation. He overstated the credentials and qualifications of everything. He embarrassed me until I wanted to slip through a crack in the floor.” Drew, for his part, said he was sincerely sorry, and surprised, that Fitzpatrick felt this way. “When we got into trouble with the S.E.C., John turned against me.”

The S.E.C. compiled a list of particulars, and the general drift of it was that Aereon had misled its investors in various ways—for example, by not properly informing them that the entire triple-hull concept was being scrapped in favor of the deltoid configuration, by failing to disclose that no engineering data existed to support certain engineering theories, and by using false and misleading sales literature and making false and misleading oral statements, such as the following claims: “the proposed aircraft can deliver four to six times the average truckload, at ranges up to four thousand miles, at a cost of less than one and a half cents a ton-mile; the issuer is proceeding as rapidly as possible toward manufacture of a commercial aircraft; and rapid progress is being made toward a commercial

prototype aircraft." All the company actually had at the time was a computer's description of a deltoid rigid airship. John Kukon's flight of a twenty-inch Aereon was still many months away. The company had no president. Its treasurer had also quit, and its other engineer, Jürgen Bock, would soon go home to Germany. About a hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been raised from sale of the Regulation A stock. Most of it had been spent. The S.E.C. permanently suspended the Regulation A exemption, and Aereon could raise no further money by public sale of stock. Lazarus at his worst had had a stronger pulse.

IN aeronautical circles around Princeton, Aereon was viewed with, among other things, cruel amusement.

"I don't think it is generally understood that technological advances are not made by back-yard inventors anymore."

"There could be something about it that no one at present knows. It *could* be beyond the man of ordinary skill in the art. I doubt it."

"The man of ordinary skill in the art used to be Thomas Jefferson inventing a better plow, but now it's a man with a master's degree and twenty years' experience in the business."

"A bright-eyed minister of theology and a gung-ho airship man do not add up to technical competence."

"Oh, you're just one of those theoreticians who can prove a bumblebee can't fly."

"I get a twinge of sadness whenever I think about Aereon."

"Drew is wild. He is a fighter-pilot type. You need them, sometimes. If I had a product to make, I'd want Drew to raise the money. I think he can get blood out of a turnip."

"He should have been a pitchman in a carnival selling patent medicines."

"Fitzpatrick was an energetic, shirt-sleeve, self-trained engineer who got over his head in a technical field in which he was not really qualified."

"No serious student of aerodynamics would believe that that triple-hulled airship was an efficient configuration design. The big question now, with the delta configuration, is: Is this an efficient design for the purposes for which it is intended?"

"You can make anything fly. You can make the George Washington Bridge fly if you put enough engines on it."

"What I was taught is that if you

want to pick up a big load off a field in a short distance you build a long, straight, thin wing. A high aspect ratio (span over chord) on a conventional airplane is the way to do this. Aereon may have a fantastic invention here that nobody understands, but I think that is unlikely."

"There is real merit in putting bags of helium into the structure. You can calculate this. There is no mystery about it. For engineering purposes, Newton, on buoyancy, was right. You can calculate whether to extend wings or add helium. Aircraft configuration is not an exact science, but it's somewhere near it. Thus, if this were such a God-damned good idea, it would have emerged long ago."

"It's just part of the American dream. You know—'Your boy, in a bicycle shop, can invent something that will change the world.' The finest scientific minds in the country told the Wright brothers they couldn't do it."

"Two wrongs make a right. Two Wrights make an airplane."

WILLIAM SWORD, by the oddest of ironies, may have resurrected the Aereon Corporation, if only indirectly, catalytically. For when Sword told William Miller to beware, and to watch his investment, Miller had begun to attend Aereon board meetings, and had changed from a passive investor to an active participant. Slow to commit himself to anything, Miller had a capacity to be a passionate believer, and once he believed in something, he would characteristically devote himself to it with a loyalty and an expenditure of energy that could obscure almost everything else in his life. Miller believed in Aereon. He believed in the word of the computer when it said that the form in which to make a big rigid airship that could carry huge loads and land like an airplane and fly under aerodynamic control was to hunt for the optimum compromise between an airfoil and a sphere. A sphere has the greatest possible volume relative to surface area, but a sphere has too much drag. A sphere is a bluff body as opposed to a fair body. So you elongate it, make an ellipsoid. A conventional airship is an aborted ellipsoid. Keep on flattening it, toward the airfoil. Press down on it. Shape it. Widen it aft. Make it as broad in the stern as it is long. A triangle with a deep belly and a vaulting back should do. No reason the thing

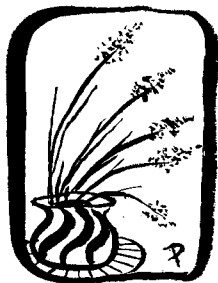
should not fly on its own. Helium, however, would add free lift. A deltoid Aereon filled with helium and trailer trucks could fly on sixpence and a song. So the computer said.

Miller believed. Aereon galvanized Miller, and salved his need for a sense of direction. Among all officers and stockholders, he was about the only one left with much of anything that could be called a sense of direction, as far as Aereon was concerned. He was also roughly the only person on earth who at that time had money he was willing to put into Aereon. Surveying this otherwise unpopulated wasteland, Drew and the board asked Miller to become president. He accepted. Some stockholders put up collateral so Aereon could obtain bank loans, but after a time no one was willing to do even that. For more than a year, Miller paid all operating costs himself. His relationship with Drew, warm at first, gradually formed crystals and then froze solid. Miller initially had felt compassionate toward his fellow-theologian, sympathetic as Drew absorbed the causticities of Fitzpatrick and the affronts of the S.E.C., but ultimately Miller grew wary of the founder's overleaping style. It would not do—not in the new and cautious Aereon that Miller wanted to build. The founder sat, as ever, at the boardroom table, but Miller gradually encased him in clear plastic. A showdown at length came, over some minor point of company policy, and in a vote by the shareholders Miller was endorsed and Drew defeated. Drew had become founder non grata, and he was not invited when the tests of the 7 and the 26 were conducted by Miller's consultant engineers.

"Miller would like to wish out of existence the whole previous existence of Aereon," Drew said. "He thinks of himself as the father of the company. He hates to have to refer to me as the founder."

"Drew has his own particular filter of fact and fantasy," said Miller. "Understanding him is like trying to adjust the color on a television set."

"I can still bring into this thing money that doesn't like Miller. Trucking money, as a matter of fact. To get Miller out of the way. For a time I tried to block everything he tried to do. I was a real s.o.b. Then I was quiet for a while. Now I am ready again to attack him. He just will *not* include me in inner management. He won't give me a single picture of the aerobody. He is a great enigma to me. He has a rich boy's education. He has lived as a rich man all his life. He is an un-



usual brand of churchman—very narrow-gauge.”

Aereon was costing as much as fifteen thousand dollars a month. To raise money—his personal fortune having long since run out—Miller had to go into a slow and meticulous waltz with the overreaching shadow of the S.E.C., abiding, and then some, by the rules of private offerings. He could not talk to anyone except “sophisticated and knowledgeable investors.” He could not call on a large number of people. He could not call on people over a long period of time, or it might be found that he had made a “continuous offering,” which he was not permitted to do. He behaved as if the Securities and Exchange Commission were a guillotine and his neck were permanently on the block. He talked only to sophisticated and knowledgeable millionaires, several of whom came through with money to keep him going. In his approach, he never mentioned Faith Fleets or Christian Freight Lines. He did not suggest that the basic purpose of the development of the Aereons was to advance dramatically the image of God.

I once found myself wondering, though, how Miller might articulate his deeper purposes, if he would agree to do so at all. Personal profit could hardly be the radical motivation of a man who had poured away three hundred thousand dollars without apparent qualm. Monklike, frugal, denying himself every sweet in the box, he had spent (by then) several years single-mindedly struggling to preserve this checkered company. I asked him, around 4 A.M. one night on the way to a flight test at NAFEC, what he saw as his ultimate goal. He sighed unhappily and said he had scruples about keeping his private aims separate from his corporate objectives. He said, “However, if people probe me as to why I’m doing this, I’ll tell them, and it always

reaches to ultimate values—but I don’t ordinarily go into it. The Faith Fleet was not a theological matter but a straightforward sales device—a gimmick. Should the Body of Christ run schools, highway departments, police forces, transportation companies? I don’t think so. Christians are supposed to be yeast and salt, the church in the world, people among people. The computer in Valley Forge was a tool created by man, not by God, and the computer created the aerobody, which is also a thing—a neutral object. It could be used for anything. The aerobody itself cannot be good or bad. It’s the use of it that can be bad. That is what sin is all about. Like any other gift, an aircraft can benefit man. I see the theological dimension of the aerobody as bringing into being a means of transportation of general benefit to man. The aerobody would benefit more people than high-speed aircraft do. An

executive jet isn’t something a small town in Ghana could afford. But unit cost and utilization possibilities would make it possible for a small town in Ghana to afford an Aereon. Could Nigeria afford an SST? No. But Nigeria could use a flexible means of transport carrying many people and a great deal of produce cheaply. We can give developing countries a chance to become more effective in trade. We don’t want people to be dependent on us. This is a product they can buy and use in their own commerce. They need no fixed capital investment in a right-of-way. There are broad social concerns, you see, in the national interest—good for the free world.”

Miller was so absorbed in what he was saying that he almost negotiated a traffic circle on the diameter rather than the circumference. Fighting the wheel, plunging on through the darkness, he continued, “I want to be a



“Maybe we do bungle the spending of your tax dollar, but you’ll have to admit we do a bang-up job of collecting it.”

good steward of what has been entrusted to me in Aereon. I give it my life, my time, my money (money is life translated into exchangeable value), my abilities. I'm not the possessor but the trustee of these things. I see purposefulness in investing time, money, and ability as God has given them to me. I don't see meaninglessness. I assume there is a point to life: discovering God's purposes in one's life. The ultimate value spot is God himself. If you have an ultimate value short of that, you have an idol. Paul said, 'I know how to be abased and how to abound.' In Aereon, we sure have been abased. I wonder how we would do if we were to abound. We would have a new means of transportation, and we would have seen the project through a period of great technical skepticism. The basic scheme is to produce a three-hundred-and-forty-foot aircraft capable of enormous lift. Then, later, at the thousand-foot length, we could replace ocean freighters. If the project succeeds financially, I will feel grateful because the Aereons will produce money that I, in turn, will be called upon to administer. Stewardship, faithfulness, quality, integrity, hope, responsibility, trust—

these are key concepts with me. I would like to give the profits of Aereon to Christian agencies that serve the Body of Christ—for example, to the Scripture Union, an agency that promotes the strengthening of the infrastructure of the church through daily input in people's lives of meditation on the Scriptures. I would also like to create scholarships for theological students in other countries. I would also like to buy books for theological libraries abroad. And I would like to give as much as I can to the American Bible Society. If I ever get married and have children, I would plan to pass on this stewardship to them. If the company outdistances my talents, I'll try to be a good steward, and not be a possessor. No one is infallible. Meanwhile, to break new ground—to break new air, let us say—is possible because of hope. The reason for my hope is the Resurrection. If the Resurrection is true, and if God does create life out of a dead situation, the Resurrection is God's ultimate solution to man's problem of sin. With God, all things are possible. It is possible that, despite your own frailties and weaknesses, anything can be achieved—if this is God's purpose.

God has created us as creators. God has created us as responsible to our brothers. I have been called to this now. If the project fails, I will existentially be questioning my stewardship. If the project fails, though, I know that I will have something for which to give thanks—for character development, if nothing else. I couldn't enter into a vocation unless I felt it was something that God wanted me to do. In this sense, I think of it as a calling, a form of obedience to God. If the air were full of gigantic machines, it might not be good, but, on the other hand, it would be a relief from competition on the ground. As a Christian, I feel a sense of mission about this. Not everyone in the company shares my trust in Christ."

This was true enough. Some of the others actually worried about Miller's religion. One of them had once said to me, "No one who folds his hands and says prayers at a business-lunch table is ever going to raise enough money to keep Aereon going."

I asked Miller why he did not have a church, since he was qualified to be an ordained minister, and why, instead, he had chosen such a novel form of mission. "I went to divinity school to learn how to help people spiritually," he said. "And not necessarily in a church. All my life, people had said, 'Are you going to be a missionary like your daddy?' My dilemma was: If I did what I wanted, he wouldn't be happy, and if I did what he wanted, I wouldn't be happy."

When Miller was ten years old, in 1936, and his family was in the United States on furlough from Iran, he wrote to T.W.A. and suggested that they build a chain of floating airports, like lily pads, across the Atlantic—a concept that Rutgers University would advance, with concomitant publicity, in 1966. In military school, in Chattanooga, in 1941, Miller frequently day-dreamed about an all-freight airline with him as founder and president. At Choate School, in 1943, he got interested in rockets and helicopters. He thought out a way to overcome torque in helicopter rotors: hot exhaust channelled through the blades and out the tips as jets. Sikorsky Aircraft finally did just that in 1965. At Choate, he also did an engineering drawing of a projectile that could be fired from a gun and then turn into a rock-



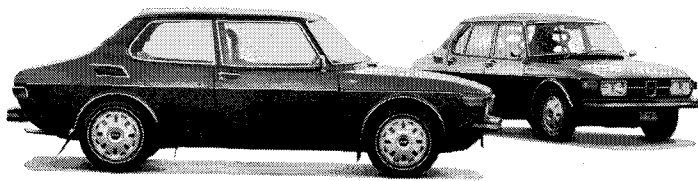
"Hi, Mom! Hi, Dad! Guess where it's at now!"



Bored people build bad cars. That's why we're doing away with the assembly line.

Working on an assembly line is monotonous. And boring. And after a while, some people begin not to care about their jobs anymore. So the quality of the product often suffers.

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of just three or four people who are responsible for a particular assembly process from start to finish.

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et. The projectile was wrapped in plastic containers holding liquid fuels. The spin of the projectile would force liquid oxygen or liquid hydrogen out of plastic sacs and through tubes in the axis to a chamber at the rear. The liquid fuel would combust in the chamber, blow out a plug, and turn the projectile into a rocket. He actually explored getting a patent. In 1944, aged nineteen, he went into naval aviation—Patuxent, Olathe, Ottumwa, Pensacola. He shot colored bullets through banners. He paused before recruiting posters that showed Navy pilots over the words “Rough,” “Tough,” and “Smart.” He found this “ego-building.” He became an award-winning dive-bomber. “Pointed at the ground, you know, you pick up tremendous speed. We dived from twenty thousand feet at an eighty-degree angle. It felt perpendicular. Winds would vary at different altitudes. You released your bomb at twenty-five hundred feet, then pulled out at a thousand feet. I lost one of my good friends that way—really a terrific fellow. Afterwards, I circled around and saw nicks in the ground that had been made by his prop—he had been that close to pulling out of the dive. That was a shock.” At the end of his Navy experience, Miller was flying Phantom jets in the Reserve. The first place he ever landed one was at NAFEC. He was in college by then, an overage undergraduate in the Class of 1953 at Princeton. If anyone had ever wanted to be an aeronautical engineer, it was Miller, but he felt inexorably drawn to a higher calling. “I thought I was a Christian, but I didn’t have the Peace of God. I prayed, ‘God, show me more of your truth.’” God answered this prayer at the Campus in the Woods, an enclave of the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship, on Fairview Island, in the Lake of Bays, Ontario. Having felt that he was only a “nominal Christian,” who had “no real fellowship with Christ,” Miller went to Fairview Island to get it. The Campus in the Woods was a nest of fundamentalism. Miller at first looked upon the others there as “people who couldn’t make it socially and had collected for solace.” They sang hymns and talked about Christ all the time and, in his own word, disgusted him. They had an air of smug certainty about their relationship with God and what He wanted them to do. Miller found this presumptuous. In Iran, Miller’s father was praying for a positive outcome of his son’s experience in

Canada. Lecturers at the Campus in the Woods explained that Christ is a bridge on which man can cross the chasm between himself and God. “God forgives,” they said. “And Christ died not only for the sins of the whole world but for *your* sins.” Miller found himself becoming interested. “It all built up in three days. Someone said to me, ‘By the way, Bill, would you be willing to do God’s will in your life?’ I said, ‘Yes.’ I realized I’d said something pretty momentous. The hymns began to mean something. It all got to me. I no longer felt a dichotomy between my will and God’s will. I felt, ‘He will put into me a desire to do what I must do—whatever it is.’” In the third chapter of John, Nicodemus comes to Jesus at night. Christ says to him, ‘Unless a man is born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.’ That was my autobiography, written two thousand years ago. Now my life became Technicolor. Before, it had all been shades of gray. A letter came from my father saying that he had been praying that this would happen. Wow! Fantastic! A clear case of how God answers prayer! By Grace you are saved, through Faith.” Back at Princeton, he spent a high percentage of his time trying to encourage his classmates to follow Christ. He organized eleven Bible-study groups—antagonizing the Presbyterian chaplain, because the groups had not been organized under the chaplain’s aegis. He considered flunking out so he could proselytize full time, but decided at the zero hour that “flunking out would be bad witness to the faculty,” so he took and passed his examinations. He also worked as campus recruiter for naval aviation. He combined aviation and religion in his persuasive approach. When he found a prospective jet fighter pilot, he would tell him, “What Christ means to me is something far more wonderful even than flying.” For the



History Department, he wrote his senior thesis on “The Origins, Manifestations, and Products of Presbyterian Missionary Efforts in the United States, 1789-1837.” In 1956, Miller was the president of the student body at the Biblical Seminary, on East Forty-ninth Street, in New York, becoming a Bachelor of Sacred Theology. For the rest of that year, he studied the stock market. Then, for four years, he worked with foreign students at Columbia University. He was not part of the university staff but operated out of a small office on Morningside Heights paid for by the Inter-

varsity Christian Fellowship. His aim was to enable “friendships in depth” to arise between foreign students and commuters. Miller defined commuters as “Christians who live in suburbia.” He went out into “the hinterlands” and scouted, and found a hundred and fifty families ready for friendship. The Protestant chaplain of Columbia cried foul, because Miller was not operating under his aegis. Miller characterized the chaplain as “a Protestant oaf.” The chaplain said Miller was insufficiently ecumenical, because he did not seek out Hindu or Muslim families. “Gosh,” Miller said. “I had Baptists, Lutherans, Plymouth Brethren—but quality control was everything. I couldn’t control the quality of a Hindu or Muslim family, because their outlook was so very different.” Miller began to see himself as a revolutionary forever fighting the establishment in the form of academic chaplains. He would feel that way about his struggle for the survival and growth of Aereon. He felt that way about his adviser while he was working for his master’s degree at Princeton Theological Seminary. He described his adviser as a Marxist theologian who believed that structures must be taken down, that the status quo is evil, and that sociopolitical action was where the Kingdom of God was at. The professor looked upon Miller as a nineteenth-century missionary. He denied him admission to the Th.D. program and thrust upon him a terminal master’s. Not long thereafter, Miller saw the sketch of the three-hulled Aereon and met the Reverend Mr. Monroe Drew.

GOLDSTEIN, in the nineteen-twenties, solved the differential equation for the flow field in the wake of a propeller, and Goldstein was ignored for twenty-five years. For water, as for air, propeller design before Goldstein had been entirely empirical, and it remained almost wholly so until the advent of the big computers, when people were finally able to figure out what Goldstein was trying to tell them. Theodorsen embraced Goldstein’s theory, and expanded it. Rose, in his turn, added touches of his own, and assumed preëminence among propeller designers in the United States.

In the most efficient of propellers, the vortex sheets move back as if they were solid. Behind Aereon 26’s lemonwood prop, the vortex sheets were apparently moving back in shreds. Hence, the 26 could get off the ground but not much farther into the air. Perhaps Henry Rose could solve the problem. Rose could offer no guarantees,

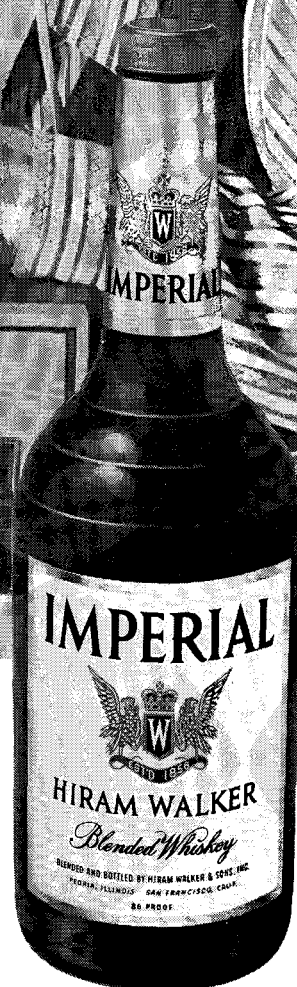
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but he could at least give Aereon a propeller that was exactly designed. It would cost five hundred dollars—payable to Rose's employers, the Sensenich Corporation, of Lititz, Pennsylvania. A compound of low buildings beside Lancaster Airport, Sensenich looked like an old lumberyard that had seen its boom. A man from Sensenich was on the road all the time, in northern New York and in Canada, hunting birch and maple. Wood that grew in cold air was particularly hard. The wood was dried in Pennsylvania until ninety-three per cent of its moisture was gone. Then it was cut, planed, and studied—for defects, for grain angle, for grain straightness. Half was rejected.

It was Henry Rose's decision that Aereon's propeller should be made of Canadian yellow birch, and that it should be four-bladed. Rose was limited to a forty-eight-inch diameter, because the engine was so light and small. Most light-airplane propellers were half again as large. This one would be a miniature, more or less, of the big four-bladed props that pushed the Hindenburg. There was nothing conscious in the choice. Rose had no idea what the Aereon Corporation was about. He was curious, but had not been told. He had been given only the essential facts—of power, of weight, of engine rotational speed, of the vehicle's design speed. Air flows over a propeller in much the way that it flows over a wing, with the difference that the propeller moves variably faster from hub to tip. Rose, out of Goldstein by Theodorsen, had to find the optimum blade-load distribution.

The propeller blank was a wooden cross made of birch laminations held together by resorcinol glue, the only glue officially rated waterproof. Specimen propellers had been left on the Sensenich roof for years and years, rotting away, until all that was left was the resorcinol glue. Marks made at intervals on the wooden blank were known as Stations Along the Blade. For each station, Rose had designed a brass template. Carving had to conform precisely to the templates. There were hundreds of carvers at Sensenich during the Second World War. There were two now—tall middle-aged men with glasses, Mel Eichelberger and Edwin Miller. Metal had long since become the material of most propellers. But wood vibrated less and never had fatigue. Metal propellers were more efficient, but for some things metal would not do. Metal required forging and dies. For experimental purposes, no one could afford such a die. Eichelberger and Miller looked like cobblers. They

carved by hand. They used drawing knives, with two handles, and powered abrasive drums. They carved by feel. They felt the fairing of the blade. And they were watched by Henry Rose, a kindly, gentle, and scholarly man, tall, with dark-rimmed glasses, and an insignia of rouge in his cheeks.

Rose had grown up in this milieu, and had first met the Sensenich brothers forty years before. The brothers, as boys, had carved an empirical propeller from a walnut bedstead, attached it to a motorcycle engine, attached that to a sled, and skimmed across the snow down the mile-long lane from their family's farmhouse to their mailbox at the county road, returning with the *Saturday Evening Post*. They built their snowmobile because they hated trudging for the mail. They whirled along on the ice of the Susquehanna River. They carved new props for Jennies from the First World War, because there were no surplus props. The Sensenichs were Mennonites, out of step with custom. Their people went along the roads of rural Pennsylvania in horse-drawn black carriages, ignoring automobiles, rejecting such aspects of the century, while the brothers Harry and Martin Sensenich made fortunes in aeronautics. God's ways were hard on their family. Their father was killed by a train. Their mother died in a fire in her kitchen. Their brother was kicked to death by mules. In 1944, the Sensenichs carved forty-three thousand propellers.

The tapering blades of Aereon's propeller, as they took shape, spiralled with the grace of lanceolate leaves. The templates fit perfectly the Stations Along the Blade. The propeller was dipped in sealer and sprayed with varnish. The leading edges were trimmed with brass, which was riveted into the wood with copper. Two coats of polyurethane covered all. The grain shone through. The propeller was ready. A work of mathematics, not of art, it seemed almost too beautiful to hang on a wall. Rose sent it off to New

Jersey, wondering (a single, pusher propeller? so small?) what on earth it was for.

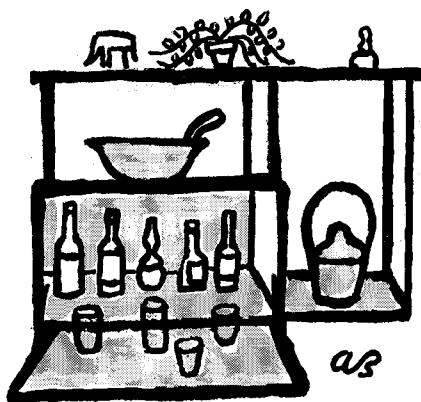
THE propeller was ready but Aereon was not, since Miller had scarcely enough money to pay Sensenich and none at all for renewed tests. His fund-raising efforts failed totally. The market environment was bad, he explained. The 1970 year-end sell-off was beginning. Christmas was a head wind in itself, against which he could not make progress. His consultants were drifting into other work, but Miller refused to go on with the tests until he had what he called "funds identified in hand." With the 26 hidden away again in its Sheetrock box at Red Lion Airport, forty miles from NAFEC, Aereon went into hibernation. John Olcott, the test pilot, speaking to Miller on the telephone, said to him, "I just sometimes wonder if you really want to see the final results of these tests."

"How can you say that when you know I've put all these years and all my own money into this project?" Miller said.

Olcott said, "I don't know. I'm just wondering, that's all."

Miller went off to Urbana, Illinois, to represent the Scripture Union at a triennial convention of the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship, the purpose being to persuade twelve thousand assembled students to be foreign missionaries. Miller had not missed one of these convocations since he was in college. Back in New Jersey, he continued the hunt for money. Budgeting pessimistically in terms of weather and time, he figured he needed fifty thousand dollars for just enough additional flight tests to show, one way or the other, the pertinent validity of the Aereon concept. Many weeks went by. Three existing shareholders finally gave him forty-six thousand dollars. It would do.

February 24, 1971, about half an hour before dawn, Buddy Allen, of Tabernacle Township, who was getting a hundred dollars for the job, started to move his flatbed trailer out of Red Lion. Aereon 26 was chained down to the bed and camouflaged as before, with newspapers taped over all its markings, more newspapers over the canopy, and a tarpaulin shrouding the engine and the prop. The light in the east was medium gray. An acre of now frozen mud around the apron of the little hangar had been striated with tire ruts, and the ruts were white with panes of thin ice. The big truck cracked the ice as if it were driving slowly over



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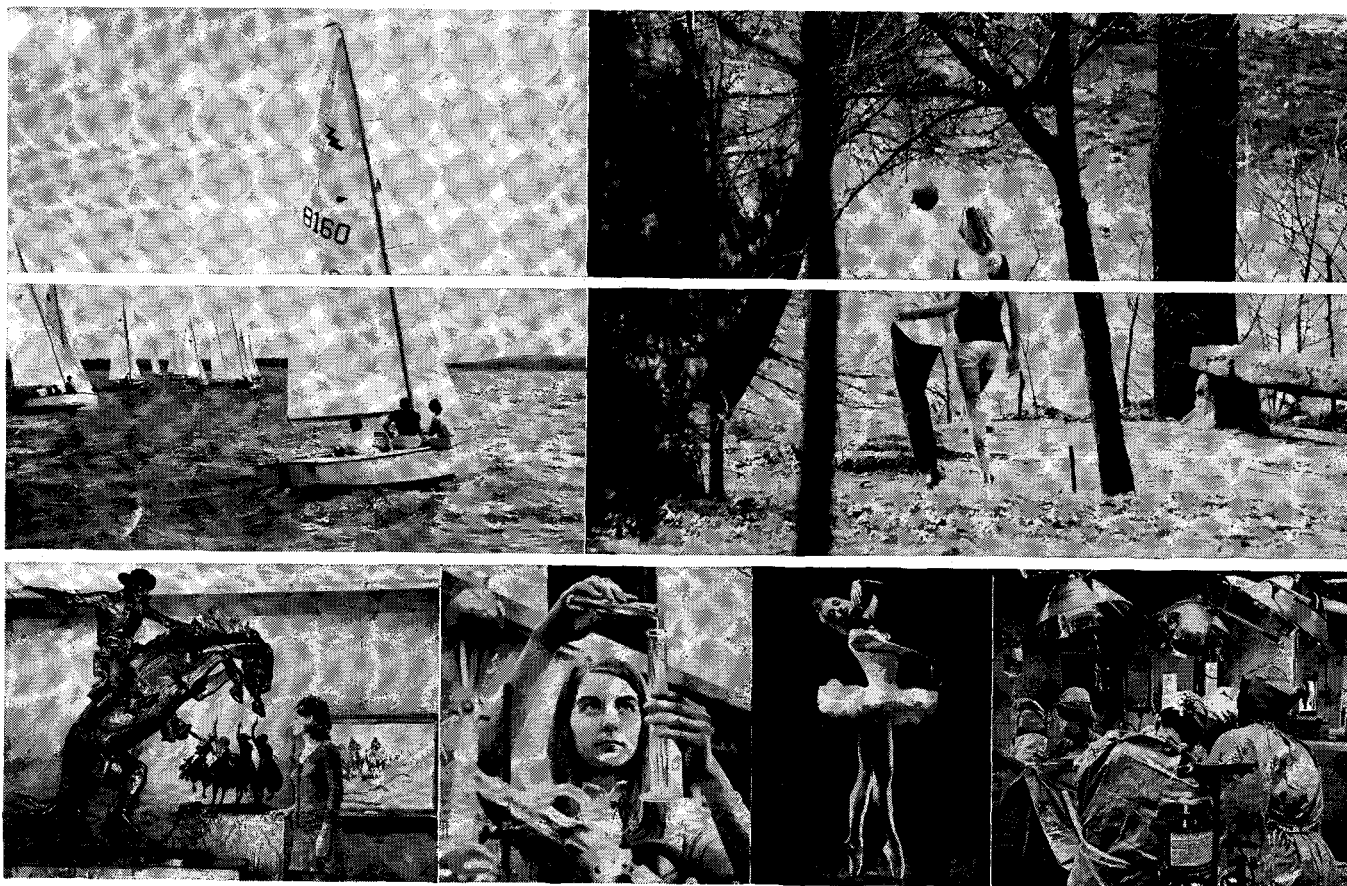
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bottles. It circled a biplane and lurched up onto a blacktop road.

A state-police car led the way, followed by Everett Linkenhoker's station wagon with a big sign on the roof—"WIDE LOAD." Then came the 26, its wide rear reaching out on either side beyond the macadam; then Miller, in his Mercedes (I rode with him); and, finally, Paul Shein and John Weber, with another roof sign—"OVERSIZE LOAD." Miller remarked that the procession reminded him of a state funeral. A fin hit a juniper bush. The corresponding fin on the other side hit a branch. The first fin just missed a road sign, skinned a mailbox, and barely missed poles and trees, more poles, more palisade trees. The amperes were rising in Miller's nerves. The Mercedes' radio was on, and a concerto was coming out of it. Miller snapped it off. He felt guilty. "I don't like to shut off classical music," he said. "It somehow seems impolite."

The road widened out into Red Lion Circle, and the procession began to move south on Route 206, a wider highway, but still two-lane, with the 26 reaching far out over the center line and far out over the right shoulder. Dawn came. The state trooper waved farewell. Another trooper would meet the 26 near Hammonton.

"This is great," Miller said. "Wintertime. No one is out wandering around in their yards in the early morning." A pickup truck passed the 26, going down the far shoulder. A blue Ford and a small red van followed the pickup, then various automobiles. Miller watched them all suspiciously. Anything with a long antenna made him nervous. He could see the enemy and the curious coming in in pincers: Boeing, Douglas, Lockheed, the *New York Times*, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*. The procession was moving at fifteen miles an hour. Two big tractor-trailers and several other vehicles were bunched up behind. Huge trucks were now coming the other way, raging north, pressing up the long straightaways at seventy miles an hour, dropping six wheels onto the wet shoulder and spraying sheets of water as they rocked the 26 with blasts of wind. Some of the big diesels missed the aerobody's anhedron by inches. One slight contact and the 26 could be ripped in half. Linkenhoker, in front, moved his station wagon over a little more into the path of the trucks. He all but stuck

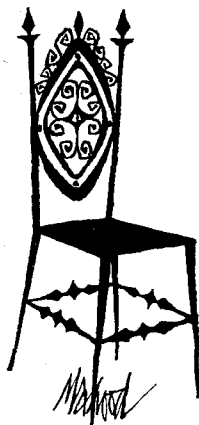
his left front fender into them. The drivers leaned out and shook their fists. They were on their way to Whippany, or wherever, and they did not like the wide load coming into them. They could hardly have known or imagined that the ambition of the 26 was to grow large enough to swallow them and their trucks and carry them through the sky.

After a time, the big diesels that were following the 26 made their move and passed, going off the road on the far side. Their sudden absence in Miller's rearview mirror revealed a brown Plymouth sedan. Miller kept an eye on it for a while, then became alarmed. The Plymouth was making no attempt to pass, even though the road ahead was straight and free. "We've got a follower," Miller said. "He's lagging way behind, so other people can get by him. He definitely does not want to pass us. What is his plate number?"

"KMN 260."

"Perhaps we should write that down."

KMN 260 followed the 26 for several miles and then passed, and then stayed in front for a while, pacing the procession, before moving on out of sight. "I imagine he took pictures," Miller said, with a resigned sigh. Miller seemed to accept this calmly, with experienced stoicism. The cortege moved on, now doing twenty miles an hour. Miller continued to watch closely the road, the traffic, the landscape. Blueberry fields came up on the left, and a peach orchard on the right. His glance searched through the orchard as if there were transmitters hanging from the branches of the trees. The 26 approached Hammonton Circle. A state trooper was waiting there, on foot, in a forest of warning signs. He had cleared out all traffic, and he directed the



26 to go through the circle clockwise, a more direct route than the orthodox one, and less endangered by the razor-edged signs. Passing him, Miller gave the trooper a military salute. The trooper returned it. The procession headed east toward NAFEC, on the White Horse Pike. The road was now larger, and more popular—four lanes, undivided. The 26 filled its side, but did not cross the center line. Traffic amassed behind—ten, eleven, fifteen cars. Miller shuddered. The third car back was a brown Plymouth sedan—KMN 260. Perhaps the driver had gone off to mail pictures to Seattle and had now

come back for more. So intent was Miller on the Plymouth in the mirror that he nearly plowed into the 26. The procession had now grown to some twenty-five vehicles, and there were signs of impatience, scattered horn-play. Suddenly, Pennsylvania 37C 109 had had all of this that Pennsylvania 37C 109 was going to take, and Pennsylvania 37C 109 leaped out of the pack, crossed the double yellow line, vroomed past the 26, and shot away. KMN 260 also jumped out of the pack and went around the 26 like a flicker of light, chasing Pennsylvania 37C 109 in a race that lasted fifteen seconds and ended with the Pennsylvania car stuffed into the roadside, its driver under arrest. KMN 260 was an unmarked patrol car of the New Jersey State Police. Its occupant, who was having a morning and a half, was the same efficient fellow whom Miller had saluted only minutes before. At the first sizable turnout, an abandoned drive-in, Buddy Allen removed the Aereon from the highway and loosened up the traffic. Moments later, the trooper pulled up beside the 26. He got out of his car, snapped shut his summons case, and, with a booming laugh, inspected the aircraft.

"That thing ain't going to fly," he said. "That thing ain't going to fly. What is it, anyway?"

"It's an aerobody," Miller told him.

"It looks like an orange," said the trooper, and, with another tympanic laugh, he drove away.

As the motorcade moved on, I watched the faces of the people in oncoming automobiles. Almost no one noticed the 26. It could have been a dome mobile home or an eleven-hundred-pound pizza. It could have been a flying saucer or a lithic slice of the moon. It did not seem to matter. I did see two jaws drop. While Miller was absorbed with a suspicious green Pontiac, a small white car passed the 26 on the right and nearly clipped off a fin. The young woman in the car raised a finger. Miller said, "She probably thinks we're part of the military-defense complex." A NAFEC police car was waiting. Its siren began to wail. It led the 26 through the NAFEC gates and across the two final miles to the big hangar. "They'll only give us three weeks maximum here," Miller said as he parked. "NAFEC has become difficult, skeptical, and impatient."

The NAFEC policeman got out of his car, sighed, chuckled, and said, "You'd never get me in that son of a bitch. You'd have to tie me."

At least thirty people had surrounded



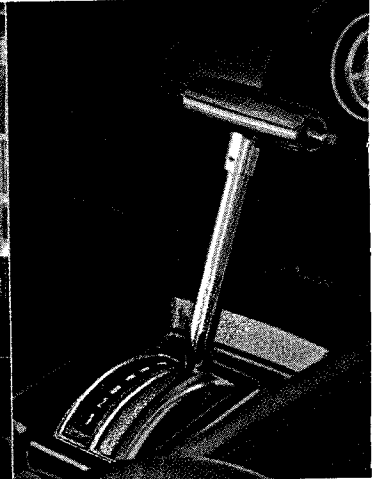
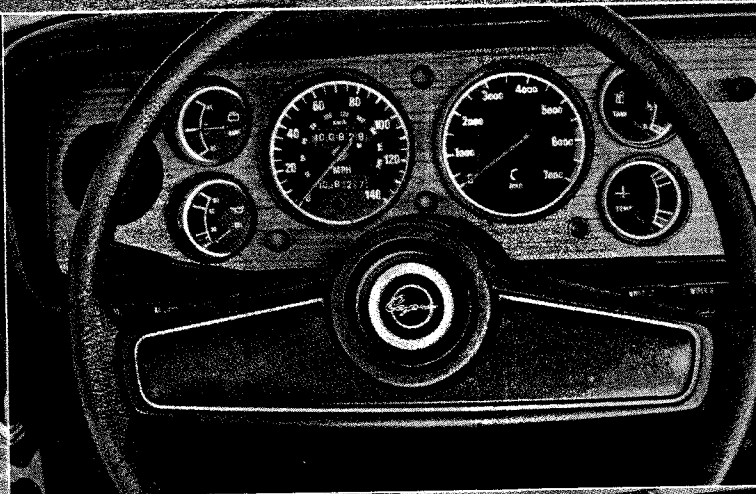
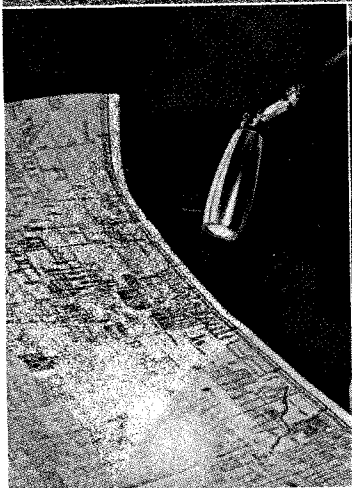
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the 26 in wonder on its first arrival at NAFEC. Now one heavy-lidded man in white coveralls shuffled over and stood by the NAFEC policeman. "They never got that thing more than fifty feet off the deck," he said. "It never turned to the left. It never turned to the right. The pilot just flew straight and low, over Runway 13."

"I don't blame the son of a bitch," said the policeman.

Sheets of the *Trenton Times* were peeled away from the fuselage: "OUT-LOOK BRIGHT FOR YULE BONUS." "SECOND CHALICE STOLEN, RETURNED TO CHURCH." As the new propeller was uncovered, the man in white coveralls whistled. Something interesting had happened after all. "Look at that," he said. "Look at that propeller. That thing must have cost six thousand dollars if it cost a cent."

ON the first day of March, the tests resumed. It was a mild, calm morning. At dawn, the 26 was already addressing itself to the big runway, and had been cleared by the NAFEC tower. This ultimate phase of the test program had been coded the Quick Look. The test outline included seven "tasks," designed to yield the "hard facts." Miller and the Aereon board of directors could then decide, and would have to decide, whether to liquidate their company, after twelve fruitless years, or to move on toward the building of the big rigid Aereons. On the day's first run, Olcott never left the ground. This was intentional. Task 1 was "high-speed taxi without rotation." Its purpose was to give Olcott a chance to feel out the thrust of the new propeller with regard to indicated airspeed, and to refamiliarize himself, after six months, with the ground-handling qualities of the aerobody. It felt good. The new prop appeared to be delivering on its promise. Task 2 was, among other things, an evaluation of the new vortex generators. Bill Putman, the aerodynamicist, observed with binoculars the hundreds of bits of yarn taped to the trailing edges as Olcott made three more runs without lift-off. "Those tufts are beautifully attached," Putman said. "Those vortex generators are working, no doubt about it. They have attached the flow." Olcott, in the cockpit, noticed that when the propeller got up to about four thousand revolutions per minute it developed a vibration and a peculiar buzz. Out of the north a Starlifter came and ponderously sank toward the runway. The 26 got out of the way, and the Starlifter was cleared for landing. Its ten tires screeched on touchdown. Almost at once, its big

turbofans began to push for takeoff. The Starlifter went back into the sky. The Starlifter upset Miller. Jets that size leave roiling invisible whirlpools in the air for many minutes—turbulences that can destroy light aircraft. The morning air now smelled of kerosene and burned rubber. Never mind. If the little airship at the end of the runway was—in a general sense—to go up where it wanted to go, the Starlifters would scarcely last long enough to stink up another morning. The engine of the 26 was popping now and again, seeming to miss a little, and Olcott became concerned. All other considerations aside, he would have turned for the hangar and ended the day's outing. Olcott was beginning to respond, however, to pressures extraneous to the patterns of the testing. He could hardly be said to have adopted a devil-may-care attitude, but his basic approach—of cautious, methodical, incremental steps into the unknown—was giving way in fragments here and there. Olcott felt pressure, for example, in the rising skepticism of the personnel of NAFEC, and he felt a need to show NAFEC that the Aereon could get up off the ground higher than ever before. The popping sound disconcerted him, but he decided for the moment to ignore it. Task 4 was "lift-off out of ground effect"—a repetition of the final accomplishment of the flight tests of the previous September, when everything but Olcott had been thrown out of the aerobody in order to make it light enough to succeed. This time, though, the weight was back in the aircraft. The new propeller would pass or fail. Olcott asked for the tower's permission to take off and make a straight flight out of ground effect, landing at the far end of the runway. Cleared, he began to move—fire trucks, station wagons racing in parallel. The 26 took off at fifty-two knots and went up and out of ground effect with no strain at all. If there was turbulence from the Starlifter, the 26 punched through it without apparent shock. Olcott levelled off about sixty feet up, and accelerated to sixty knots. He had a margin of speed, power, and thrust that he had not had before. The engine popped again. He thought he felt a jolt, an interruption of thrust. Nonetheless, the flight continued and ended in steady trim. Olcott taxied in. Debriefing, in the cafeteria, he said, "I really wish we knew more about that engine. I really wonder if, even in the best of all worlds, it is producing ninety-two

horsepower. The go, no-go factors are not completely clear." Task 5, the next in line, was what Aereon had been waiting for for twelve years—"up-and-away flight, to evaluate climb capability and speed range and to obtain additional assessments of the vehicle's handling qualities."

"Tell me about Task 5 again," Putman said.

Olcott said, "It's a circuit of the field."

"I thought we were going to do some shallow turns first," Putman said.

"I think there's enough extra airspeed so we're not going to stall out the vehicle or get an excessive rate of sink when we start to turn. I think the maximum speed is going to be about sixty-two knots."

"We don't know how it will turn—we've been thinking straight for so long."

"We may have the turning radius of a big airplane."

"At least try a few turns first that cover the width of the runway."

Olcott nodded. "What I want to do," he went on, "is to circle the field and then go over through the speed course and get some data. As I said before, though, I really wish we knew more about that engine."

One thing they knew about the engine, Putman reminded everyone, was that it had only a few more hours left. They had agreed not to use it more than twenty-five hours, and the deadline was now pressing in.

"We're really hanging on to the end of that string, aren't we?" Olcott said. Lifting one hand, he pinched the end of an imaginary bit of string. "I thought

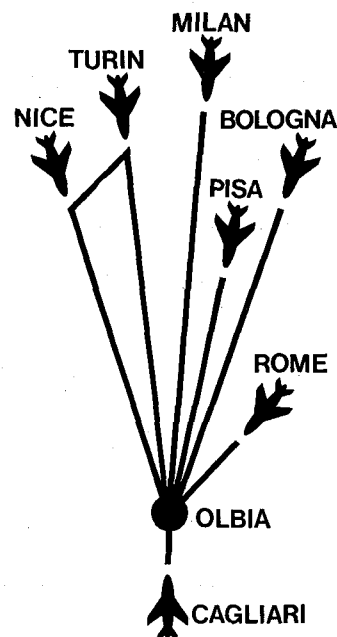
I could feel the aerobody respond to the fact that the engine was cutting out," he continued. "This would be disconcerting if I were circling the field. Check it out carefully, Link. And really check that prop, that vibra-

tion. If we lost the prop, we'd probably shake the engine off, too."

"No question about it," Linkenhoker said.

I looked around the table—Linkenhoker, Weber, Miller, Olcott, Putman—and noticed for the first time that everyone had sky-blue eyes. There was something new in their manner: a little more verve and less deliberation, aspects of a rush, under pressures to perform—NAFEC impatient, engine time running out, the money sponge all but dry. The group was talking about problems that were possibly quite serious—insufficiencies of the engine, enigmas of the prop—but at the same

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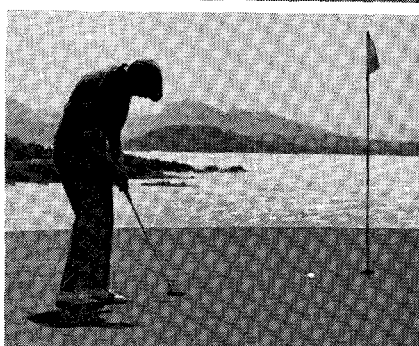
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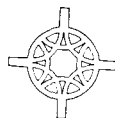
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time the decision seemed inevitable. It seemed swept in. Task 5 was next. That was that. Tension had continued, in recent days, between Miller and Olcott. Olcott had said again that the word was around that Aereon did not really want these tests, because they would be too definitive. "They say the Aereon Corporation is afraid to learn that its concept is a bust, and I'm beginning to think they're right," Olcott had said.

"Well, they're wrong," said Miller.

"Well, I'll be there at NAFEC to see if they're wrong," Olcott said.

Miller said, "You're being quite unfair to Aereon."

Olcott said, "I'm concerned about my professional reputation."

This concern had removed from Olcott, in some measure, the advantage he had had in being unconcerned, merely consultative, detached. He was troubled by more than the vulnerability of his name. He was worried for Miller, for Linkenhoker, for the people who had been most deeply involved in the Aereon project over the years. "They've got not only their time and money tied up in this, they've got their whole ego tied up in it. Suppose it proves necessary to tell a person like Miller that the machine just won't hack it, that it just won't do it? How do you tell him? Yet I may have to tell him something like that. That's what I'm paid to do. It may not work within the laws of nature. Sheer wishing will not make something go. Wearing the hair shirt a little tighter just won't do. I'm paid to give him a completely unemotional, objective assessment of that aircraft, and that is exactly the way it's going to be. There's a high probability that the outcome will be negative. I do sometimes wonder what people like Miller are going to do if this thing fails."

Miller, now, at the cafeteria table, was wearing a black tie covered with small orange tigers. On the field, earlier, he had been wearing an orange-and-black Princeton baseball cap. Among all the other things Miller was, he was an old grad, an old Tiger, a glint in the eye of Annual Giving. That was why the aerobody was painted orange, and why its stripes and markings were black. The over-all name for the development of the 26 was Project Tiger. Olcott, looking out the window and over the main runway, seemed to be contemplating something that was some distance above the horizon. Miller was taking the opportunity to remind everyone about the

crucial importance of security at this time. "To any question say, 'We're not at liberty to talk about our tests.' Fend off people with cameras."

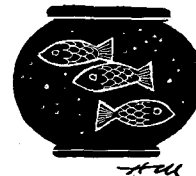
Olcott turned back to the group. "Fix the thrust meter," he said. "Fix the control-position transducer so it doesn't slip. See why the engine is popping. Maybe new plugs are needed. I'd like a smaller parachute, an eight-pound chest chute. Inspect everything thoroughly, especially the prop. Investigate but don't change the tab gearing. Put a tape recorder in the cockpit if possible. The next time we go, we're going to try to do Task 5."

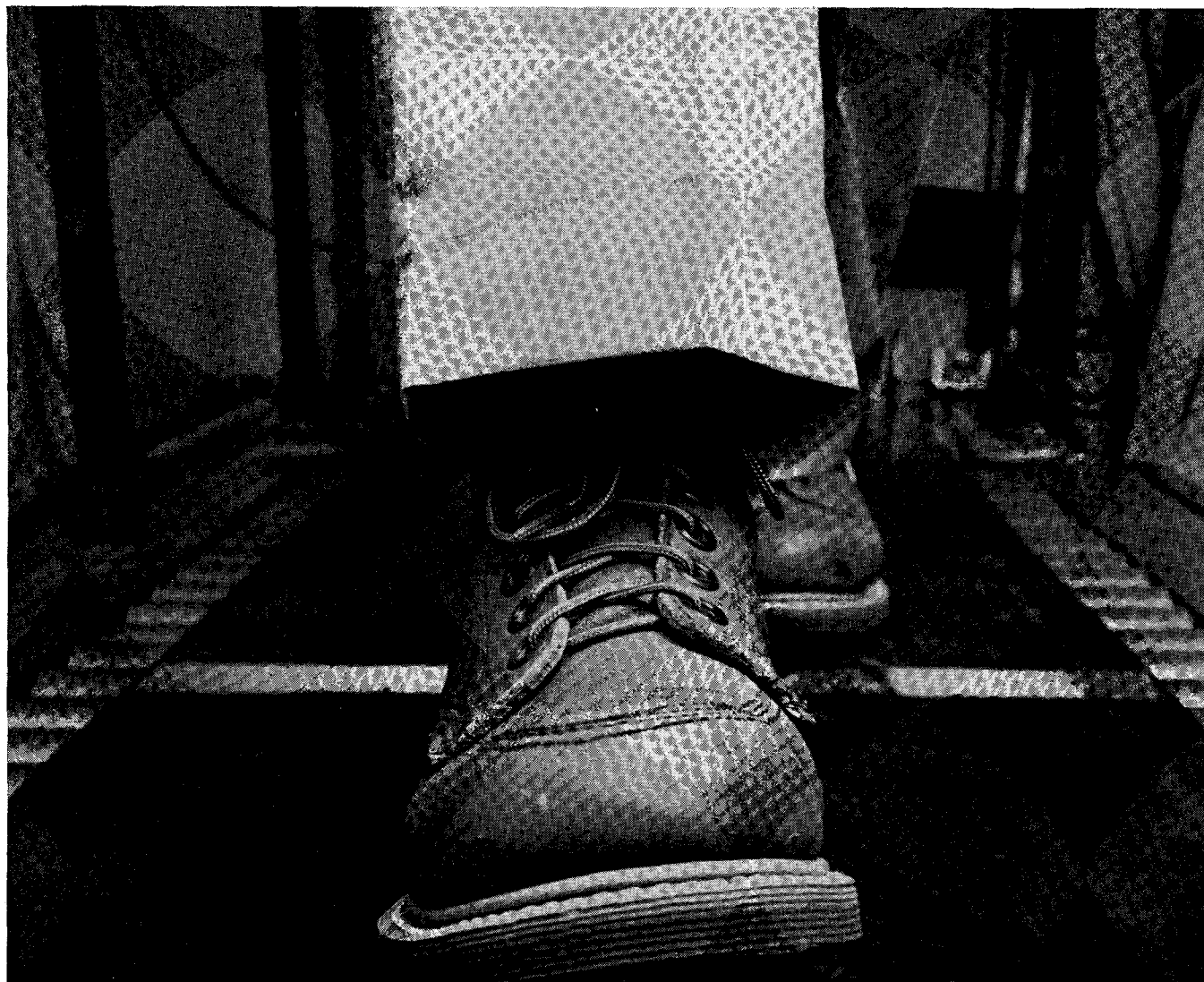
MILLER had long since discovered the hole in the fence between religion and superstition. All week long, as he worried and as he watched the weather, he looked for omens. When he learned that a major reunion of American airship men would be held at Lakehurst on June 26 and 27 next, he shivered with hopeful presentiment. The aircraft registration number of Aereon 26, boldly painted on its side, was N 2627. The weather forecast for Saturday, March 6th, was more than promising. All the mechanical work Olcott had asked for had been done. So word went out on Friday, through the Aereon answering service, that the test group should meet at NAFEC at five-thirty the following morning. Reaching into a pocket, Miller took out his daily appointment book. It was called the Success Agenda Seven-Star Diary, and it included a fortune message for each day. Turning the page, Miller read the message for March 6, 1971. It said, "The mocker's arrow turns back like a boomerang."

Jack Olcott and his wife, Hope, happened to be giving a dinner party March

5th, as they had on the night before the first lift-off, six months before. Olcott mixed himself an aquatini—water with an olive in it—and after dinner he passed cordials around and said to his

guests, "I hope you won't consider me rude, and I hope I won't break up the conversation, but I have a very early morning appointment and I have to retire for the night." He got up at four, and took fifteen minutes to dress, choosing a blue blazer, a blue-and-gold button-down striped shirt, his royal-blue tie with fleurs-de-lis, gray flannel trousers, and a pair of defeated, broken-down loafers with flapping soles. In the blazer's lapel was a small set of wings, emblematic of his membership in the secret society of Quiet Birdmen. At four-thirty, he parked his





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car at Morristown Airport, and shovelled an aging snowdrift from the apron of a T-hangar. He rolled out a Beechcraft Travelair, climbed in, and took off. His route south passed above McGuire Air Force Base. The McGuire approach controller said to him, "Are you going home late or getting up early?" Olcott gave the controller a straight answer. Crossing the Pine Barrens, he ate a box breakfast that his wife had packed—crullers and coffee, meat-loaf sandwiches. At five-thirty, he raised the galactic blue lights of NAFEC.

The big hangar was crowded. The 26 was nestled like an orange-dyed egg between the wing and tail fin of a Convair 880, a four-engine commercial jet roughly the size of a 707 or a DC-8.

Around the 26 was a nonagon of gold nylon cord, strung among nine wooden stanchions. Linkenhoker, inside the barricade, was finishing up the preflight inspection. ("I had one major thing in my mind," he said later. "How might I feel if through some fault in the aircraft it cracked up and we lost a man? This was the foremost thought in my mind the whole time we were down there. I know one thing now: I'll never be placed in a position where I have to take complete responsibility for a man's life again. The design was good, but, nevertheless, the overall putting together of the aircraft was mine, and that presented a hell of a feeling, I'll tell you. I thought, Here we are using an unaccepted structure and an uncertified engine, and we have low prior knowledge of the vehicle's flight characteristics. It presented a rather dismal picture in my mind. Fortunately, we were so damned busy—the buildup to the tests was so great—that I didn't have much time to think.") Everything seemed right with the aircraft and its engine—eleven hundred and one pounds minus Olcott, center of gravity fifty point three five per cent, examined and ready to go. Linkenhoker began to remove the gold cord. John Kukon, who had no official role to perform, had got up in the middle of the night and come to NAFEC anyway, unable to resist seeing this particular outing. Olcott, now in his test-pilot clothes, slot pockets bristling with stubby pencils, was telling Kukon stories about experimental airplanes he had known and interesting troubles they had had. There had been one in India, for example, "with a classical elevon-flutter problem" that always developed at just so many miles per hour. Olcott would accelerate the plane until he got a nice, pronounced flutter going. With a high-speed cam-

era he would take pictures of the flutter, and then slow down. He also told a story about a plane that had recently crashed in a bizarre way, yielding three survivors. If these were parables, they were to Olcott himself subliminal. His manner was, as always, calm and precise. He asked Kukon what he thought about the popping in the engine. Small power plants like that were not unlike model-aircraft engines, about which there was very little that Kukon did not know. Kukon told him not to worry. The 26 had a two-cycle engine, like a chain saw or an outboard,



developing a great deal of horsepower for its weight. Two-cycle engines run on combined gas and oil, lubricating themselves as they go along, and just the right amount of air has to be mixed with this fuel to produce maximum horsepower. If the mixture is too lean, horsepower declines, and—more important—the engine can develop too much heat and destroy itself. If the mixture is too rich, horsepower declines also, but the engine functions well. One sign of a rich mixture is that the engine occasionally, harmlessly, pops. Olcott was used to flying four-cycle engines, and that, of course, was another story altogether. Popping in a four-cycle engine could be a symptom of catastrophic trouble. With a two-cycle engine, though, the best ratio for the fuel-air mixture was just a little way over on the safe side of the power peak—popping now and again, like corn on a stove.

Olcott thanked Kukon and said he felt relieved of that problem. The tall, telescopic doors moved apart. The Aereon was rolled toward the breaking day. Emerging from beneath the Convair 880, the 26 seemed small to the point of absurdity, with its little chain-saw-type engine mounted above the rear like a horsefly sitting on the head of a pin. Minuscule beside the giant airplane, the Aereon was hard to imagine at full scale, but if it ever grew to its ultimate conceptual dimensions it would not be able to insert into this big hangar a great deal more than its nose, for it would be the size of the Hindenburg and the Graf Zeppelin placed together in the shape of a T, with superstructure filled in to form an immense rigid delta. A couple of dozen Convair 880s could fit inside it. Linkenhoker, standing on an iron stool, primed the Aereon's engine, and tugged at a blade of the new propeller. The engine eventually coughed, ignited, and racketed against the walls of NAFEC. Olcott closed the hatch, radioed for permission to move, and rou-

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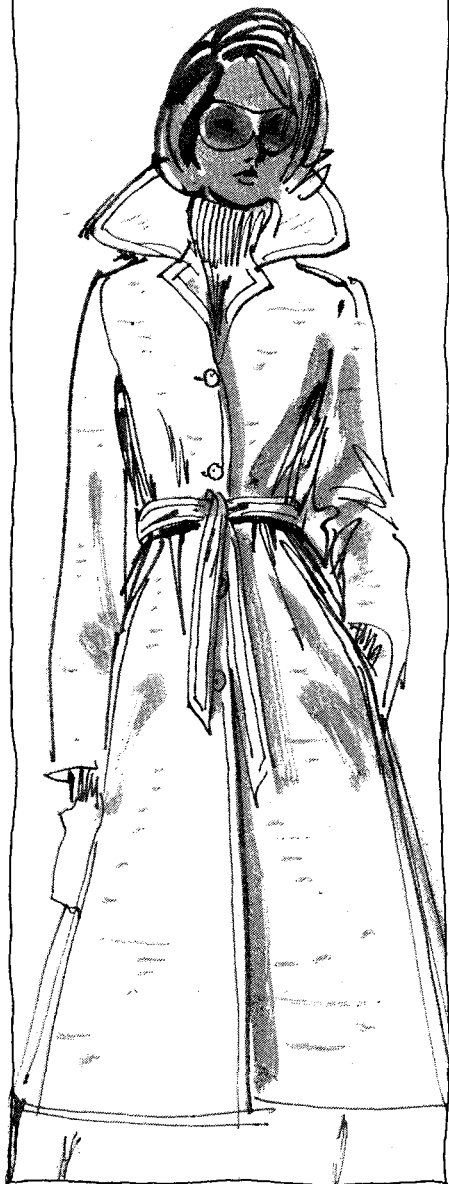
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tinely went up Taxiway Bravo toward the head of the runway.

For stopwatch timing and for photography, Miller, Putman, and others were delivered by station wagon to various points on the airfield. Fire and crash vehicles were operating on both sides of the runway this time—yellow lights, red lights flashing everywhere. The morning was pale blue, clear, and fine. The sun was above the horizon, its light streaming to the west. "This is a day the Lord has made," Miller said. "Let us rejoice and be glad in it. It's just ideal. No wind. Dry. Clear. This day is a gift." Olcott was facing west, at the head of the runway. Cleared, he accelerated, rotated, and lifted into the air. He climbed to forty feet and levelled off. He tried a coördinated bank and gentle turn to the left. It went well. He did the same to the right. The 26 responded as he had expected it would. It did not seem to have a tendency to roll excessively. The roll damping was light. He got a promising sense of the roll-control effectiveness of the vehicle. Reducing power over the seven-thousand-foot markers, he descended, landed, and taxied to the turn-around block at the runway's western end. The brief flight had been Olcott's warmup. He now felt that he had the vehicle all around him. NAFEC had asked him to take off to the east if he ever intended to leave the airspace of the runway, because the terrain at the eastern end of the NAFEC reservation had a dirt road winding through it and was particularly accessible to fire trucks and crash vehicles. Olcott was now facing east. He called the tower and said this was Aereon 2627 requesting permission to lift off and make a circuit of the field. Two miles of broad runway reached out before him. The parallel taxiway, where the fire trucks would race him, was to his right. To the right of the taxiway and a little more than halfway down was the great dark block of the NAFEC hangar, its near wall lined with tiers of offices behind shining plate-glass windows that reflected the low rays of the sun. The fire trucks and other cars were lined up and ready. Olcott showed them a raised thumb, moved the engine up to four thousand revolutions per minute, and left the head of the runway. He watched the black tape marks on his windshield, rotated, established his angle of attack, and went into the air. He climbed to forty feet. This time, however, he did not level off. Still in a position to abort the flight with ease, still in an environment he had been in many times before, he



now had to decide whether the rate of climb was sufficient to warrant an advance to where he had not been. He had hoped for a rate of climb of two hundred, or even two hundred and fifty, feet per minute, but the engine was running flat out and he was getting a hundred and fifty. He figured that a hundred feet per minute, or less, would be so marginal that he would have to go down. This was, for sure, the inverse frontier—an exploration of the lower, most economical limits of aerodynamic possibility. Some commercial jets climb six thousand feet per minute. He watched the rate-of-climb indicator. It was holding at one hundred and fifty, positive rate of climb—positive enough for him to decide to stay with it. He put in a little rudder and made a slight right turn. Moving obliquely, he would add something to the time when he would be near enough to the runway to get to it if the engine failed. He was flying directly toward the NAFEC hangar, however, and NAFEC sternly told him to head somewhere else at once. He was about eighty feet in the air. If his engine failed, he could not have hit the NAFEC building even if he tried. The building was half a mile away. The 26 had a glide ratio of about five to one. From that altitude, the 26 could not have glided more than four hundred feet before scraping the ground. Moreover, the 26 was so light that if it had hit the building head on it might have had difficulty breaking the glass. Olcott corrected his turn, though, and continued to climb slowly to the east. It was like driving a station wagon stuffed with cordwood up the side of a mountain in first gear. He was getting there. He knew he would make it over the hill. Meanwhile, there was nothing to do but be patient. He reached a hundred feet, a hundred and fifty feet, two hundred feet, all the while reminding himself: Do not change anything. Stay at this airspeed. Hold the controls with constant pressure. Let the vehicle do the work. These tests are important, they must be concluded. You knew all along that the vehicle was never going to behave like a homesick angel. It just wasn't going to climb like that. Within the margins of our considerations was a poor rate of climb.

The 26 was almost over the end of the runway, and was two hundred and fifty feet in the air. Seen from the ground and from a mile behind, it appeared to be a small black diamond moving into the sun. "Fantastic!" John Kukon said. "It's got a lot higher nose attitude than I expect-

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ed, but if that's the way it is, so be it."

Olcott was now about to try the first significant turn the 26 had ever made. He could not with certainty predict what would happen. He did not have the altitude he had planned for, and he had to ask himself a lot of questions. He had to keep looking for and selecting places where he might set the Aereon down if the engine stopped, or if much of anything else went wrong. You can't wait until the engine quits to decide how to handle the situation. It's too late then. You have to know what you're going to do before you have to do it. So you are continually saying to yourself: What will I do if this happens? What will I do if that happens? If the engine quits now, I'll put the stick forward to make sure I'm going downhill, like the boy on a bicycle who doesn't want to pedal anymore. He's got to be pointed downhill or he'll topple over. Get the nose down. Establish the glide. Keep the airspeed the same, so you have control. Then go into one of those preselected landing spots. The engine is the primary consideration. Stability is the secondary consideration. The Aereon is not a broom balancing on the palm of your hand. It is a stable vehicle. Nevertheless, you do not yet know to what extent it is stable. As long as you don't disturb anything—as long as you move into any control input very slowly and smoothly—the chances are that you'll never upset the dynamics of the vehicle so drastically that you cannot cope with it. I am two hundred and fifty feet over the end of the runway. If the engine fails here, there is no way I can turn around and get back into the runway. If I were to try, I'd probably lose control of the aircraft. So what do I do? Where would I go? The dirt road. It is sort of a hard dirt road. I believe I could get in there. Maybe damage the nose gear but not do too much harm. I could negotiate that landing.

He went into the turn. He made it shallow, because he had never been in one before. His mind raced with the conditions and problems of the turn, addressing himself, addressing the aircraft. Let's take it nice and easy. Let's not depart too much from what we've done before. Here we go. This is the first time we've really got a sustained angle of bank. Really a turn. We know from the computer simulations that if the angle of bank gets a little too high, and the rudders are not coordinated just right, the vehicle will

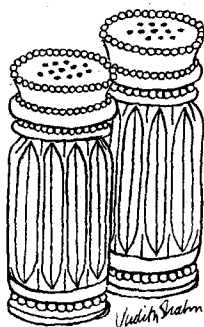
want to continue to the left and will be difficult to control. That would be disconcerting at low altitude. There's a straightforward way out, with use of rudders and manipulation of the stick.

He had taped one end of a bit of black yarn to the outside of the cockpit canopy, and now he watched it closely. Air should always be flowing straight back, no matter what maneuver the aircraft might be making. If the yarn were to move sideways, the 26 would be going into a yaw. The yarn was straight. The sideslip angle was zero—just what it was supposed to be.

The 26, continuing to climb, had turned through an arc of ninety degrees and was heading north. Olcott no longer needed the dirt road. If trouble developed now, he could probably get around to the runway, heading west, if he had to. It was like trying to cross a stream from one bare rock to the next bare rock, trying not to fall in. Meanwhile, in addition to and above all else, he was supposed to be collecting test data. What is the rate of climb now? What is the indicated airspeed? What is the angle of attack? What is the control-position transducer saying? How am I doing? How am I doing relative to what I want to be doing? How much will this turn hurt the rate of climb?

The 26 completed its wide arc to a hundred and eighty degrees and was headed west, parallel to, but considerably north of, the runway. The rate of climb had remained steady. The ship was four hundred feet up now, and it continued to rise until Olcott levelled off, as he had planned to, at five hundred feet. Data now flowed from the instruments. The maximum speed, full throttle, was sixty-four knots—a little better than Olcott had expected. He planned his route over the western end of the reservation, telling himself not to fly over the houses there, because that was not good professional technique in an aircraft that had a limited flight history and a configuration that had never flown before. I'll just have to go into the shrubbery if anything happens here, he told himself, but he swung into a perfect hundred-and-eighty-degree turn and was now pointed again into the sun. He was five hundred feet over the broad white stripes from which he had begun his takeoff. He had completed a circuit of the field.

"Wow!" Miller said, shooting straight up with his Nikon Super 8. "This is fantastic!" The fire trucks



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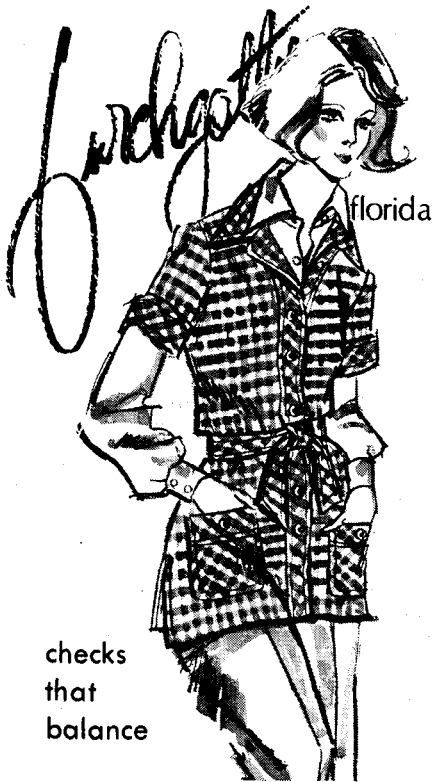
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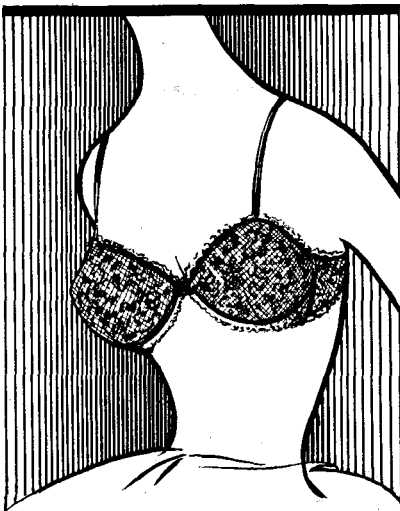
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stopped running around. All the ground vehicles stopped. Everyone watched the sky.

Olcott now had the Atlantic Ocean spread before him, wide marshes and bays, the skyline of Atlantic City to his right, Absecon Bay straight ahead, and to the left the Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge. Almost below him was the Garden State Parkway, a superior alternative to the dirt road as an emergency landing strip. Northbound or southbound, the 26 could blend right in with the cars there, if necessary, at an identical speed. Olcott found the scope of his view extraordinary, because there were no wings around him to impede it.

Olcott again circled the field, this time reducing his airspeed to fifty-nine knots to see how the 26 would handle there. Then he went around again, at fifty-two knots, and again, at fifty. Each circuit was about eight miles.

"It's slowly sinking in," Miller said. "He's not going to come down."

In subsequent days, Olcott would fly the 26 right out to the end of its engine time. It would be tracked by NAFEC's theodolite, yielding, for two hundred dollars an hour, precise airspeed data. Olcott would do Dutch rolls and steady sideslips, kicking out hard with his rudders. He would do aileron rolls to the right, aileron rolls to the left, rudder kicks right, rudder kicks left, as if he were practicing swimming. He would climb, slow down, dive, speed up—a fundamental longitudinal mode, the phugoid motion. Investigating the phugoid, he would go into a steady sideslip and then "put in a doublet—just to get the thing excited."

"That's how we lost one of the Aereon 4s," Linkenhoker would say, biting a toothpick, watching from the ground, and then, perhaps because he was unable just to stay there and watch, Linkenhoker would jump into a Piper Cherokee and chase the 26 into the sky. I went with him. The 26 seemed to float beside us, over the field, pinewoods, the parkway—with tidal estuaries, salt marshes, and the sea beyond. Shafts of sunlight sprayed down from behind clouds in which the sun kept appearing as a silver disc, and, moving in and out of these palisades of light, the 26 went into smooth roll angles and controlled yaws—part airplane, part airship, floating, flying, settling in to landings light and slow. "Aereon is great," said NAFEC's chief executive officer. "Just look at it and you can see the potential. What made New York great? What made Chicago great? The carrying of freight." One

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could almost see New Yorks and Chicagos springing up under the slow-moving shadow of the Aereon as it flew. A subtler and perhaps more durable endorsement had come from NAFEC beforehand, however, on the day of the first circuit of the field. Flying on and on—the first circuiting flight lasted more than half an hour—Olcott looked up at one point to see a Starlifter approaching the field. The two aircraft—one weighing eleven hundred pounds, the other weighing seventy tons—were more or less on a collision course. “Tell them to give me plenty of room,” Olcott said to the tower. “I cannot tolerate their wake.” The tower told the Starlifter to turn right, go south, and keep on going south indefinitely. “The traffic on your left,” the tower explained, “is an aerobody—a wingless vehicle—proceeding northwest.”

THE last time I saw John Fitzpatrick, I rode with him in his tow truck from Neshaminy Esso to a shopping mall, where he changed a flat tire for a woman who had telephoned him an hour and fifteen minutes before. When the call came, he had been adjusting a set of points in a two-year-old Mustang, and he had gone back to work on them and then had drifted off into a long elegy on the grace of naval airships. Finally, he shut the hood of the Mustang and remembered the woman at the mall. Even as his truck approached her, he was strafed with bitter complaints. Fitzpatrick said to her, “When something like this happens, the person it happens to tends to be conscious only of his own problem.” Kneeling, he began vigorously to spin nuts. Driving away, he said to me, “That woman and I have no common basis for communication.” Before long, Neshaminy Esso had a new owner. Fitzpatrick returned to New Jersey, to a job at Autobahn Motors, on Route 1, near Princeton.

The last time I saw Monroe Drew, he showed me four small sketches he had drawn of a rigid airship to be called Aereon 500. He said he had designed it to run on solar heat caught in a parabolic mirror. Its configuration consisted of four cylindroid hulls bunched together like four sticks of dynamite within an over-all airframe that was deltoid in shape. The lifting gas would be not helium but hot air, also produced by the parabolic mirror, except on cloudy days, when an alternate heat source would be required. Powdered-graphite spray coating would insulate the inside of the hull against the solar heat, which would be thermostatically controlled at about five

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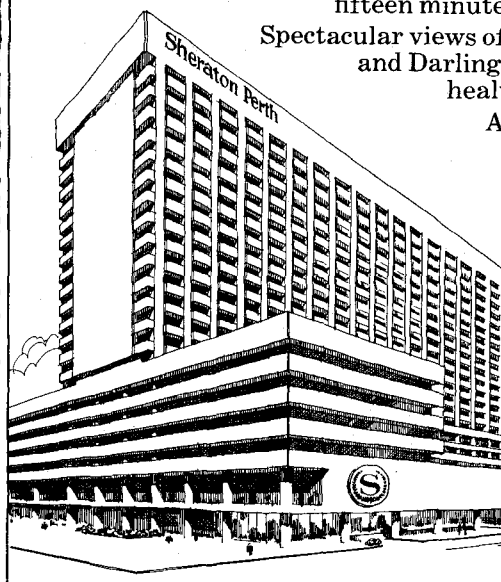
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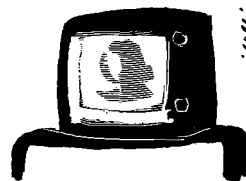
hundred degrees. Among other things, Drew said, Aereon 500 could serve as a flying bakery. He suggested strongly that he might still bring force to bear that would unseat Miller as president of Aereon. "Bill pays lip service to Solomon Andrews and the airships, but Bill is just not an airship man," Drew said. Drew had become Senior Training Adviser for Medicaid in the State of New Jersey. The Fourth Presbyterian Church of Trenton no longer existed.

Jürgen Bock, the German physicist who developed the deltoid configuration with John Fitzpatrick and the Valley Forge computer, had been far more interested in theory than in experimental trivia, or so Miller once told me. Bock had lost interest, Miller said, and

had gone home to Germany. Charlie Mills, the last time I saw him, removed from his desk drawer a letter from his friend Jürgen in Germany showing sketches of hypersonic lifting bodies that Bock was developing for a company called Erno, G.m.b.H. Charlie Mills, once Air Operations Officer for the naval airships at Lakehurst, was still teaching German at Hamilton Township East High School, outside Trenton, and was still using Windex to clean his glasses. He put them on, and looked over my shoulder at Bock's sketches. "If Miller ever saw these things, he would die," Mills said. Bock's new aircraft were wingless. From the side, they looked like fat pumpkin seeds. From above, they were deltoid.

John Kukon, in the Long Track at Princeton, was testing the control effectiveness of a model helicopter he had built with coaxial rotors. They counter-rotated. There was no rotor at all on the tail. He was also trying to defeat problems associated with tilt-wing airplanes when they come close to the ground. Lift force decreases about twenty per cent and controls get soggy, and the eighty-five-thousand-dollar tilt-wing model that Kukon made was apparently not immune to these difficulties. What Kukon built for the university between nine and five was only part of what Kukon built. He was building all the time, and much of the time he was at home. There he had become interested in the problems involved in making model airplanes so light that they would almost be lighter than air—airplanes with fuselages two feet long and wingspans greater than that but with an over-all weight of one gram, or less than one-third the weight of a penny. When Kukon first

made such an airplane and picked it up, he could not feel its weight on his hand. When he walked with it, he had to use a hesitation step, or the air the model was moving through would crush it. These aircraft were almost lyrical in their debt to structure. They were made of balsa wood twelve one-thousandths of an inch thick, had wing coverings of microfilm one ten-thousandth of an inch thick, and were held together by tungsten bracing wires too slender to be seen in most light. Yet they supported the torsion and tension of long rubber bands wound two or



three thousand times. Propellers turned so slowly they could be strobed by a human eye. They turned one revolution per second or, toward the end of a flight, one revolution every two seconds. Cruis-

ing speed was just over half a mile an hour. Rate of climb was about fifteen feet per minute. International championships were held for indoor models of this type once every two years. The 1970 championships took place in a salt mine in Rumania, the 1972 championships in an airship hangar in England—big rooms with still air, where the object of the competition was simply to remain airborne. Kukon for many years had ignored this field, because he viewed it as more a matter of structure than of aerodynamics, since there was no limit on how light a model could be. It all seemed too simple. The lightest structure would fly the longest. Then, in 1971, the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale decided that indoor models in this category should weigh a minimum of one gram (the rubber motor was not included), and the rule change sent Kukon into his basement, for now it was a matter of structure and aerodynamics—something complex enough to be worth the while. He ground his own rubber cutters and cut his own rubber. He sanded down his balsa wood until it was translucent. He outlined the wing structure in strips of balsa that were thirty one-thousandths of an inch square in section. Onto still water he poured cellulose nitrate, which formed a film like an oil slick. Floating on the water, the film dried. Very carefully, Kukon lifted it with the aid of a wet wooden frame. A week later, after the film had stabilized, he placed it across the balsa structure of the wings—wings so frail they would have drooped like basset ears if they had not been held up by the tungsten wires. Propellers were similarly outlined in balsa and covered with film. The film

was so thin—one-tenth the thickness of Saran Wrap—that light could not pass through it in the way that light ordinarily goes through a transparent substance. Instead, it refracted, reflected, caromed wildly, and split itself into all the colors of the spectrum in shimmering iridescence. When these airplanes flew, they were fantastically beautiful, slowly circling, climbing, spraying color in all directions. They flew, most notably, in Hangar No. 1 at Lakehurst—a giant barn a thousand feet long, almost two hundred feet high, steel-structured, sheathed in wood. This had been the hangar of the Hindenburg, which had burned just outside. Hangar No. 1 had been built for the big rigid airships, and now, in their continuing absence, the all-day twilight of the hangar was sometimes weirdly alive with eight, nine, or even ten almost invisible airplanes climbing slowly toward the roof, each barely heavier than air. In folding lawn chairs, the model-builders sat below. They held stopwatches. Around their necks were magnifying goggles, which they needed in order to see parts and wires as they prepared their models for flight. At launch, they carried their planes as if they were holding nitroglycerin. Sometimes an accident happened. There was a weakness in the fuselage, say, and the tight, knobby wound-up rubber band would snap the plane to bits. All the wreckage—of a model more than two feet long and two feet in wingspan—could be placed in the center of the palm of one hand. Flight occurred in three parts: the climb, the cruise, the dead-slow, hanging descent. The propellers turned like the arms of ballet swimmers, throwing off flashes of color. When the planes rose above a hundred and fifty feet, they were so hard to see that the competitors followed them with binoculars. If the aircraft got into trouble in the high girders, helium-filled balloons were sent up on long fishing lines and with the balloons the fliers expertly moved their planes into new courses of flight. The competitors brought their own helium to Lakehurst. For a time, Kukon, like everyone else, built single-wing airplanes. He suspected, however, that he could probably build a better airplane in a radically unconventional configuration. With the help of another engineer in Princeton, he worked out an optimum design in terms of wing area, wing loading, gross weight with rubber, ceiling height, a revised structure, ratio of motor weight to overall weight, and forward speed. Many times over, he built his new configuration. His airplanes now had two wings,

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one forward, one aft, each with tip dihedrals. His airplanes were strong enough to carry more rubber than any competitor carried. He gave the rubber thirty-one hundred turns. The others always stopped at two thousand. The others included a building contractor, a five-and-ten-cent-store manager, assorted mechanical engineers, a welder, a retired Navy commander. They were empirical builders. Most of them had been flying indoor models for twenty and thirty years. When Kukon, a novice, arrived at Lakehurst with his awkward, outsize, two-wing aircraft, he inspired half-hidden chuckles all the way down a thousand feet of floor. He flew six, nine, fourteen minutes at first, less than anyone else there. He kept improving his techniques of building and flying, however, and eventually his models were flying twenty-nine minutes at a time. But that would not do. His competitors were five to seven minutes better than he. Giving up his unconventional aircraft, he reverted to a single-wing design, and soon he was up there with the best of the others, making flights of thirty-four and a half minutes, nudging into the zone of record time.

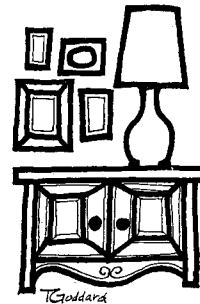
For twelve years, Everett Linkenhoker had literally welded together the fixed assets of Aereon—two prototype rigid airships, the one rampantly empirical, the other shaped by computer, the one blown over by the wind, the other successfully tested. As the test program ended, he knew that it signified an end of things for him, too. "I feel simultaneously the success of it all and the emptiness of the beginning of the end. In my mind are two conflicting trains of thought, a buildup and letdown all at one time. It unsettles me. I have to go out and rearrange my whole life." He was a welder, not an aircraft plant. He could hardly build a big rigid Aereon. He was an airship rigger. There were no airships to rig. He removed the 26 from NAFEC and supervised its storage—first, and briefly, at Red Lion, and then in a hangar at still another obscure airfield in south-central New Jersey. For weeks, he stayed close by the 26 and worried over what he was going to do. He stayed so long that he became maintenance manager at the airport. He completely hid the 26 from public view under an enormous black tarpaulin.

John Weber, the structural specialist, had an analogous problem, and it led him to a far more exotic solution. His license from the Academy of Aero-

nautics and his advanced degree in aeronautical engineering suddenly added up to nothing much but unemployment. Aircraft development had become virtually a no-opportunity field, forsaken by the federal government. Weber did not need a skywriter to spell this out for him. Bethpage, Marietta, Santa Monica, and Seattle had turned into burning ghats for his kind. So he bought into the Charles H. Dennis Cesspool Corporation, Fifth Avenue and Sunrise Highway, Bay Shore, New York. Readily, he developed expertise in the installation and cleaning of cesspools and septic tanks. Occasionally, he moonlighted for the Federal Aviation Administration, inspecting airplanes.

Bill Putman was working on advanced helicopter concepts and vertical-takeoff-and-lift projects at Princeton University. He had designed some of the helicopter models that Kukon was building there. Government contracts had atrophied so rapidly that the university's aerospace department was clawing hard for survival. After contemplating where the money might have gone, certain senior professors had developed serious interest in air pollution, or, as they called it, "aerothermochemical processes." A name change was pondered. The Department of Aerospace and Mechanical Sciences was thinking of becoming the Department of Aerospace and Ecology.

John Olcott had been assigned to explore "new-business development" for his firm, Aeronautical Research Associates of Princeton. He was seeking ways for the company to make its abilities negotiable beyond the confines of aeronautics. Meanwhile, he continued his contracted research and consulting work, test-flying anything interesting that came along. For the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, he was evaluating the use of spoilers on general-aviation aircraft. For Bell Laboratories, he had been flying a Cessna 337 with special wing-tip antennae for measurement work involving Safeguard antiballistic missiles. He had also been asked to evaluate a prototype two-engine low-horsepower airplane developed with private funds by a free-lance entrepreneur. Gradually, Olcott's role in Aereon had thinned, the job for which he was hired having been completed in all but its consultant aftermath. When Miller had passed around finger-press-appliqué self-sticking tigers for everyone to wear after Aereon 26 had made its initial circuits of the



field, Olcott smiled amiably, accepted one, and set it on a table. "This has been a very good day," Miller said. "This is a good moment." Olcott smiled, and said nothing. "I'm pleased with the way things turned out," he said later. "And I'm also pleased for the other people who are much more emotionally involved with Aereon than I am. To me, the challenge was 'Can you plan something with due consideration for all the risks, all the contingencies, all the limitations on the problem? Was your planning accurate enough? Were you good enough in your planning to be able to implement it without too many deviations?' There's no point in jumping up and down for joy. It *was* a pleasure to know that I had done my task professionally. The flight went as planned. We achieved all the objectives we were looking for. The implementation was about as complete as one could have hoped for."

Miller alone continued to work full time for Aereon. He still lived in a garden apartment off U.S. 1, and led Bible-study groups at Princeton University, and worked in the summertime for the Children's Sand and Surf Mission at Ship Bottom. The tests of the deltoid Aereon had been determinative, but no one could say in what sense. An experimental aircraft had at one moment been doing Dutch rolls and controlled phugoid oscillations in the here and now. In the next moment, it was a museum piece hidden away in a secret hangar. The group that had been around it dispersed. Months went by. A year went by. Two years. Aereon attracted interest but no developmental contract, no developmental funds. The summary result of all tests, all flights, all briefings and debriefings, all computations, two configurations, three propellers, one founder, four presidents, twelve years, nearly one and a half million expended dollars, and a hundred miles of circuit flight had been reduced to data that could be expressed on a single sheet of paper. Miller travelled around the country holding up the data like a lamp.

—JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the third part of a three-part Profile.)

Dr. Judd served ten terms as a congressman from Minnesota. His name was one of those put in nomination for the presidency at the 1964 Republican Convention in Chicago and was the keyhole speaker at the Republican Convention in 1960.—*Tampa Tribune*.

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ZAPPED

AT the opening night of "Warp," a title that may well be an acronym for "Wretched Antics Rambunctiously Performed," the audience that filled the Ambassador was far more interesting than the activity that occupied its stage. The play had the look and drive of a musical comedy, and its outsize comic-strip characters seemed always just on the edge of bursting into song, but it remained adamantly a work of thin, grim, and occasionally grimy prose. It also remained inappropriately earthbound in spirit, for though it claimed to offer a science-fiction view of how life is lived in the fifth dimension, we were repeatedly cautioned that this dimension might be only a recurrent splitting headache in the brain of a young man undergoing treatment in a mental institution. "Warp" was brought East from Chicago under the auspices of something known as the Organic Theatre Company, and I got the impression that, first-night reviewers aside, most of the audience had been brought East as well, in organic buses, to utter loud organic cries of delight whenever one or another of the vexed heroes or villains onstage got zapped, powed, or zowied. The happy tie-dye members of the Children's Crusade that huddled all round me, resplendent in glass-jewel-bestudded jackets and woolly sweaters, were plainly enjoying the novelty of their visit from trans-Appalachian outer space, but their enthusiasm for the play itself was beyond my comprehension. The visual effects were certainly eye-searing and the sound effects deafening, and to say this in 1973 is to speak praise; everything else about "Warp" struck me as being thirty years too late. Nevertheless, I ought to note that John Heard and Cordis Fejer proved themselves indefatigable acrobats; that Carolyn Gordon made a fine, sinuous seductress; and that Tom Towles played Prince Chaos with a suitable disregard for decorum. The setting was by Robert Guerra, and the costumes were by Laura Crow and Cookie Gluck. Ordinarily, Cookie Gluck would be a name to conjure with, but it was easily overshadowed by Bury St. Edmund, listed as a co-author of the play with Stuart

Gordon, its director. It must be nice to be a town. Sometimes I wish I were Cornwall Hollow, or even Old Lyme, instead of—
BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Viva!

IF there is a funnier show in town than "El Grande de Coca-Cola," a brief revue at the Mercer, I cannot imagine what it would be. The show, conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also perform in it, and written by them and the three other members of their cast, is a feat of multiple impersonation by all hands. (Mr. House is American, and his colleagues are British.) Playing Señor Don Pepe Hernandez (*"el compere extraordinario"*) and the no-talent members of his family, they present, under the sponsorship of a local Coca-Cola bottler, an "all-star, international revue" in a seedy night club in Honduras, skillfully

mocking every kind of theatrical ineptitude as they go. As skit follows skit, the Hernandezes and their cousin Juan Rodriguez—quick-change artists to a man and woman—appear as a tango team from Buenos Aires, as a pair of off-key girl singers (Las Dos La-La-Las) from Barcelona, as a blues singer, Señor Blind Joe Jackson, from Mississippi, and so on, and then, in the longest and most elaborate turn of all, as a company from Paris in a wildly farcical melodrama about Toulouse-Lautrec, Yvette Guilbert, Jane Avril, and a prominent gangster. The lines, not a dud among them, are in Fractured Spanish and, in the case of the Parisian melodrama, Fractured French. There is also considerable Fractured English throughout, all of it perfect. No joke exceeds its limits. The musical numbers that accompany the skits are often as funny as the words, and all ends with a rousing Spanish rendition of "There's No Business Like Show Business." Mr. House is tall, partly bald, and commanding. Miss White is blond and slim. The other geniuses are Sally Willis (dark-haired and chubby), Alan Shearman (long-haired and eager, whose talents include piano playing), and John Neville-Andrews (deadpan and broody, whose talents include drumming). The setting is by



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Mischa Petrow and the choreography by Anna Nygh, and the musical arrangements are by Mr. Shearman and Mr. Neville-Andrews.

"WELCOME TO ANDROMEDA" is the first of two one-acters by Ron Whyte, at the Cherry Lane. As the audience files in, we see a young man, his eyes wide open, lying in bed. The setting is his room; there are bookshelves on the walls filled with sets of books in uniform bindings, and a bar full of good liquor. He is almost completely paralyzed—a quadriplegic. The day is his twenty-first birthday, and his mother, who looks after him unceasingly, has gone off to buy a birthday cake and champagne; they are, we gather, well-to-do. The only other character who appears is a middle-aged trained nurse, hired for the afternoon as the mother's replacement, and the entire plot is concerned with the ways in which the young man tries to con the nurse into killing him before his mother returns. He is a tease and a put-on expert, sensing the nosiness and credulity beneath the nurse's smily professional manner, and spotting her not quite latent alcoholism.

The character of the boy and his characterization, by David Clennon, are commendably low-keyed; there is no fake appeal to the emotions. Bella Jarrett does well as the nurse. Yet somehow the cat-and-mouse game doesn't register, and lacks the fascination and suspense it should have. The play is sad, but that is all.

"Variety Obit," a tiny musical that follows it, seemed to me at the time more original, but it is also so diffuse and unfocussed that twenty-four hours later it is hard to remember much about it. There are rather pleasing songs (music by Mel Marvin, words by Mr. Whyte and Bob Satuloff), which are nicely sung and danced to by Andrea Marcovici and Richard Cox. Mr. Clennon is the narrator. The show opens with the announcement—against a collage of blowups of clips from *Variety*—of the death of one Danny Jefferson, the last member of an obscure show-business family. In the course of the action, we follow the fortunes of that family—always on circuit somewhere—as they do those songs and dances: a hopeful one about clearing the wilderness to start with and, near the end, a hopeless one about the cooling of a love affair. What it all adds up to I cannot tell, though there is some indication that the playwright is using the tackiness of show business and the declining spirits of ev-



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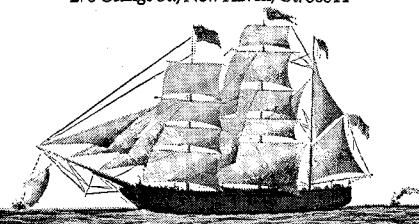
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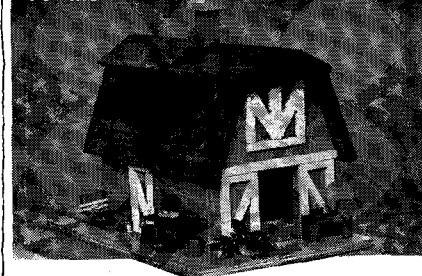
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everyone for some sort of extra-theatrical analogy. At any rate, I think "Variety Obit" is not yet ready for production. Peter Harvey designed the good scenery. Tom Moore directed both plays.

PETER HANDKE's "The Ride Across Lake Constance," which was successfully done at the Forum last year, was theatre about theatre, and absolutely delightful. His "Kaspar," now at the Chelsea, in Brooklyn, is, for all its multimedia and other embellishments, essentially writing about writing—or, more precisely, about words and logic and meaning—and much of it is a bore. Mr. Handke has taken as a point of departure for his play the story of an actual sixteen-year-old boy named Kaspar Hauser who turned up mysteriously in Nuremberg in 1828: "Although he had the physical and mental potential of a man, Hauser had not developed beyond childhood—he had not even learned to walk or speak." The Kaspar of this production wears a transparent mask that distorts his face. There are three television screens on each side of the proscenium and nine more above the stage, and most of them are working most of the time, showing pictures of the action onstage, of various abstractions, and of action that is not taking place onstage. There are disembodied voices that speak alone or in chorus. There are four other Kaspars, who appear in identical masks and suits. In short, everything is done to make the show as impersonal as possible. Distracting and annoying as I find all this multimedia stuff, I must say that I think it can be justified in a play that deals with the essentials—the bare bones—of logic and learning and their shattering effect on an innocent. At any rate, murmurs of "Noam Chomsky" wafted through the lobby at intermission. During the second act, Kaspar speaks a long soliloquy (into a superfluous microphone, of course) about who he is and what he was and what education has meant to him and done to him, and for once I was able to ignore the foolish antics of the other Kaspars and listen to him, realizing only then that the character is truly touching, and that Peter Handke's writing (via Michael Roloff's translation from the German) is imaginative and of high quality. Christopher Lloyd does well as Kaspar. Carl Weber directed. The production was designed by Wolfgang Roth, and Video Free America / San Francisco is responsible for all that television.

—EDITH OLIVER

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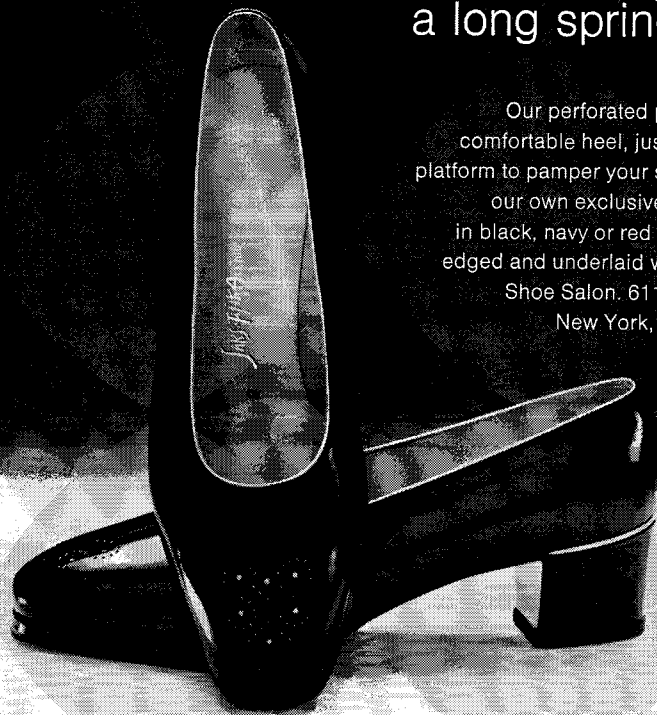
into the pathways winding between caves, coves, grottoes, beaches, lodges, lounges, tennis courts and putting green, as Mr. Standish affectionately tweaked Mrs. Standish between the oleanders and pittosporum.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

STYLE is rarely glimpsed in times like these, which at best encourage its humble relative, good taste. While style and taste have been known to intermingle in the past, the currently widening gap between them reminds us once more of their fundamental enmity. The world of the merely tasteful—a trim edifice of bourgeois conformities, with narrow slots to be filled and straight lines to be toed—is bound to barricade itself, in the end, against style, which is individualistic, aristocratic, and reckless. Taste concerns itself with broad, lifetime progress, and never makes mistakes; style moves by fits and starts and is occasion-

ally glorious. Style differs from elegance, too, yet they often keep company, since elegance is generally regarded as a prime object in the quest for style. But elegance is static and hermetic, and the moments of its attainment in a life of style are like so many cathedrals along the route of a comprehensive cultural tour. Style requires allegiance to a creed whose shifting nature makes it all the more demanding. But then style is more rewarding than the ways of elegance or taste: it is more akin to a philosophy, and it is surely closer to an art.

I have been looking at some of the photographs that have lately appeared

of Mick Jagger's Nicaraguan wife, Bianca. Like a jungle orchid, she is both fragile and luscious. In her small, delicately boned face, a pair of strong black brows curve imperiously over huge, brooding eyes. Her mouth is wide and sullen, with a swollen, nearly bursting lower lip. Her resemblance to her husband is so remarkably close that it has prompted comparisons between Jagger and Narcissus; beyond that, it might be said that Jagger has completed the search for his twin soul with a neatness that would have taken Plato by surprise. But even more jolting than this likeness or her beauty is her unmistakable style. Her way of dressing and presenting herself to the world is her own. (Some deemed this originality worthy of the Best-Dressed List, to which both the Jagers have been elevated this year. The London *Daily Mirror* duly voiced the outrage of all who believe in last bastions, alligator shoes, and the Queen's dressmaker.) In a pair of studio portraits in a recent *Harper's Bazaar*, Bianca appears first in a flapperish dress with a mid-calf hemline and deep, sleeveless armholes, from one of which an arm of almost waiflike thinness emerges, crooks backward, and ends in a narrow, maroon-nailed hand on one hip. The other hand supports a lengthy, heavenward-slanting cigarette holder. While the pose is reminiscent of a Bright Young Thing, the heart-shaped face, framed in a swelling brioche shape of dark hair, wears an expression of passionate, self-contained femaleness more worthy of a heroine from D. H. Lawrence. The second image on the page kneels at the feet of the first and turns her head away from it. Here the elfin features are framed by a gauzy, winged, and polka-dotted hatbrim, and the effect is of a pale, bewildered butterfly. In other moods, Bianca might choose one of the manish suits that are fastidiously made for her by Tommy Nutter, bespoke tailor to the trendiest Britons. With these she sometimes wears a dyed-to-match carnation in her buttonhole, and generally a hat—either a tilted, Chaplin-esque bowler or a more elaborate concoction, involving feathers and veils. Almost always, she sports a knob-topped cane. On her recent visit to New York, *Women's Wear Daily*—hastily netting her for its shadowy gallery of more or less obscure "celebrities"—photographed her at an art-show opening, and recorded her black velvet tailor-made, her little white crochet gloves,

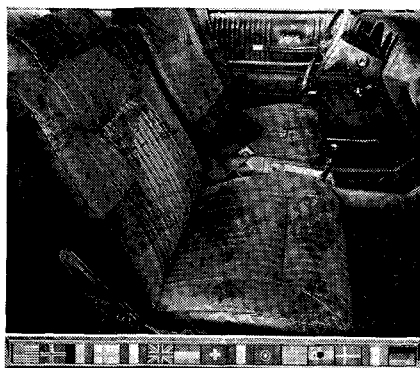


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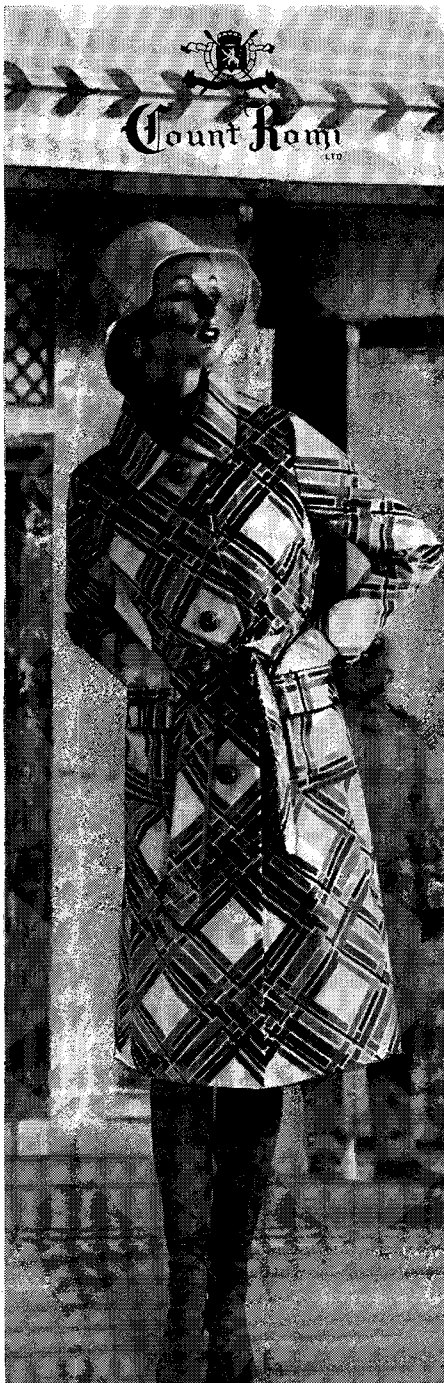
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and her inspired black hat with a spotted veil and a white cockatoo perched at an angle on its brim. On this occasion, too, Bianca affected her cane.

It seems appropriate that Bianca Jagger should have revived for use as her mascot the Regency cane, emblem of the dandy. For she seems to exemplify many of the tenets of the cult of style known as Dandyism. The guidelines of that cult—not, perhaps, articulated by the inner circle of initiates, who were kept too busy confecting their *mots* and their neck linen—have been minutely scrutinized in literature by a series of Romantic, Perfectionist outsiders. Baudelaire was one, and he saw the dandy as the disciple of a religion the severity of whose standards was an excellent discipline for the soul. For him, the dandy represented the “best kind of human pride . . . the urge to fight and destroy triviality.” If the poet could have foreseen the enrollment of a woman in the ranks of the sublimely haughty souls he admired, he might have recognized in Bianca Jagger a fine alliance of the material, the artistic, and even the spiritual. She appears to be using her beauty and the garments with which she enhances it as the material from which to create a work of art. That even her most triumphant effect must be ephemeral—a unique combination of dress, light, and the evening’s particular mood in her eyes—makes the undertaking superbly dandylike. The fleetingness of perfection means that it must be tirelessly sought and replenished. This is a lonely task, calling for dedication. Bianca wears a suitable air of high seriousness and of a self-sufficiency that verges on aloofness. And while she seems to enjoy admiration she also seems at pains, dandylike, to disdain it. (Brummel put down a young buck who ventured a compliment at Ascot, reminding him of first principles with the famous reply “I cannot be elegant, since you have noticed me.”) Bianca invariably turns her loveliness to the camera lens with exquisite and regal detachment, only parting her unsmiling lips a little and widening her long, dark eyes.

And yet, beneath the dandy’s chilly façade, tradition has it, there beats a stormy, yearning heart. Beneath Bianca’s elegance one senses at least a current of restlessness. Some of this, perhaps, is by association with her husband, who is Unrest Incarnate. A modicum of recklessness is the necessary electricity of style, and this quality leads, from time to time, to awkward flops and

phoniness. Another photograph, taken at another party in New York, shows Bianca in a short-skirted, girlish dress whose cutaway back emphasizes her pitifully thin ribs, and jars oddly with the ever-present cane. A musty, feathered hat tops out the whole effect, which is of a drowned kitten with a dead bird on its head. A mess, in short, but still not a bore. For style must never allow itself to be a bore, and reserves its most virulent contempt for anyone who is. The disciple of style must be on constant guard, with claws of mockery sharp, against the inroads of Babbitt. This watchfulness prompted Bianca, on the night of her drowned-kitten party, to express disapproval of its site,



which was “21.” “They won’t let you in this joint unless you wear a mink coat,” *Women’s Wear* sorrowfully recorded that she growled. “I hate it here.” Hearing this, one might be led to wonder why Bianca Jagger, with her youth, grace, freedom, wealth, and fame, would take the trouble to make coarse denunciations of puffy, sedentary, sheeplike middle age at play. But it is because she dances on the coals of style that she must keep leaping up and sniping at complacency. The slightest softening, or a tilt in the direction of coziness or caution, could cause the death of style. The ways style finds to keep its precarious balance are often childish in the extreme. A certain childishness is deliberately courted, indeed, and incorporated in the philosophy of style; the absolute loves and hatreds of childhood are convenient judgments for the woman or man of style, because they avoid the misty middlelands of compromise and do not invite discussion. And stylish people, even if they have to force themselves, are determined to see the world in childishly bright colors. Impulse is to them the noblest guide in life, and when they are tempted to give way to weariness they must prod themselves into impulsive acts. Style rides as roughshod over party-poops and quibblers as a fox hunt crashes through a farmer’s fences. Stendhal added further chapters to the chronicle of stylishness with his praise of the impulsive elite. From his seat among his “Happy Few” aristocrats of the heart, he heaped scorn on the “desiccated souls” outside the circle. His standards were so stringent that even Byron, Romanticism’s greatest, most impulsive prince and no mean dandy, proved too conventional, too much a prey to a “puerile fear of appearing ridiculous,” for the

Frenchman's taste. Style takes an undergraduate delight in a world divided into amusing categories—"lights and heavies," "sillies and stupid," and other variations on the theme of "us" and "them"—that represent deadly serious reflections. And it also takes pleasure in turning bourgeois morality inside out. "Spontaneous" is style's substitute for "good," and "boring" that for "bad." A touch of outrageousness, far from being shameful, is considered by style to be a moral obligation. When, after her return to Europe, Bianca Jagger lunched at Maxim's with twirling black mustaches painted on her cheeks, *Women's Wear* noted it with a squirming reproof, but she was only obeying the laws that govern her kind.

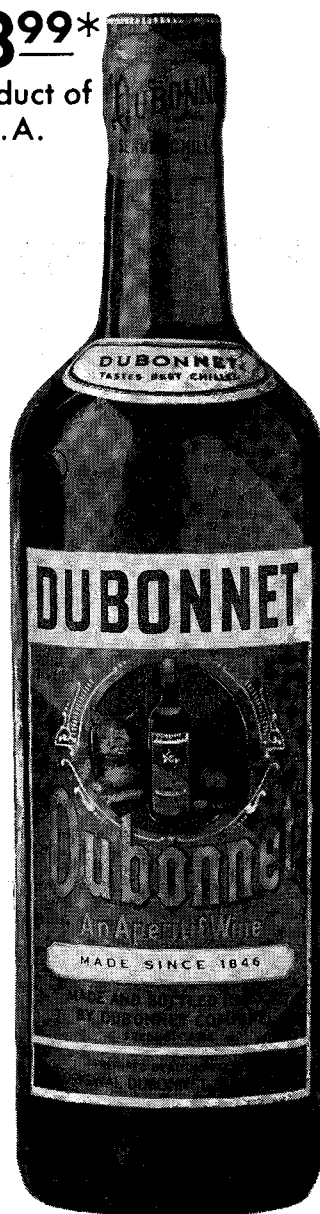
It is in definitions of vulgarity that the realms of style and taste diverge most widely. The word "vulgarity" itself is heard less often on the lips of style than it is from the mealier mouth of taste, but the concept of vulgarity is fundamental to doctrines of style. For style, vulgarity is meanness, calculation, petty-mindedness, and the base fear of going out on a limb. For taste, by contrast, vulgarity is "loudness," unseemliness, and anything that goes too far. To protect itself against the boring grown-up world, style is given to assuming an aspect of childlike purity. Bianca Jagger, in spite of the knowing sensuality of her face, wears this stylish cloak of innocence as though she had the key to a secret garden to which at any moment she might return. As one observes either of the Jaggers, questions of morality and even of theology spring into the head as they never would at the sight of, say, Mrs. William Paley or other Best-Dressed Humans. Seeing Mick Jagger perform, you find yourself juggling, like any medieval churchman, with ideas such as demonism, possession by spirits, and Satanic temptation. You might have thought that Dandyism's long flirtation with black magic would be over by now and that Dorian Gray and Huysmans' *Des Esseintes* were the end of a line. But Mick Jagger came along and, for a generation largely uninterested in religion and morality, breathed life into such archaisms as amorality and blasphemy.

But men and women of style needn't stray as far as the Jaggers do from the crowd for it to get wind of a difference and to loathe them. The giant forces of intolerance and conformity like to roll along unopposed and at their own pace, and they are maddened by unconventional gadflies

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and forerunners. The fashions that become generally acceptable are those whose support proves too strong to be denied, and this support compels society to widen its rules sooner than risk anarchy by seeing them broken. So long hair and miniskirts, once decried as offenses to decency and even patriotism, gradually become normal in conservative rural communities. It is persistent individuality and unwillingness to be absorbed that go on being suspect. The climate is particularly uncongenial to rebels at the moment, since the world is resting up after the adventurous years of the sixties. Many of the freedoms that had crept into dress in those years have been judiciously purged. The fashion industry, in both male and female divisions, brushed aside the charades and cultivated childishness of style, and set out to re-establish confidence in the familiar, grown-up rules. (When the dust of confusion cleared, it turned out that some conventions had been modified, and women had changed from skirts to trousers.) Innovators and nonconformists were firmly pushed out in the cold. Penitent dress designers confessed to the sin of neglecting the Average Woman, and stores whisked offensively unusual styles from her sight. These self-recriminations, like all arguments which hold that an informed and literate majority is the helpless victim of an elitist conspiracy, were fake. In American fashion, the majority has always been more powerful than the minority, and it has never been coerced by anyone. It was simply that the very idea of stylishness infuriated good taste, and an atmosphere tainted by adventure was not one in which the middle-aged and the middle class could relax and spend money. In fact, very few people ever strayed from the code of convention. Most men of taste went on wearing the kind of coat they wore when their standards jelled, and most women of taste went on wearing the kind of clothes worn by other women of the same social standing. Any fashion involved in their choice was passive. When the fashion industry hastily threw in its lot with the masses, who had begun to question its loyalty, it was simply reaffirming its ties with business rather than with art. There are very few successful dress designers who have a sense of style; it doesn't pay.

Tempting as it is to consign fashion in one lump to convention's camp and to leave style and art, with all their rough edges intact, outside it, democratic fashion must infringe on the



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aristocratic style that Bianca Jagger exemplifies. Her style works by exploiting, adapting, and anticipating the trends that course in broad, slow movements through the mass of the people. Being based on youth, beauty, and fashion, Bianca's version is perhaps the purest of all styles. Other varieties, based on talent, eccentricity, and agelessness—those of Louise Nevelson, say, or the late Dame Edith Sitwell—are subsidiary. And mature style without talent to keep goading it into ambitious undertakings rapidly hardens into the relatively sterile quality of timeless elegance. There is a cult of luxurious simplicity that is often mistaken for style, but this is only a sophisticated level of good taste. The woman who extolls perfectly plain white silk shirts and perfectly plain black cashmere pants and who expresses utter loathing for frills and ruffles almost never has real style. Her kind of simplicity is costly, and it is usually timid. Although it seems arrogant, her dedication to monochrome unfussiness is inspired by fear.

Fear also strikes the "liberated" woman, in her noncommittal, Everywoman garb of black turtleneck and pants by day and shapeless long T-shirt by night. Any more venturesome adornment of her person makes it look as though she were relying on traditional symbols of her femininity instead of exploring the newly possible outlets for her "creativity." And yet, in this thicket of enemies old and new, style keeps on sprouting. It doesn't depend on sex, politics, or the state of the stock market. Like brilliant conversation, it is ephemeral, freakish, and subject to imitation by inferiors. But the flight of style's comet still lifts the heart.

—KENNEDY FRASER

THE GREAT NORTHFIELD MINNESOTA RAID

(1972, color, 91 min, 35mm)

SUNDAY JAN 7 4:30, 7:30, 9:30 PM

One of the best of the new westerns, this film by Philip Kaufman—a young director who started out as an independent film-maker in Chicago (GOLDSTEIN)—has been unjustly neglected by theatre audiences, if not by critics, many of whom put it on their ten best of the year list. Robert Duvall is Jesse James, and Cliff Robertson is Cole Porter, in the story of the last great (ultimately disastrous) raid undertaken by the James and Younger brothers in the autumn of 1876. The film demystifies previous movie legends, and presents what appears to be a seriously-researched view of the period. —*Pacific Film Archive, University of California at Berkeley.*

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THE ART WORLD

What's New

IT is inherent in modernism, in art as in politics, that the desire for an avant-garde persists even when all avant-gardes have vanished or grown tiresome. The lack in the art of 1972 of a vigorous push in some one direction has been hailed as liberating or "healthy," but it has resulted, as well, in a widespread uneasiness. Art has arrived at the paradox that tradition itself requires the occurrence of radical attacks on tradition. Thus, though it has been apparent for years that the extremist spirit among painters and sculptors has been dwindling, vanguardism continues to be bravely upheld by custodians of tradition—art historians, curators, critics, and editors. Present-day exhibitions, catalogues, and magazine articles tend to outstrip the works with which they deal as they stake out claims in new territory. Even vanguard creations of earlier periods, such as compositions by Monet and Miró, are remodelled by criticism to provide launching platforms for advanced modes. In Germany last summer, the art-historian di-

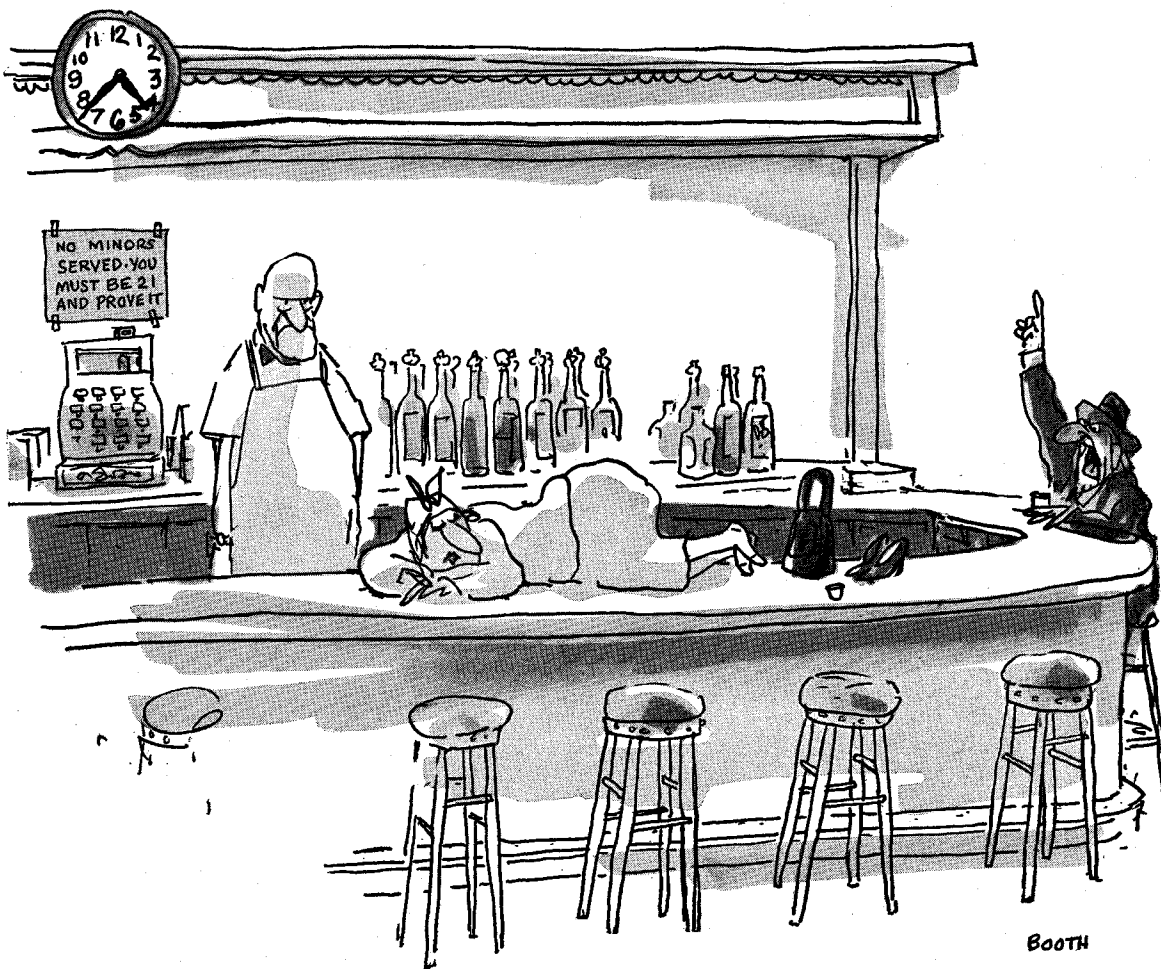
rectors of the Documenta 5 exhibition, held in Kassel, took the significant step, reported in this column, of collecting objects and images outside of art in order to push the art situation a notch "forward" without help from art or artists. (In the annals of prophecy, when God or History fails to produce anticipated events the oracles try to force the issue through magic.) In sum, current avant-gardism manifests itself not in new actions, works, or ideas but in items selected and arranged to represent forward movement. This may be a way of saying that vanguardism has been ritualized, and that— independent of the ebb and flow of creation—certain images and phrases function as symbols of advance or of the will to advance.

The art periodical *Opus International*, published in Paris, illustrates how an avant-gardist outlook can sustain itself without an accompanying development in art. Though there is rarely a hint in it of a new style or a new idea, *Opus* manages, issue after issue,

to generate the impression that experiment and defiance are flourishing around the globe. This mirage is accomplished by mixing reproductions of Surrealist-inflected paintings and sculptures and occasional Constructivist abstractions with such staples of rebellion as photographs of youths confronting cops, marchers calling for the release of Angela Davis, excerpts from minutes of court prosecutions of artists, as well as happenings, the theatre of cruelty, cartoon and comic-strip propaganda, nude behinds, and manifestos that denounce the art market, the consumer society, and the smug self-adulation of art in New York. It might be argued that *Opus* is simply emphasizing visual and intellectual matter that belongs to today—in contrast to American and British art journals in which the concept of the modern is being stretched to include imitations of nineteenth-century landscape paintings, still-lives, and portraits, as well as actual nineteenth-century paintings and sculptures, not to mention patchwork quilts and Navajo blankets. With increasing speed and with little evidence of resistance, "art of today" is becoming whatever attracts crowds to museums or is sold in galleries.

A radical art magazine therefore appears justified in ignoring the flood of art-world fabrications and features in order to evoke a mood in accord with the realities of the times. But if *Opus* is only trying to keep up with the present, it is ironic that the editors feel impelled to avail themselves of the avant-gardist mannerisms of fifty years ago.

Though in Europe the idea of an aesthetic avant-garde is still linked with social change and political action (even when the link results in nothing but frustrations), American radicalism in art conducts its battles over issues that are formal and metaphysical rather than social. For the past ten years, the advanced sectors of painting and sculpture in the United States have been preoccupied with a quibble about the relation between art



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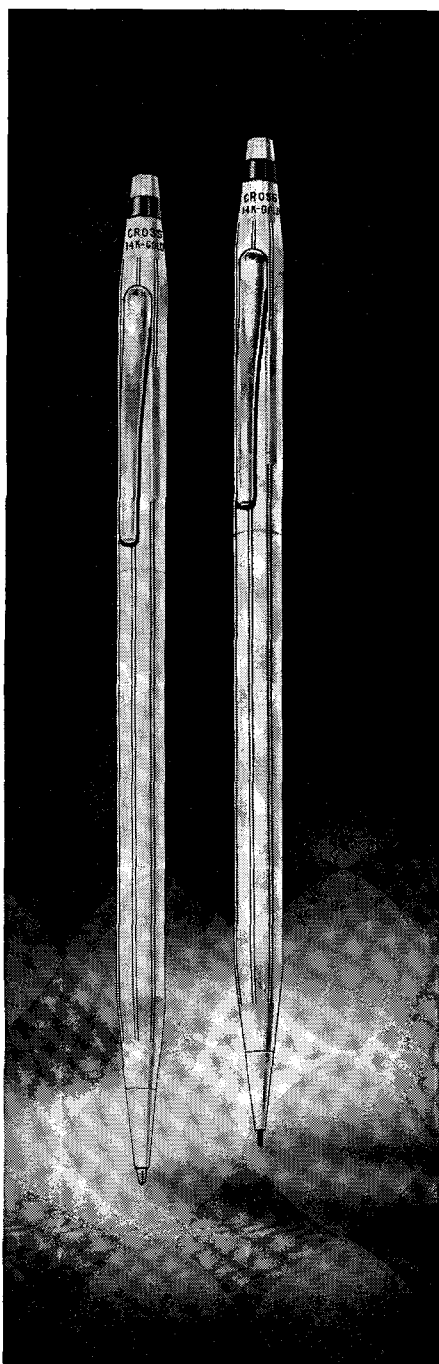
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and reality. The struggle to merge art with the world of actuality is America's ritual vanguardism, its equivalent of the ritual revolutionism represented by *Opus*. An advance in art is considered to take place to the degree that art divests itself of the characteristics of art. Whatever mode comes closest to a score of zero for the art object is assigned the foreground position. Thus, Minimalist creations succeeded Pop as more exact approximations of things that are not art, and they were in turn displaced, seriatim, by Anti-Form art, Earth art, Process art, Conceptualist art, and Information art. The philosophies on which these movements were founded are extremely shaky, at times fatuous, and they have not lasted, but this does not affect the vanguard status of the movements themselves. Douglas Huebler, for example, is a Conceptualist who imagines that he can accomplish a near-perfect disappearance of art through works made up of varieties of informational data. He does not wish to create art objects, he insists; he wishes, instead, to "state the existence of things in terms of time and/or place." We need not enter into the question of whether existence can be "stated" by the arrangements of photographs, films, maps, and verbal assertions—i.e., the data—that constitute Huebler's "pieces." The rationale for his advancement of art is supplied by Lucy Lippard, an art-historian-critic, whose devotion to avant-gardes of every kind is unwavering. In an article in last December's *Art News*, "Douglas Huebler: Everything About Everything," she expounds Huebler's achievement in abandoning the "physical forms" of art, all of which—even the most recent, such as shaped canvases and sculpture without pedestals—she finds "uninteresting in themselves." It is hard to say whether she is more bored by art or excited by the prospect of its moving ahead. In any case, the assemblages of everyday fact with which Huebler replaces art can, she contends, "have all the aesthetic tension which good art must have in order to provoke and then satisfy its maker and its audience." There is no explanation of how she could have learned what "good art must have" if she did not learn it from art manifested in physical forms. But the point of her analysis is that the essence of art—what

she terms "aesthetic form"—can be conveyed through data that are not modified by any formal principle; if this is the case, art has become, to recall the expression featured at Documenta, "superfluous." Nor is it necessary that Huebler's manner of documentation be correct, or even make sense, since "one of the most impressive aspects of [his] work," she comments graciously, "is the freedom with which it operates, often independently of the artist." In Lippard's notion of an "aesthetic form" that exists within the spectator in total independence of works of art, the celebrated lists of what art is not (not self-expression, not a copy of nature, not decoration) promulgated by the late Ad Reinhardt culminate in the conclusion that art is not anything. In its place appear works whose medium is reality.

In art, "reality" is a political term, a fighting word: in the process of attacking art as they found it, almost all the art movements of this century raised the banner of "New Realism." Lippard-Huebler's displacement of art by reality must be construed to have agitational objectives in regard not only to art but to society as well. In the United States, revolts are directed mainly against specific situations, rarely against the social structure as a whole. In art, these situations are the gallery system, the techniques of career building, the role of the museums, and so on. The aim of the reality-versus-art vanguard is to liberate the profession of art from the procedures that currently dominate it. The philosophy of extinguishing the art object (or the object as art) represents the conviction that current methods of production and distribution in art ought to be transformed *in toto*. Lippard exposes the social target of current avant-gardist theory when she concludes her exposition



of Huebler's (anti-) aesthetics of data and media with a diatribe against the art audience—"five hundred artists and twenty curators and ten critics." In her view, Huebler has transcended the cliché-ridden realm of the art professionals by resorting to the stuff of news and social surveys, which is accessible to everybody "without middle people" (though she is aware that few are likely to find it accessible as art). The clincher in her endorsement of Huebler's avant-gardism is that he lives outside New York and has executed

his pieces "in small communities and small schools."

Thus, Lippard-Huebler represent a particular kind of continuation of the avant-garde tradition of aesthetic negation and social revolt. I find this fact more interesting than Huebler's ideas and creations.

LIPPARD's "Everything About Everything" is paralleled by "The New Avant-Garde: Issues for the Art of the Seventies" (Praeger), by Grégoire Müller, editor of *Arts* and, like her, an uncompromising reality-versus-art advocate. Müller holds back from the abyss of the Conceptualists, where reality has melted into varieties of data about reality: he wants a work to consist of something physically there. But the thing must be a thing, not art; he is as firm as she is in demanding the exclusion of the art object. Painting is dismissed out of hand, on the ground that the space in a picture is a space conceived by art and subject to its conventions, not the actual space occupied by ordinary objects. And Müller rejects sculpture, too, insofar as it consists of material turned into figures or signs. But since a sculpture is a three-dimensional entity, like things in the world, he consents to redefine "sculpture" as the medium of the new vanguardists who work directly on the physical environment.

There is no disputing the radicalism of Müller's approach. If, in demanding that a work possess physical existence, he seems less extreme than Lippard, he goes beyond her by renouncing "aesthetic form" in any sense, whether it is attached to objects or is free-floating within the observer. For him, all aesthetic traditions have become irrelevant; works are to be dealt with directly "in terms of experience." The new work is historical, as opposed to "art-historical"—which is a way of saying that it is an event, not a thing made to satisfy criteria of taste. Art must change fundamentally, Müller contends, in order "to compete with a power like Las Vegas," which reminds me of E. E. Cummings' saying that poetry in our time competes with elephants and locomotives. He is consistent with this view when he declares that he chose the works in "The New Avant-Garde" on the basis not of their quality but of their radicalism—radical, that is (since no social or political criteria are mentioned), only in discarding painting and sculpture in favor of "actual physical presence of the work in time and in space."

The dozen artists (Huebler is not



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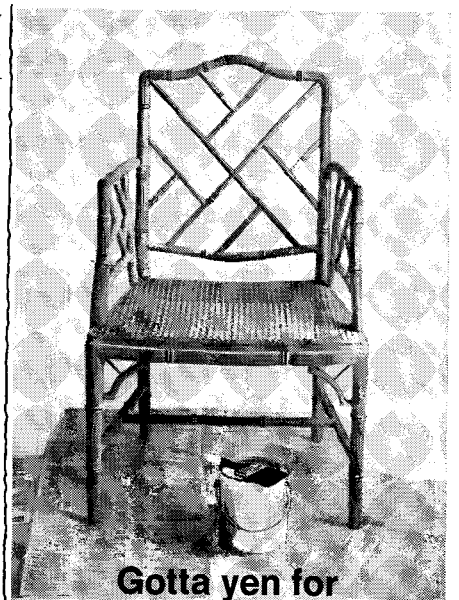
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included) presented in "The New Avant-Garde" have been familiar in New York for at least five years—with the exception of the German activist Joseph Beuys, a first survey in the United States of whose drawings and "performances" was recently at the Feldman Gallery. Among Müller's pacesetters are such museum and gallery favorites as Dan Flavin, Robert Morris, Carl Andre, Walter De Maria, and Michael Heizer—Environmentalists, Earth artists, Anti-Form artists, Process artists. Both the artists and the movements they represent have been discussed at length in the art press, and this is not the place to go into their individual qualities. Having brought his artists together as the avant-garde, Müller in effect denies that they are an avant-garde, except insofar as they embody his idea of art-in-the-real; not one of them, he insists, belongs to any particular school or has any stylistic or ideological relation to the others. More important, Müller destroys even the possibility of an avant-garde by announcing the disappearance of the art context, which is the sole measure of an advanced position. His vanguardism is another instance—together with Documenta, *Opus*, and Lippard—of theory's charging ahead of the works available to it. Despite the subtitle of Müller's book, the artists he has chosen present no "issues for the art of the seventies," because those issues have been resolved once and for all by Müller; the art-versus-reality debate has been closed, and no further attention is to be paid to objects that belong to "the realm of artificial space."

Yet beneath the vanguard metaphysics that has won its final victory there remains the real issue for art in this decade: the relation of art to society and to the way art shall be practiced. In the absence of an avant-garde, the professional routines take over, and art becomes an amalgam of petty crafts. In de-arting art, Lippard and Müller reflect the widely felt need to activate art outside the art profession as it is at present constituted—a need intensified periodically by revolution at big-money promotions and behind-the-scenes museum and gallery deals. Unfortunately, Lippard's and Müller's escape into reality can take place only in theory. In practice, reality-art is no more effective than art-art in removing art from the art world. An artist such as Smithson builds in glamorous solitude (under the eye of the helicopter's camera, naturally) his "Spiral Jetty" in Great Salt Lake, but he fights in art magazines and on lecture



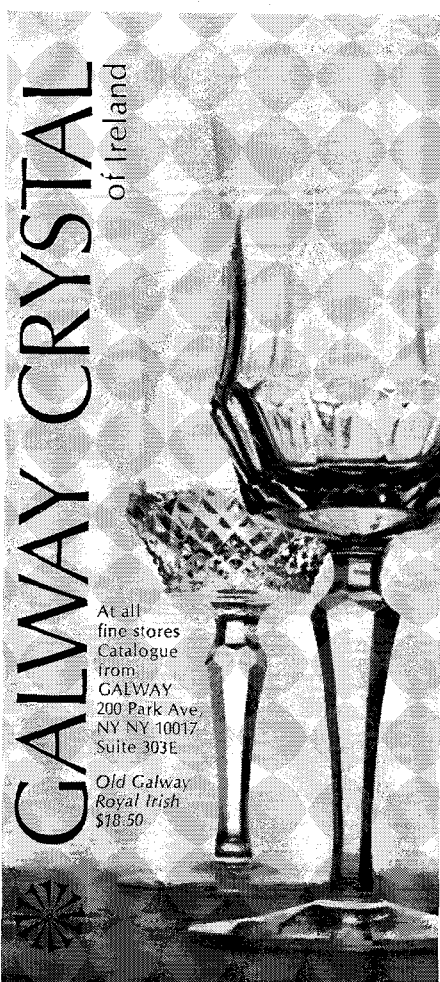
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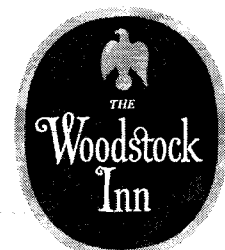
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platforms in behalf of his reputation as an avant-garde artist. Lippard sums up the matter effectively when she writes that "for obvious reasons, Conceptual art [has] succeeded no better than anything else in subverting the commodity cover that is stifling current art." In its inability to prevent the disappearance of creative exchanges among artists, vanguardism resorts to making theoretical challenges to art. Absurd triumphs are claimed in the overeagerness to prove that genuine gains have been made, as when Müller explains that "these artists have altered real space in such a way that the spectator literally bumps into pure ideas." Inasmuch as artists are apparently deprived for the present of the possibility of effecting social and cultural change, the avant-garde tradition has become the domain of the art-historian-critic. But if being an anti-art artist is difficult, being an anti-art art historian is a hard position indeed. His doctrinal revolutionism brings forth nothing new in art but reenacts upheavals on the symbolic plane of language. It provides the consoling belief that overthrows are occurring as in the past, that barriers to creation are being surmounted, and that art is pursuing a radical purpose, even if it is only the purpose of doing away with itself.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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An Encyclopedic Heroine

BELLINI's "Norma" was composed for a special occasion—the debut at La Scala, in December, 1831, of Giuditta Pasta. She was already celebrated, and at a smaller Milanese theatre had recently won a triumph in Bellini's previous opera, "La Sonnambula," but for some reason she had not yet sung at La Scala.

Felice Romani, Bellini's regular collaborator, chose as the basis of his libretto a play by Alexandre Soumet which had just been given with success in Paris. It provided a tremendous role for the heroine. Soumet related with pride how his leading lady, Mlle. George, had "run the whole gamut of passions that can be contained in the female heart," and had been, in turn, Niobe, Lady Macbeth, and Velléda (the heroine of Chateaubriand's "Les Martyrs") before rising, in the final act, to "heights of inspiration that can perhaps never be reproduced." With justice, Bellini told his leading lady that she would find she had a role suited to her "encyclopedic character." Bellini's and Romani's Norma remains one of the most demanding parts in opera, both vocally and dramatically. It calls for power; grace in slow cantilena; pure, fluent coloratura; stamina; tones both tender and violent; force and intensity of verbal declamation; and a commanding stage presence. Only a soprano who has all these things can sustain the role. There have not been many such sopranos. The critics of the nineteenth century delighted to describe and compare the fine points of the performances by Pasta, Giulia Grisi, Malibran, Adelaide Kemble, and, later, Lilli Lehmann. The Germans even acclaimed Jenny Lind's Norma as "maidenly"—which, as the English critic Henry Chorley remarked, was "praise original, to say the least of it, when the well-known story is remembered." Chorley liked Grisi, who had originally played Adalgisa to Pasta's Norma. Grisi's performance of the title role was modelled on Pasta's but was "perhaps, in some points, an improvement on the model, because there was more of animal passion in it," wrote Chorley. "There was in it the wild ferocity of the tigress, but a certain frantic charm therewith which carried away the listener." Lilli Lehmann, whose Norma

won a eulogy from Hanslick, introduced the opera to the Metropolitan, in 1890. Rosa Ponselle sang it there from 1927 to 1931, Zinka Milanov between 1943 and 1945, and again in 1954. Maria Callas made her Metropolitan debut as Norma, in 1956. The current Metropolitan production dates from 1970, when Joan Sutherland (who in London twenty years ago played Clotilde, the handmaiden, to Callas's Norma) was its heroine. Now the part is being taken by Montserrat Caballé.



Mme. Caballé first sang Norma in Barcelona three years ago. On the opening night, according to reports of the event, she charged her tones with dark, dramatic colors, as if in emulation of Callas's famous interpretation, but then on the second night essayed quite another rendering, in clear, limpid timbres. I can believe it, now that I have heard in quick succession two such different vocalizations of the role as Mme. Caballé's on the R.C.A. recording of the opera and Mme. Caballé's at the Metropolitan last week. The recording, just published, was made in London last summer. The soprano put in a busy studio stint that also included Liù in Puccini's "Turandot," Mathilde in Rossini's "William Tell," and the title role of Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco," so it is perhaps not surprising that her recorded Norma lacks dramatic intensity and vividness of detail. Of Pasta it was said that with three notes she could stir an audience to the depths of its being. Callas could do the same when she uttered the three notes of "Si, Norma," upon confronting her betrayer in the final scene, or of "Io stessa," while confessing her guilt and gently drawing the priestess's garland from her brow. At these points in the recorded performance, Mme. Caballé disappoints us, but she sings the role with a full, clear voice, generous, flexible, powerful in climaxes, and affecting when it is fined down to a gentle thread of exquisite sound. At the Metropolitan, on the other hand, she used, too consistently, her darkest, most resinous and bitter tones. She gave a more emotional performance, but one that fell less gratefully on the ear. It sounded as if she had been studying the Callas recordings. Moreover, it looked as if she might have been influenced by

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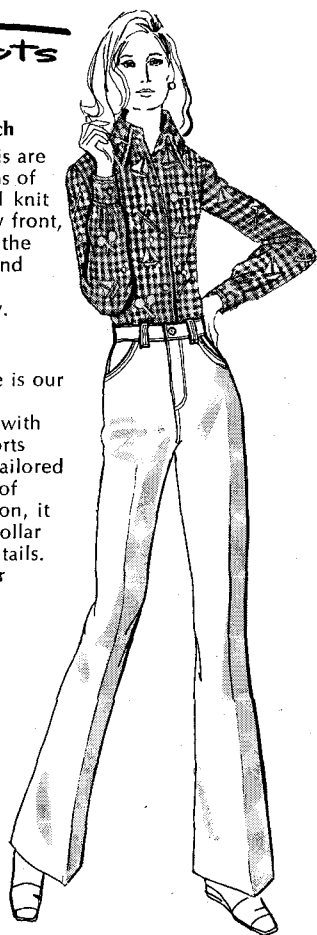
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those photographs of Callas as Norma, with arms extended and hands held high. Last December, Mme. Caballé was doing the part at La Scala, in a new production by Mauro Bolognini, and she comes to New York with an assured theatrical command of its phrases, and complete stage aplomb. She made a superb entrance. Throughout the evening, she looked magnificent and moved with unaffected dignity. Her flashing eyes and aquiline profile created a noble portrait of the high-mettled priestess. There was nothing tentative about either the singing (despite some moments of pitch trouble in the first act) or the acting. But much of the time it was a generalized grandeur of manner that she offered. She maintained scarce-varied tones of grief, or anger. The utterance of individual phrases still lacked that specifcness which Callas has taught us to expect. The most moving passages were the solo verse of the duet "Mira, o Norma" and the long recitative that introduces the final scene. There the darkness cleared from the timbre; the phrases were limpid, delicately shaped, and sounded with the utmost beauty of tone. Several fast episodes she took too fast for the music to have much meaning. Vocally, she has just about everything a Norma needs. When she combines her "clear" and her darkly dramatic approaches into one properly "encyclopedic" portrayal, she should be tremendous.

Adalgisa, a soprano role, has long been appropriated by heavy mezzos. It was taken here—as on the R.C.A. records and in the new Scala production—by Fiorenza Cossotto. The two ladies played together in masterly fashion. They sang together rather less well, since Miss Cossotto's tone spreads under pressure and the run of thirds could not be precisely tuned. For the first time in my experience, Adalgisa looked younger and prettier than Norma, as the story requires; her kittenish charm contrasted well with the chief priestess's severe, grief-clouded beauty. Miss Cossotto was less monotonously loud than in the recording, and more various in her phrasing, but one vulgar trick she retained. The first note of the phrase "Io l'obbliai" (when Adalgisa tells Pollione, before their duet, that she has forgotten their love), a high A, was marked by the composer to be sung "con messa di voce assai lunga;" Miss Cossotto delivered it without messa di voce (a swelling and then diminishing of the tone) and as a tuned scream, *tutta forza*. John Alexander (stepping in for an ill Carlo Cossutta) made a dull, reliable Pollione;

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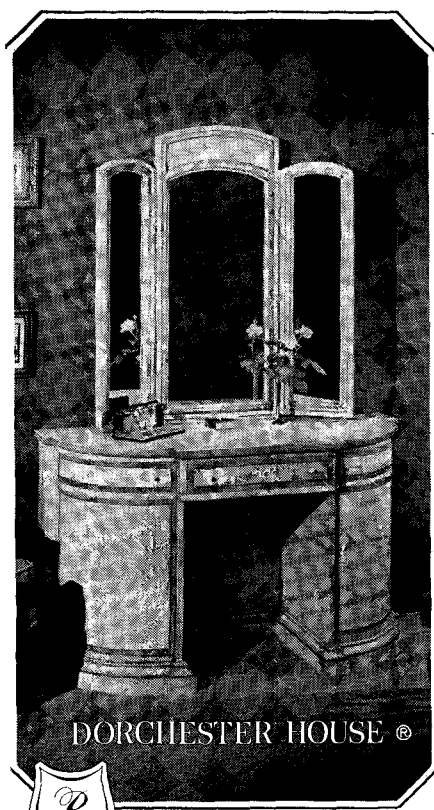
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"Norma," a late and admirable example of *opera seria*, is worth treating as more than an exercise in vocal connoisseurship. The Metropolitan version is handsomely staged by Paul-Emile Deiber, with impressive choral assemblies. Norma's children need quieting down; they play hide-and-seek and pat-a-cake, stealing attention during some of their mother's most poignant phrases. Desmond Heeley's rocks and menhirs build into imposing scenes—though his failure to provide any *querce antiche* forces Norma to scoop the air with her sickle and produce mistletoe as if by a conjuring trick. Rudolph Kuntner's lighting is picturesque and carefully executed, if too constantly nocturnal. Visually, the opera was treated with due seriousness. But Carlo Felice Cillario was an unworthy conductor, who handled the score in a superficial fashion. The first finale was heavily cut. The "Guerra!" chorus retained its beautiful *maggiore* close—reminiscent of the "Pastoral Symphony"—which is often omitted, but Mme. Caballé sang neither the fierce cries that should propel it nor the swelling arpeggio that should rise (like Leonora's at the close of "La Vergine degli angeli," in "La Forza del Destino") through the closing bars. An intrusive interval interrupted the progress of Act II.

MAHLER's Sixth Symphony, a work once rarely encountered (in my young days I crossed the North Sea to catch it), has been played six times in New York this season: four times by the Philharmonic, under Boulez, and since then by the Cleveland Orchestra, under Claudio Abbado, in Carnegie Hall, and by the Boston Symphony, under James Levine, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Abbado had already shown his considerable merits as a Mahlerian, conducting the Second Symphony with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall earlier this year. Of the Sixth he gave a warmer, more picturesque and emotional account than Boulez' yet one that was equally well controlled in point of form. The Cleveland Orchestra is as excellent as ever—sterling tone in every department, uncommonly true tuning, no striving for glamour, no screaminess or stridency in climaxes, and plenty of disciplined energy. The Boston players, under Mr. Levine, proved less distinguished, less poised, and less accurate. The brasses tended to glare; the solo flute at the close of the Andante wob-

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bled too generously. Mr. Levine cut the repeat of the first movement, which spoiled its shape, and in general he missed that inevitable-seeming relationship of one tempo to the next within movements which made both Mr. Boulez' and Mr. Abbado's readings flow so coherently.

THE Dance Theatre of Harlem, a black classical company, made a fine impression when it appeared earlier this month at the Klitgord Center, in Brooklyn, as a part of the New York City Community College's Festival of the Arts. Within a few years, Arthur Mitchell and Karel Shook have produced a troupe worth watching—a troupe with a style and character of its own—and in Lydia Abarca it has a long-limbed, fluent ballerina whose carriage, placing, and precision of musical accent suggest that she was born to dance Balanchine. The Dance Theatre's account of Balanchine's "Agon" is bouncier than the City Ballet's; the dancers convey a sense of conscious delight in having conquered such difficulties, which is captivating in its way. In his "Holberg Suite," a classical divertissement, and "Rhythmetron," a classical "Sacre" with ethnic accents, Mr. Mitchell shows himself a skillful and resourceful choreographer; his inventions stretch the dancers, but not beyond the limits of their technique.

—ANDREW PORTER

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THIS ORAL ROBERTS had a TV program last Easter, and because Harve Presnell was a guest on the program, I tuned in.

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LETTER FROM VIETNAM

WHETHER the unwinnable Vietnam war will become the unwinnable Vietnam peace may be determined in the next two months. By the end of that time, the various complex, fragile mechanisms for supervising and guaranteeing the end of hostilities should have been fairly well tested and the long-range intentions of the conflicting parties and of the concerned major powers should be clarified. So far, amid considerable fighting for control of several hundred hamlets and villages during the past three weeks, the peace-keeping organizations created under the cease-fire agreement signed in Paris on January 27th have at least begun to assemble and to discuss their operating procedures, though more slowly and more rancorously than was anticipated in Paris. Preliminary consultations have begun between the opposing South Vietnamese elements, Communist and anti-Communist, to create a National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, whose principal function will be to determine what sort of "free and democratic general elections" are to be held—a thorny problem indeed. An international conference of all the major powers is scheduled to convene in Paris on February 26th, and one can only hope that its purpose—to guarantee the

peace in Indo-China—will be better fulfilled than the same purpose was in Geneva in 1954. Finally, Dr. Henry Kissinger, that one-man diplomatic perpetual-motion machine, has spent several days in Hanoi, with the stated broad aim of advancing relations with the North Vietnamese from "normalization to conciliation and coöperation," and has moved on to Peking. In a television interview on February 1st, Kissinger said, "It seems to us not inconceivable that if we can coexist with Peking we can coexist with Hanoi." The first steps toward coexistence with Hanoi have now been taken, with Dr. Kissinger and North Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong drawing up plans for a joint economic commission to work on future aid and reconstruction.

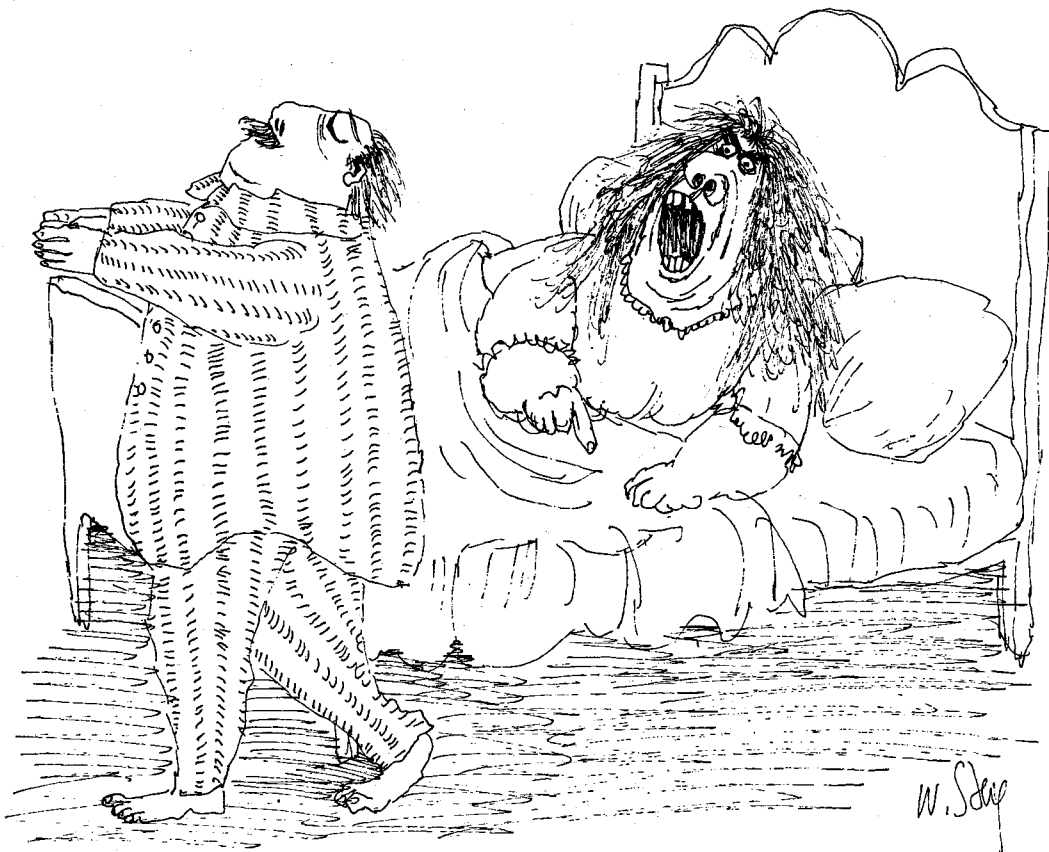
Subsequently, much will obviously depend on what Kissinger defined in the TV interview as "the extent of the challenge . . . the nature of the threat" of renewed major fighting in Vietnam. In that interview, he said he did not foresee such renewed fighting for "a year or two," during which he envisaged the various Vietnamese factions as able to keep their frictions and hostilities under reasonable control, but he also insisted that "we have the right," if the situation should again get out of hand, to reintroduce American air power based

in Thailand into South Vietnam—and presumably into Laos after a cease-fire there. Although Kissinger emphasized that "we did not end this war in order to look for an excuse to reënter it," the future use of American fighters and bombers in Laos appears to be a strong possibility in view of the Vientiane government's deteriorating position over the last two months and the fact that the Laotian Air Force is virtually nonexistent.

In Hanoi, Dr. Kissinger sought to convince the North Vietnamese that the United States fully intends to abide by the accords and by its promise to help rebuild their shattered country. While pledging to adhere to the settlement, Hanoi has pointedly defined it in more dialectical terms as "a new weapon in our hands," adding, with calculated skepticism, that the situation is "still full of difficulties and complications." The South Vietnamese government has been even more blatantly skeptical, if not downright bellicose—though its attitude by no means reflects that of the common people of South Vietnam. Before the cease-fire was signed, President Nguyen Van Thieu, in an address to government cadres, predicted that the control apparatus would be "incompetent and inefficient," adding that his own government troops were the best guarantors of the peace. He told the cadres, "If the Communists come to your areas, shoot them in their heads."

The job of keeping Thieu's feathers smoothed will be a continuing and touchy one for the Americans, and tangible signs of coöperation between Hanoi and Washington on economic aid are bound to irritate him even further. The task of mollifying him has fallen mainly to William H. Sullivan, former Ambassador to Laos and now Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, who left for Saigon after having visited Hanoi with Kissinger.

In a speech on February 3rd, Thieu warned his countrymen of "perfidious schemes and tricks" that the Communists might adopt "to sow disturbances, disrupt public order and security, and sabotage the compatriots' daily life." While all this may well happen—in fact, the Communists consider such disruptive activities to be part of their forthcoming "po-



litical struggle tactics"—much of what has been said so far can be construed as the inevitable rhetoric of continued mutual mistrust. Needless to say, it does not make the keeping of the peace any easier, as was demonstrated late last week when the North Vietnamese members of the four-party Joint Military Commission—made up of officers from the United States, South Vietnam, North Vietnam, and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam—one of the two major bodies designated to police the peace, were pelted with stones upon their arrival in the Central Highlands city of Ban Me Thuot, forcing further delays in the deployment of the Commission's teams.

More such incidents are bound to take place during the shakedown period of the next couple of months, and if they happen too often the whole complicated machinery will collapse. For the moment, however, the feelings here are about equally divided between optimism and pessimism. As for Laos and Cambodia, whose futures remain inseparable from Vietnam's, both Chinese Premier Chou En-lai and a high-ranking American diplomat, in recent separate conversations with two other diplomats, suggested Balkanization as a desirable objective for all of Indo-China. This seems a dubious idea, but it may be the only feasible one for the moment. Both Laos and Vietnam, after all these years of ineffectual American involvement, are in some respects Balkanized already, and in Cambodia the crazy-quilt pattern of disorder, combined with the impossibility of any union among the many pro- and anti-Communist factions, seems to make an indefinite period of political chaos and sporadic fighting inevitable.

In Peking, Kissinger's main purpose will be to develop further the spirit of the Shanghai communiqué following President Nixon's visit to China last year, in which the United States promised to gradually remove its forces and military installations from Taiwan "as the tension in the area diminishes." The Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs picked up this theme when the Vietnam agreement was announced, pointing out that such action would be "conducive to the relaxation of tensions in Asia," and some action on the Taiwan issue seems forthcoming. Another purpose of Kissinger's Peking trip will be to improve the arrangements for trade relations with China. Just as important will be his efforts to obtain some pledge from the Chinese—and, subsequently, a similar pledge from the

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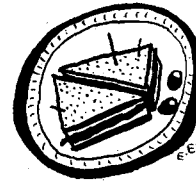


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Russians—to reduce the flow of military aid to North Vietnam. Since it is said on the best authority that the United States poured approximately a billion dollars' worth of military supplies into South Vietnam between the breakdown of the October negotiations and the signing of the peace agreement late in January—far more than the Russians and the Chinese together funneled into Hanoi—Kissinger may not find it easy to convince the two Communist powers that this is the time for everyone to refrain from going beyond the terms of the agreement, which specifies that used-up, worn-out, or lost equipment in South Vietnam may be replaced solely on an item-for-item basis, and leaves open the question of how much additional military aid can be sent to North Vietnam. In the main, however, the Kissinger trip, on the eve of the scheduled multi-nation Paris conference, must be construed as an effort to reduce Vietnam to a secondary issue among the powers, so that it will no longer interfere with the future discussion of more important subjects, such as arms reduction and the international monetary crisis.



catch even a glimpse of, let alone talk to, the Communists—who, in turn, seemed willing to be talked to, though on the rare occasions when they could be approached they were extremely careful about what they had to say. Alone among the members of the I.C.C.S., the Canadians (who, incidentally, have grave doubts about the success of the whole peace-keeping enterprise) were thoroughly determined to help the press. The Hungarians and the Indonesians, newcomers to this sort of scene, were also available and even affable, while the Poles—closer to the North Vietnamese ideologically, and, like the Canadians, more cautious as a result of earlier service on the old and ineffective International Control Commission set up by the 1954 Geneva agreements—were more tight-lipped. While skirmishes continued for control of hamlets before any of the I.C.C.S. or J.M.C. teams got into the field, correspondents competed to be the first to visit Vietcong villages, and when they got there they were well received by the Communists, who had been ordered to greet the foreign press warmly.

ONE people for whom Vietnam won't become a secondary issue are, of course, the Vietnamese. During the first ten days or so of the cease-fire period—when the members of the other major peace-keeping body set up in Paris, the International Commission of Control and Supervision, manned by Canada, Poland, Indonesia, and Hungary, arrived and sent their first regional teams around the country, and the North Vietnamese and lesser numbers of South Vietnamese Communist members of the Joint Military Commission also arrived—I almost had the feeling that Vietnam would inescapably remain in the center of the world stage. Certainly hundreds of members of the international press, including scores of Japanese correspondents, were willing, if frequently bewildered, participants in one of the strangest non-endings of a non-declared war in history. Many of us, after having to take refuge in roadside ditches as sporadic firing went on, were detained by the South Vietnamese police and had our press cards confiscated for simply trying to reach the site of the first meetings of the Joint Military Commission, at Tan Son Nhut Airport, in Saigon. Despite what the agreement says about freedom of the press, the South Vietnamese were often stiffly unwilling to have any of us

IN general, the Communists were far better prepared—after the cease-fire as well as long before—not only to deal with the press but also to propagandize and proselytize the population. As soon as the agreement was signed, they began twenty-four-hour-a-day broadcasts of all its terms, stressing the “glorious victory” it represented, and they blended with these announcements a careful combination of blandishments and warnings, all in a low key—in contrast to the raucous and recriminatory tone that the South was using. The Hanoi and Liberation Radios steadily repeated a year-old offer of future amnesty to all South Vietnamese government workers, including soldiers, whose conduct was such that the Communists did not classify them as “tyrants,” and an invitation to join in working toward reconciliation and concord. At the same time, they stressed another theme, declaring, for instance, “You and your compatriots in all walks of life cannot help wondering whether peace will last long and whether you and your relatives will still have to live a precarious and shameful life and serve as cannon fodder for the reactionary and imperialist forces. Your worries are well founded.” There were equally frequent exhortations to “rid yourselves of all

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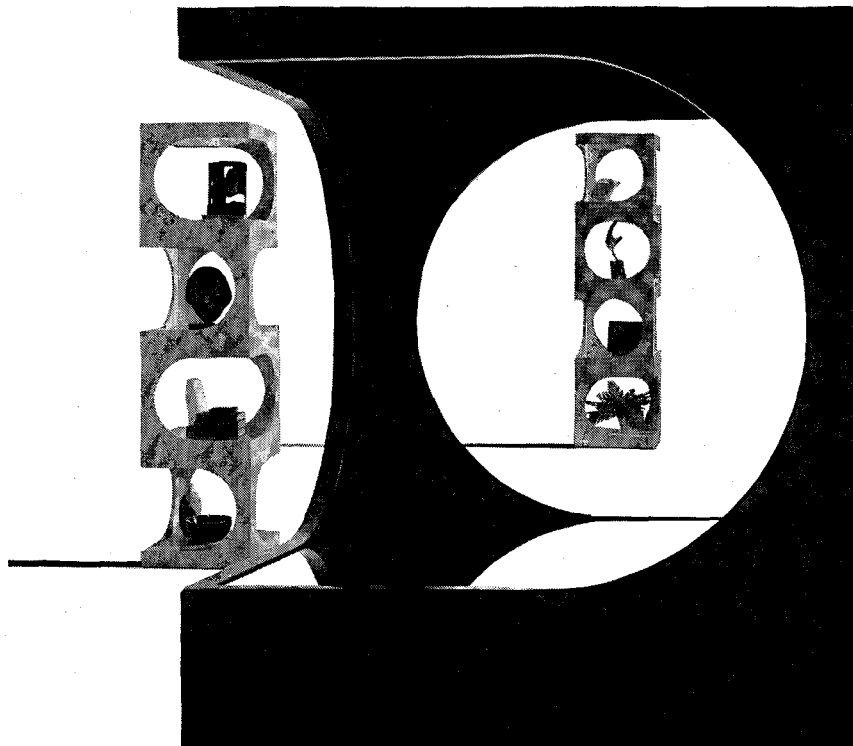
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hatreds... refuse to carry out the U.S.-Thieu order to launch mopping-up operations against compatriots... return to your families, villages, and hamlets... lift up your heads with the pride of being sons of heroic Vietnam in the glorious Ho Chi Minh era."

Ever since 1966, the most important Communist slogan, constantly repeated in both the South and the North, has been "Fight Until the Americans Go, Fight Until the Puppets Fall." This is still the Communists' basic approach, and now that the Americans are leaving, their main effort is directed at overthrowing the Thieu regime by undermining it politically, with supplementary use of terror, assassination, and whatever degree of fighting is regarded as necessary to strengthen the Communist position in the countryside while Saigon and the other main cities are left to rot away economically and politically. As soon as the agreement was initialled in Paris, the Communists began moving quickly into new hamlets and establishing authority by raising Vietcong flags and setting up new revolutionary committees before representatives of any of the peace-keeping commissions could arrive. Thus, some hard bargaining may take place, trading one hamlet for another, but neither the government nor the Communists expect the I.C.C.S. or J.M.C. teams to come up with any neat formulas for producing orderly patterns of who controls what.

In the new resolutions and directives the Communists are now distributing, reference is frequently made to a "sixty-day truce," during which the "armed struggle" will be relegated to a secondary position, while the possibility of renewed fighting on a larger scale will remain. (By the same token, Thieu has indicated that he has signed a "cease-fire agreement" rather than a "peace accord.") In this interim period, though the revolutionary cadres in the South have been told that they are on their own and will have to fend for and feed themselves, they have also been ordered to recruit new "secret guerrillas" to "eliminate those who are obstinate and who suppress the uprisings of the people." According to information in Saigon, Hanoi has not disbanded the Central Office for South Vietnam (COSVN), which has all along run the war there both militarily and politically, but it has granted greater autonomy, for the time being, to its various revolutionary regions, which used to be predominantly military and will probably now become more politically oriented. In the days immediately



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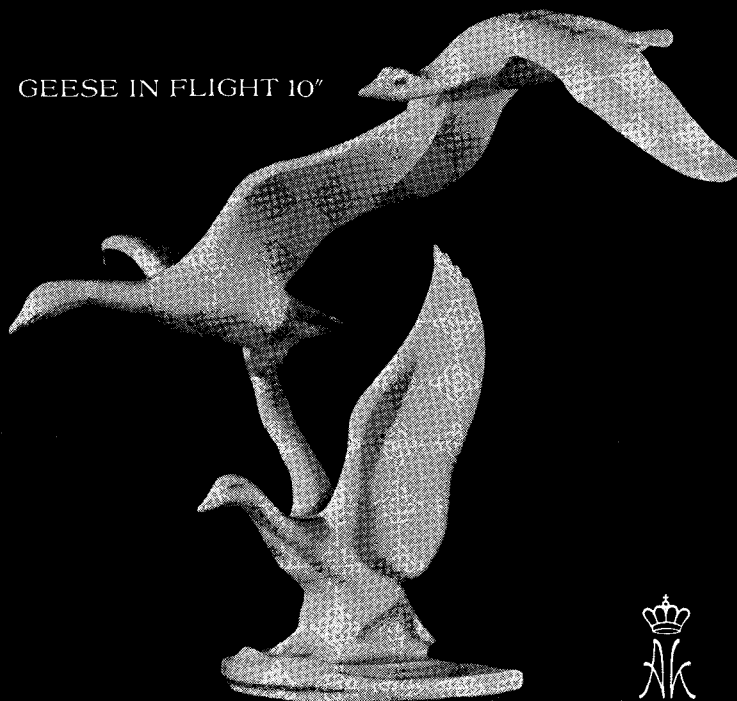
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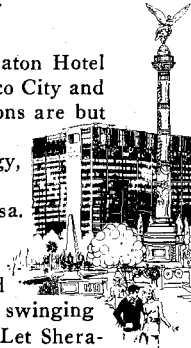

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before and after the cease-fire, the Communists made serious attempts to seize two important provincial capitals in the South—Tay Ninh, near the Cambodian border, and Phan Thiet, on the South China Sea coast—but failed in each case. For the moment, an "advance" COSVN headquarters seems to have been established at Ka Tum, a small jungle village in northeast Tay Ninh Province, about five miles from Cambodia. The main COSVN headquarters may still be in Kratie, Cambodia, where it has been for more than a year.

Loc Ninh, a town in Binh Long Province, north of Tay Ninh, which the Communists captured a year ago, may be the secret principal headquarters for both North Vietnamese and Provisional Revolutionary Government activity. The P.R.G. as such is still not recognized by Saigon—this being one of the points that Thieu won between October and January. Although thirty South Vietnamese Communist members of the Joint Military Commission who came to Saigon in American helicopters from Loc Ninh on February 1st openly referred to themselves as P.R.G. representatives, the agreement does not acknowledge them as such, and Thieu considers himself to be dealing with members of the old National Liberation Front, formed in 1960.

At any rate, it was no great surprise that the head of the Southern Communist delegation was Lieutenant General Tran Van Tra, a Southerner born in Quang Nam Province in 1918, who today is acting chief of COSVN, and whose experience has been consistently in the South. The chief of COSVN's military operations is Lieutenant General Hoang Van Thai, a Northerner by birth. Thai is an assistant to General Van Tien Dung, the chief of staff of the North Vietnamese Army (N.V.A.) and, after General Vo Nguyen Giap, the No. 1 Army man in the North. There has been a great deal of confusion about the use by the North Vietnamese of both real names and aliases in the South. To cite the most important example, the name Tran Nam Trung is an alias that has been used from time to time by several generals who have served as Minister of Defense in the P.R.G. Similarly, the name Vo Chi Cong has been used on occasion to designate various persons serving as the head of the People's Revolutionary Party, which is simply an adjunct of the Laodong (Workers'), or Communist, Party in the North.

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self seem significant, but it will become more important as the latest revolutionary phase in the South evolves in the months to come. In addition, it is important as it affects the continued presence of N.V.A. troops. In his January 24th press conference, in Washington, Dr. Kissinger made it clear that although President Thieu won a number of concessions between October and January, there had been no formal agreement by Hanoi to remove its estimated hundred and forty-five thousand troops from the South. (Thieu still claims that the figure is closer to three hundred thousand.) Thieu continues to protest the presence of these forces, and has indicated that there will be no elections until they have left. Kissinger, in the same press conference, said that "nothing in the agreement establishes the right of North Vietnamese troops to be in the South," and that "if this agreement is implemented the North Vietnamese troops in the South should, over a period of time, be subject to considerable reduction." Furthermore, he said, the clarification of the status of the D.M.Z. as a temporary but firm military barrier, with political connotations defining South Vietnam's sovereignty, precludes the re-infiltration of North Vietnamese forces across it—just as "all foreign forces," meaning American and Thai as well as North Vietnamese, are supposed to withdraw from both Laos and Cambodia.

It seems likely that Kissinger raised the issue of the troops during his Hanoi visit, but unlikely that he has been able to achieve more there than he had at the marathon secret sessions in Paris, where tacit agreement on some withdrawals may have been reached—or that he could now persuade the North Vietnamese to demobilize and openly withdraw any substantial number of troops unless the South Vietnamese made still larger reductions in their own forces, which total more than a million. On other grounds, too, it is highly improbable that the North Vietnamese will be willing to move quickly to reduce their armed strength. The Vietcong are currently so weak that they have had to be interlarded and reinforced by North Vietnamese soldiers, and so will the Communist Pathet Lao troops in Laos. Only when the revolution in the South is being won politically will the majority of N.V.A. troops return to the North, despite the fact that many undoubtedly don't like the idea of staying here indefinitely. Moscow and Peking

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might alter this situation if Kissinger can persuade both to make sizable reductions in their military aid to Hanoi, but this will not be easy, particularly in view of Chinese and Russian suspicions of each other's motives in Southeast Asia. The best one can hope for is that Washington, Moscow, and Peking will collectively pledge, in general terms, to enforce an Indo-China peace this time.

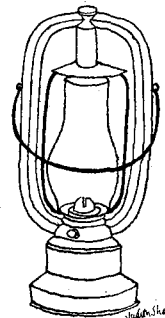
DURING the first days of the cease-fire, the supposed winding down of the war was far from apparent. At eight o'clock on the morning of January 28th, the moment the cease-fire officially went into effect, I was in a car with a couple of other correspondents near the town of Trang Bang, on the way to Tay Ninh along Route 1, listening to an announcer on the United States armed-forces radio station in Saigon read President Nixon's peace proclamation. Just as he had read the words hailing "the beginning of a new era of world peace and understanding for all mankind" and calling on all Americans to "observe this moment with appropriate ceremonies and activities," the first of twenty-six five-hundred-pound bombs were dropped by South Vietnamese fighter-bombers a hundred yards ahead of us, on and near the road, where a fire fight had been going on during the night between Communist and government troops. The fight continued for several hours, and we spent part of that time lying in a ditch to escape the cross fire of rifles, machine guns, and mortars.

That fight, which was typical of what was going on all over the country, was for control of the hamlet of Gia Loc, several hundred yards off the road. The Communists had seized the hamlet, and the government was determined to get it back and keep the road open. In the afternoon, I returned to the same place, and found that although the fighting had momentarily subsided, it was still unsafe to go on to Tay Ninh. A group of Saigon's Regional and Popular Force soldiers were guarding the spot, and they wanted to know when the cease-fire teams would be coming; the regular South Vietnamese forces had withdrawn, leaving matters in the hands of these territorial units, which weren't at all happy about it. In fact, it is to these units, and to the local self-defense forces in the hamlets, that the Communists are chiefly directing their reconciliation appeals—suggesting that the soldiers lay

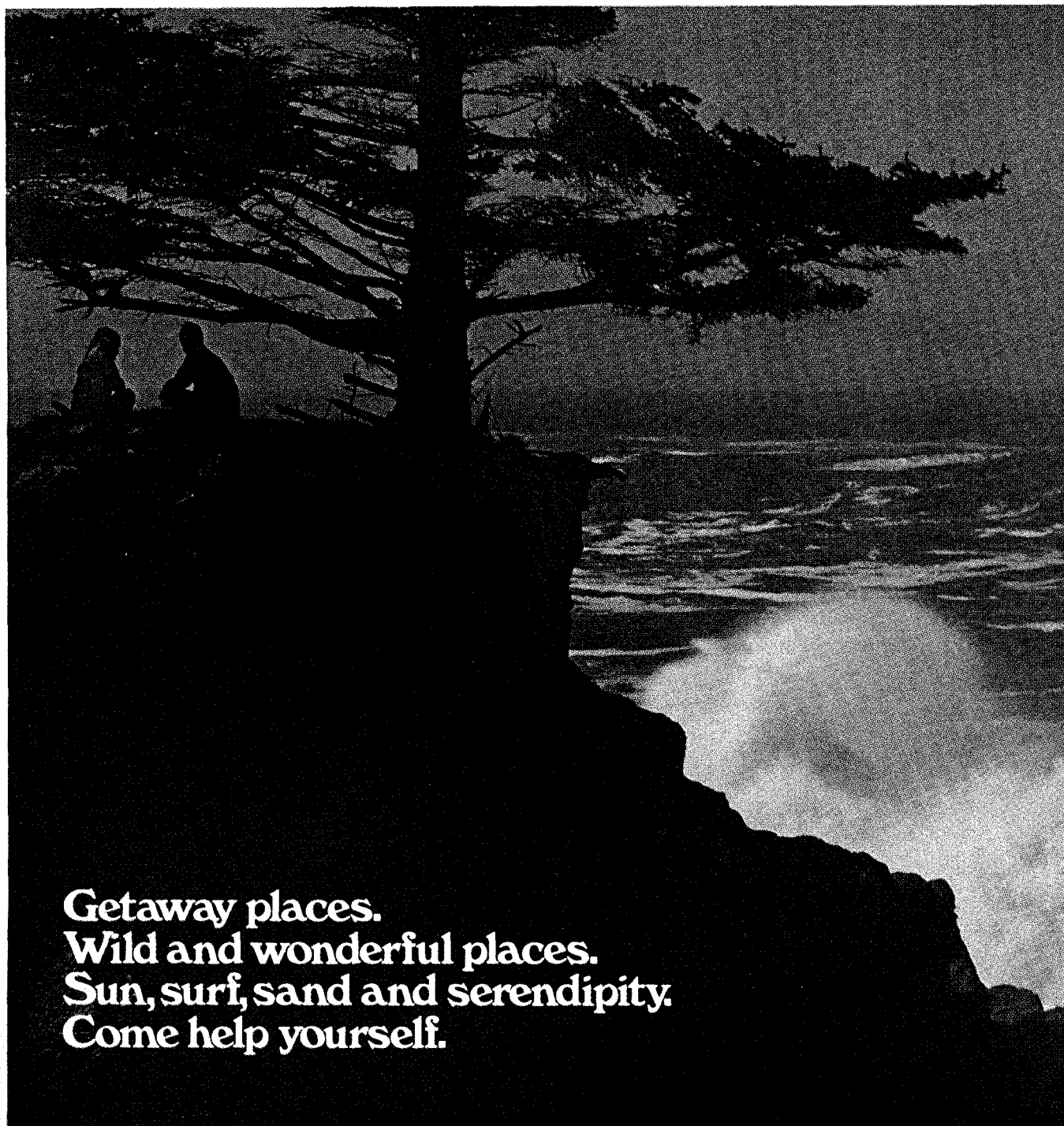
down their arms and return to their homes. Many of them will doubtless do just that in the weeks and months ahead, as a process of local accommodation, which has always seemed to me just about inevitable, unfolds. In this process, the government will be on the defensive, and the Communist appeals to the people to resume their old lives and reestablish their former village ties are likely to be increasingly effective—particularly when the onset of the rainy season, in May, and planting time, in June, will impel many rural people who have been refugees in the overpopulated cities to return to the countryside.

Several days after my experience on Route 1, and a day after the chiefs of the Joint Military Commission and the International Commission of Control and Supervision had met together for the first time, I travelled by car to My Tho, in the Mekong Delta, where one of the I.C.C.S. regional teams of twenty men—five from each of the four member nations—was arriving by bus to establish itself. The team, temporarily headed by an amiable Canadian colonel named Bob Screaton, was taking over all forty rooms and the restaurant of the Minh Canh Hotel, to the joy of the hotel manager and of the proprietors of neighboring bars and soup houses. Colonel Screaton and the other team members all seemed hopeful about getting started within a matter of days but somewhat confused about just what their roles would be.

Next, with the other correspondents, I rode a few miles north to Dong Tam, the headquarters formerly of the American 9th Division and now of the South Vietnamese 7th Division. Part of the barracks area was being taken over by a regional team of the Joint Military Commission. The American and South Vietnamese members were already there, and soon a flight of four American helicopters, specially marked with orange stripes, dropped onto the road and deposited



twenty sharp-looking North Vietnamese officers and noncoms, in dark-green uniforms with full insignia. The North Vietnamese kept to themselves and spoke to no one as they unloaded supplies and headed for their barracks. Not until the next day did the P.R.G. members of this team arrive, and there were delays of a week or more in getting some of the other teams completely assembled—mainly because special arrangements had to be made to bring most of the P.R.G. delegates by helicopter directly from their jungle hide-



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outs to their assigned locations. Unlike the North Vietnamese, the Southern Communists were reluctant to travel by way of Saigon.

THE I.C.C.S. and J.M.C. teams will work out of twenty-six designated places in the country in addition to the seven main regional ones, and the I.C.C.S. has also been assigned to between twelve and eighteen sites along the borders, the D.M.Z., and the coast, which are supposed to be the only points where replacements of military supplies that have been destroyed or worn out can be received by the government and Communist forces. A number of I.C.C.S. teams are assigned to the Saigon area to supervise the return of prisoners and for general duties. The relationship between the investigating teams of the J.M.C. and the I.C.C.S. is anything but clear. The J.M.C. is supposed to conduct preliminary investigations and refer disagreements to the I.C.C.S., but any of the four members of the J.M.C. can also simply request the I.C.C.S. to conduct investigations, and, moreover, the I.C.C.S. can go out on its own when it believes that it has, in the language of the protocol covering its functions, "adequate grounds for considering that there has been a violation" of the agreement. Just how all this will work out no one knows, including some commission members I talked with. The fact that both commissions are theoretically required to operate under the rule of unanimity, although the J.M.C. members can make those separate requests of the I.C.C.S., and the I.C.C.S. members have the right to file individual reports, will certainly not make things easier. Nor does it seem likely that the two commissions will

"closely cooperate with and assist each other," as the agreement stipulates. They are already getting in each other's hair. I was told that the I.C.C.S., if it is to have any success, will have to be more independent in the field than the protocols spell out. The trouble is that the members of both teams are dependent on establishing adequate liaison with the South Vietnamese government and the Communists for moving in and out of the more remote places, where the greatest number of violations are bound to occur. Moreover, after sixty days, the four-party Joint Military Commission is to surrender its functions to a two-party one, composed of the South Vietnamese government and the P.R.G., and then this situation is sure to become even more complicated and

difficult. Unless some sort of special mechanism is established by the international conference in Paris, to which the I.C.C.S. will be ultimately responsible, the whole peace-keeping machinery, it seems, will almost inevitably falter, whereupon the number of incidents and violations will increase beyond control, and a new phase of guerrilla warfare will begin even as official accommodation between the two sides continues. Conditions in South Vietnam will thus revert to practically what they were in 1954, at the end of the French Indo-China war—except that, with North Vietnamese troops still in the country, the Vietcong will be in a far stronger position than the old Vietminh were.

Under these circumstances, what are the chances of getting some sort of political process started soon enough to prevent or contain a fresh outbreak of serious hostilities? According to the peace agreement, the two South Vietnamese factions are supposed to "do their utmost" to establish the National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord within ninety days (that is, by April 28th), and this Council—composed of three equal segments, the third consisting of neutralist third-force elements selected by the other two—is to organize "free and democratic" elections and "decide the procedures and modalities of such local elections as the two South Vietnamese parties agree upon." President Thieu has made it clear that he wants a Presidential election; the Communists want local elections and elections for a new constituent assembly, both of which Thieu opposes. A stalemate might seem certain, and yet, for their own reasons, both the Saigon government and the Commu-



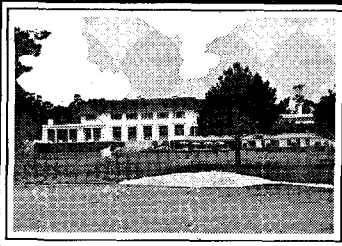
nists seem eager to meet, either in Paris or in Saigon, or in both places, and to engage in various levels of discussion. If Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, the Foreign Minister of the P.R.G., comes to Saigon to talk with Foreign Minister Tran Van Lam, the Communists will obviously have won a point of "recognition" from Thieu that he has not thus far been willing to grant. There is evidence, though, that the Americans have pressed him to accept such talks, because the cease-fire agreement resulted in his gaining sizable concessions on other matters—in fact, on the issue of the National Council itself, which is no longer referred to in the agreement as an "administrative structure," a term that Thieu objected to. The Communists, however, keep calling it that, and also still speak of "two

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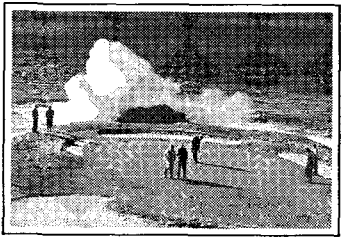


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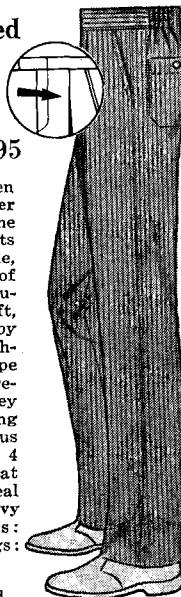
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armies and two administrations" in South Vietnam, implying an eventual coalition rule. Thieu recently indicated in a television interview that he would accept the Communists in a coalition after a Presidential election—which he feels sure of winning—but not before. Where he once spoke of resigning a month before an election and then running again, he now says he will quit only if the Army wants him to.

In pressing for the start of political talks, the Communists, being better organized than the other side, will undoubtedly try to broaden their negotiating base by choosing the more influential third-force elements, including Paris exiles and some anti-government intellectuals who are still in Thieu's jails as political prisoners—for political prisoners are supposed to be released over a three-month period. For example, the P.R.G. might conceivably nominate as one of its third-force candidates former Representative Tran Ngoc Chau, whom Thieu jailed for allegedly plotting with his brother, Tran Ngoc Hien, an avowed Communist, to promote peace. Chau might well refuse the nomination, but Thieu would find it difficult to delay his release, especially if he should try to stall on the general issue of releasing political prisoners by maintaining that most of them are not political prisoners but ordinary criminals. In any event, the issue of political prisoners remains an extremely thorny one, and could interfere with the whole projected election process.

THIEU has taken some belated steps in the last few weeks to meet what he now recognizes as the need to create a much broader spectrum of non-Communist political support if he is to survive in the knockdown political contest ahead. He recently held two meetings with religious and political leaders at the palace in Saigon, and during these for the first time he openly elicited opposition views. He has also designated Nguyen Luu Vien, a Deputy Prime Minister, to get in touch with various political groups and individuals, including opposition leaders, with the aim of forming a "national solidarity front" to meet with the Communists at the National Council level. Efforts to form such "movements" and "fronts" have been started before and have failed, chiefly because Thieu himself torpedoed them. Now he seems more amenable to giving others a voice, but he may never be able to make up for the time he has wasted since October. It remains to be seen whether such



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leading opposition figures as the former Chief of State General Duong Van Minh, let alone those nationalists who have long been quiet because of fear or dislike of Thieu, will now rally behind the Second Republic he heads, or whether, in the classic French-Vietnamese sense, they will remain *attentistes*—"waiting ones"—and stay in the background to see how the wind blows.

The odd thing is that, one way or another, everyone in Vietnam, not only the Vietnamese, is an *attentiste* today. The tired Americans, including fifty-odd Foreign Service Vietnamese-language experts who served here earlier and are now returning for new six-month tours of duty, are waiting and hoping that they can somehow brighten the tarnished American image. The members of the I.C.C.S. are also waiting, with varying degrees of skepticism, to see if they will have any useful roles to play. The foreign diplomatic and business communities, particularly the Japanese, are biding their time until it can be determined whether Vietnam will be worth their interest and investment. Meanwhile, Saigon is buzzing with activity. Though the nearby roads are still unsafe, downtown signs advertise tourist trips. The bar girls smell at least a little fresh blood as the foreign truce teams move in, and the terrace of the Continental Hotel teems with customers and whores and mere sightseers from five in the afternoon until just before eleven—curfew time. Everyone has something he wants to buy or sell. The spirit has even infected the incoming Communist delegates. A North Vietnamese functionary, it was learned, enthusiastically informed relatives in Hanoi that he had been assigned to temporary duty with the National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord in Saigon and would now have all the color film he wanted.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

FORMAT: Steve Allen's latest innovation, Meeting of Minds, presents an unusual combination of fact and fantasy. The program is in the form of a panel talk show, in which the viewer can watch historical characters come alive and speak their thoughts on subjects ranging from women's lib to law and order, from money to morals. Peter Lawford plays host to Queen Cleopatra of Egypt, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Theodore Roosevelt and Thomas Paine—played respectively by Jayne Meadows. —Program of the Hollywood Festival of World Television.

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U.S. JOURNAL: THE LOWER EAST SIDE

A SUNDAY-MORNING TALE

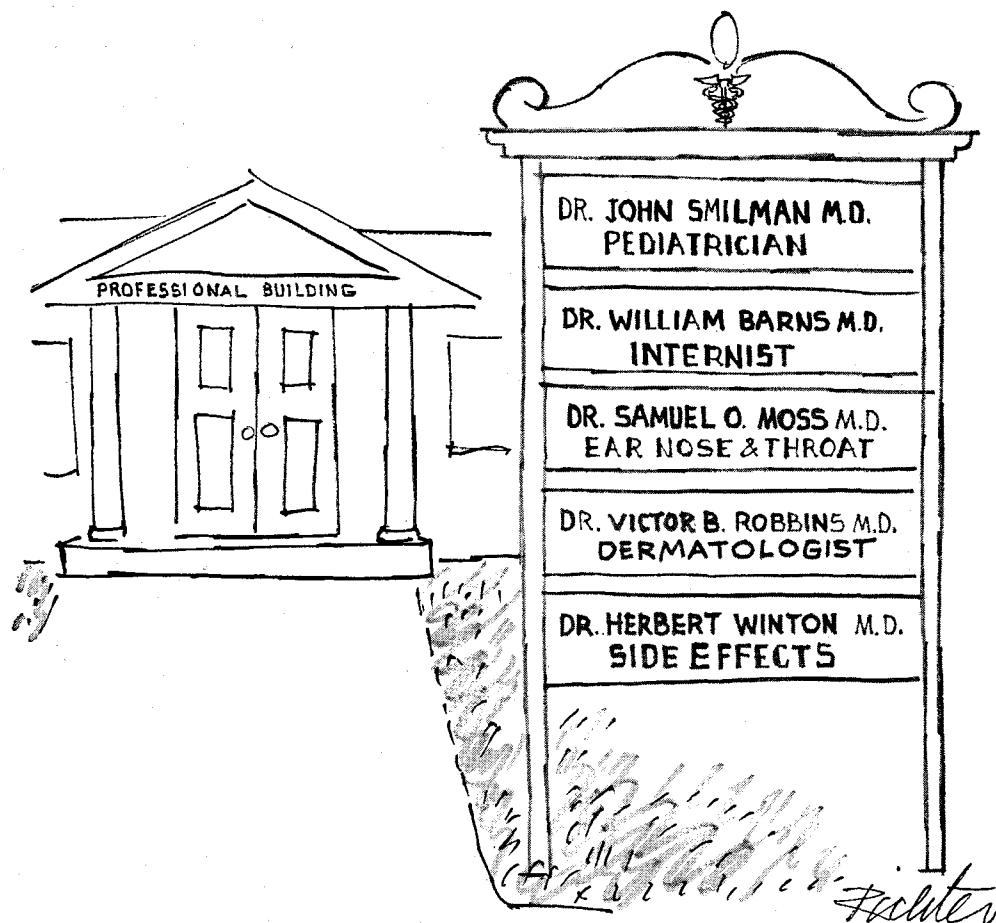
HAVING heard a number of people discuss the Last Straw that drove them from the city, I realize that if I didn't leave when Ben's Dairy started closing Sundays I'm probably here for good. It was an awful blow. It happened three years ago, and I still remember the details of the morning I discovered it, the way some people remember what they were wearing when they learned of the attack on Pearl Harbor—which also, as I remember it, took place on a Sunday morning. (I mention that without trying to imply any mystic pattern governing all catastrophes. I understand that the Spanish Inquisition began late on a Tuesday afternoon.) At about nine-thirty, I had parked brilliantly on Houston Street itself, and found myself in front of Yonah Shimmel's Knishery. Restraining myself from having one of Shimmel's legendary potato knishes at that hour of the morning, I had settled for a cheese bagel, figuring a little extra energy might be useful when I faced the counter crowds down the street. At Russ & Daughters, ordinarily my first stop, I was hardly in the door before someone was expertly removing from a succulent-looking

Nova Scotia salmon some slices that were going to be my own. My next move had been established years before. Leaving Russ & Daughters, I would take a quick look into Ben's Dairy, next door, and a quick look into Tanenbaum's Bakery, next door to Ben's—both tiny stores with barely enough room between the counter and the wall for a customer to elbow aside more than one other customer at a time. In either place, there could be an occasional lull in the crowd, the way there is a lull when a group of large men who are breaking down a door with a battering ram back up to get some running room. Making a quick, hard decision about which crowd looked less lethal at the moment, I would plunge into Ben's or Tanenbaum's, stagger back out to Houston Street, and plunge into the other one—emerging at the end carrying Ben's homemade cream cheese with scallions and Tanenbaum's fresh pumpernickel bagels, both of which would be combined with my Russ & Daughters Nova Scotia to create the single perfect Nova Scotia and cream cheese on bagel available in today's depleted market. Whenever I put the final ingredient in my shopping bag,

I felt ecstatic in the way I have always imagined a Manhattan real-estate speculator must feel ecstatic when he finally gets his hands on the last historic brownstone he needs to make up an entire block that can be torn down for a luxury high-rise. That Sunday, I shot my customary glance toward Ben's as I moved toward Tanenbaum's, and I saw a steel gate across the storefront. Closed.

I remained calm. In the past, I had often found Ben closed when I expected him to be open. Although his official policy had always been to close only on Saturdays and Jewish holidays, it had long seemed to me that Ben knew about Jewish holidays that had escaped the notice of other Jews. Finding Ben closed on Sundays when knishes were pouring out of Yonah Shimmel's, and customers were four deep at Russ & Daughters, and the open-air discount cubbyholes on Orchard Street, around the corner, were booming, I had got the impression that Ben might sometimes observe, say, the anniversary of the death of some wise and scholarly rabbi whose wisdom did not happen to spread much beyond the boundaries of one small neighborhood in Vitebsk. But my assumption that Ben was closed for religious reasons was destroyed when I looked into Tanenbaum's. Tanenbaum was known on Houston Street to be at least as strict about such matters as Ben. I had always suspected, in fact, that Tanenbaum observed the anniversary of the death of not only great rabbis but maybe some secular heroes and perhaps an ecumenical Methodist or two. Tanenbaum was in his store, dealing out bagels with both hands. I raced back into Russ & Daughters to find out what had happened, and my worst fears were confirmed: Ben had decided to close Sundays.

I had never objected to Tanenbaum and Ben closing on Saturdays. After all, freedom of religion is guaranteed in the Constitution, and, besides, I'm usually busy on Saturday shopping for Italian food. On a Saturday morning, I'm likely to be walking down Bleeker Street making last-minute adjustments to the complicated timing that sometimes allows me to start by buying a pound of prosciuttini at Mario Bosco's, get to Zito's just as the fresh-baked bread is coming up from the basement, and still arrive at the mozzarella store on Sullivan Street before it has been snatched clean of cheese-in-the-



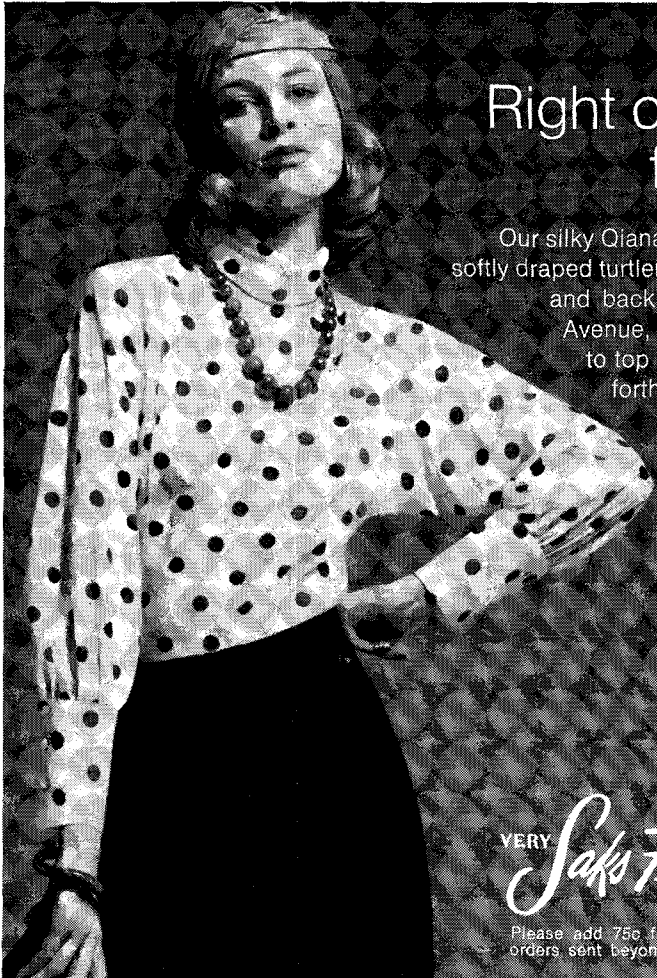
basket. (I go to the mozzarella store mainly to buy mozzarella, of course, but I often eat all of it before I've gone two blocks from the store, so if I fail to get cheese-in-the-basket I can arrive home with nothing to show for the trip.) On Saturdays, I have things to do. I had never even objected to closings on Jewish holidays that I suspected were known only to two or three senior professors at the Jewish Theological Seminary. But Sundays!

I took it personally. My Sundays had been ruined. The satisfaction of capturing each of the ingredients for the perfect Nova Scotia and cream cheese on bagel was no more. The pleasure of a late breakfast that could be extended to include picking at the small bits of Nova Scotia left on the platter at three-thirty or four was gone. I felt like a baseball manager who, having finally polished a double-play combination to such brilliance that it provided the inspiration for the entire team, learns that the second baseman has decided to retire so that he can devote full time to his franchise estate-planning business. It seemed to me that the reasons for the decision I had heard on Houston Street—that Ben was tired, that Ben had found it impossible to prepare enough cheese for the Sunday rush, that Ben could no longer take the crowds—were unpersuasive. Sunday is by far the busiest day on Houston Street. Closing on the busiest day is the kind of thing I might expect from some stationer in Surrey but not from a cheese merchant on the Lower East Side. I was not myself, of course. I became convinced that Ben, realizing how much I depended on him, had decided to close on Sunday as a display of independence. I knew, after all, that he was a strong-minded man. A year or two before, at a time when France had placed an embargo on spare parts for Israeli jets, Ben had put up a sign in his store that said something like "Until General de Gaulle Changes His Policy Toward Israel, Ben Sells No More French Cheese."

"He's trying to drive me from the city," I said to my wife when I arrived home, bearing a half pound of cream cheese that I had finally managed to find after a forty-minute traffic-and-parking struggle in the southern reaches of the Lower East Side—a dry, bland half pound of cream cheese that tasted as if it might have been made by a Presbyterian missionary rigidly following directions from the Camp Fire Girls recipe book.

"He doesn't even know you," my wife said.

"He didn't know de Gaulle either,"



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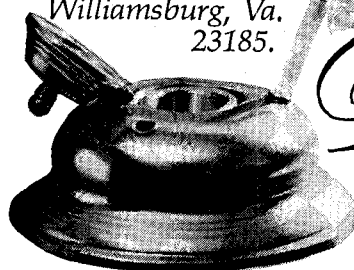
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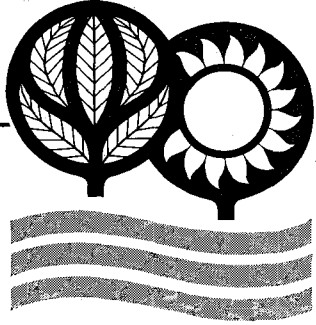
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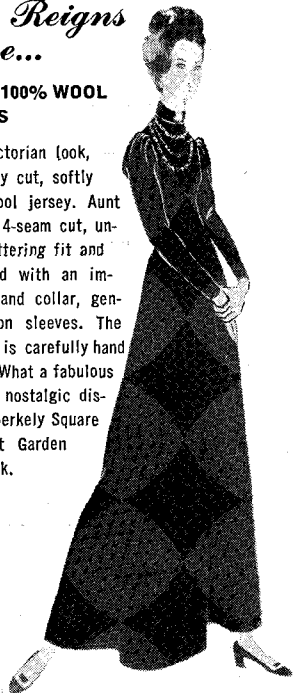
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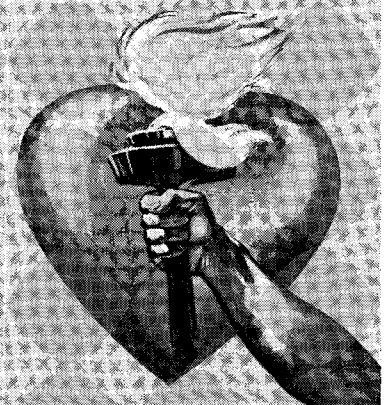
I said. But I decided to remain in the city. Out of the city, I wouldn't even be able to get decent cream cheese during the week.

I TRIED to look at the bright side. I told myself I could always make an extra trip on Friday to Ben's and then return on Sunday for fresh bagels and Nova Scotia; two routinely caught pop-ups may not provide as much beauty as a perfectly executed double play, but they provide precisely as many outs. I reminded myself that the ingredients for the perfect Nova Scotia and cream cheese on bagel were only part of my usual haul on Houston Street. As it happens, Ben's specialty is not even cream cheese but baked farmer cheese—a product whose existence I learned about, years after I started going to Ben's, only because a lady from Scarsdale who shoved in front of me at the counter one morning ordered a baked farmer cheese with caraway seeds and then included an eloquent description of its taste in the speech she delivered to me about being double-parked and in a terrible hurry. (Baked farmer cheese can be eaten cold, which, out of ignorance, is the way I wolfed it down for three or four years, until I heard Ben say that reheating it makes it taste "like a soufflé or a crêpe Suzette or whatever you want"—a description I found to be completely accurate.) How could I begrudge Ben an additional day of rest, I asked myself, when I could come in any weekday and have my choice of baked farmer cheese with scallions or baked farmer cheese with vegetables or even baked farmer cheese with pineapple? Who was I to complain about a little break in my Houston Street routine when there were millions of people all over the world who would never taste Russ & Daughters' chopped herring?

There were, I reminded myself, even non-food reasons to come to Houston Street on Sunday. Whenever I begin to feel oppressed by being shoved ahead of in the various lines I'm forced to stand in around New York, I spend part of a Sunday at Katz's Delicatessen, a block or two down Houston from my combination stores, where the sandwich makers at the counter always maintain rigid queue discipline while hand-slicing a high-quality pastrami on rye. I'm always reassured by my first sight of those counter men standing there. They seem to loom over the crowd—casually piling on corned beef, keeping a strict eye on the line in front of them, and passing the time by arguing with each other.

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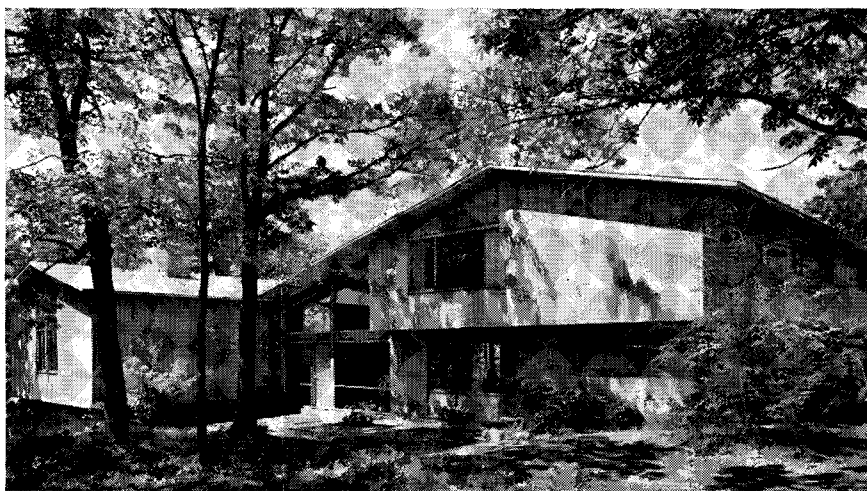
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er in Yiddish about what I have always preferred to think was anarcho-syndicalism. I find one Sunday afternoon at Katz's an antidote for at least two weeks of being pushed around. I stand there happily while some woman—undoubtedly the wife of the elderly gentleman who elbowed me off the bottom step of a Fifth Avenue bus the week before—tries to sneak in for a quick tongue on rye and receives from the counterman a devastating look and some comment like "And who are you—a movie star maybe?" Katz's is the place in which a counterman who was told by a customer that a particularly lean corned-beef sandwich would earn a commendation to the boss replied, "The boss! May the boss's nose fall off!" I find it a great comfort.

A couple of years after my first daughter was born, I realized that I was going to Houston Street on Sunday partly to have her properly appreciated. At the time, a check of the census statistics for Manhattan had confirmed a suspicion that had been growing in my mind: at least half of the people who saw her on the street were neither Jewish nor Italian, and were therefore culturally handicapped in trying to demonstrate their appreciation of her in a way I considered appropriate. At Russ & Daughters, people pay some attention to a two-year-old. I don't mean quick smiles or routine "Isn't-she-cute?"s. I mean Notice Is Taken. Lox lies unsliced. Strategic places at the counter are abandoned. Candy fish are pressed into hands. I always thought that Russ & Daughters could get away with charging admission to new parents.

After Ben started closing Sundays, in fact, I faced the simple truth that I could never give up Sunday mornings at Russ & Daughters completely, even if the entire Nova Scotia supply were lost to the Russian fishing fleet. (I will admit that when I stumble across one of those late-night philosophical discussions about whether war is ever justifiable, the question of how much of the Nova Scotia supply the Russians can be allowed to swallow up leaps to my mind.) I have always thought that anyone who wants a license to open up a retail business in New York—a candy store or a Manhattan branch of Harrods—ought to be required to observe Russ & Daughters in action for a week. Russ & Daughters is a splendid refutation of the false teaching that a store selling pickled herring cannot have character and a clean display case at the same time. The daughters of the late founder are particularly warm



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and cheerful women, and a customer who enters the store having just stormed the counter at Tanenbaum's or subjected himself to the discipline of a Katz counterman can get the impression he has wandered into the Fourth of July outing of a large family. The salesperson—a daughter, a husband of a daughter, lately even a daughter of a daughter—is likely to be friendly enough to disarm even an experienced tormentor of Lower East Side countermen.

"A nice piece of whitefish," a customer says.

"A piece of whitefish," the counterman says cheerfully, moving toward the smoked-fish section.

"A nice piece of whitefish," the customer repeats.

"Right, I'll get you a very nice piece," the counterman says.

The customer waits until the chosen piece is weighed and wrapped—four or five previous pieces having been rejected—and then says, "Is the whitefish good?"

"Very good," the counterman says.

"Is it excellent?" the customer asks.

"You're going to love it," the counterman says.

The potential licensee can then step forward, sample the whitefish, and learn the most important lesson of his week's observation: he loves it.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, I was on the Lower East Side, partly to take a look at the city's experiment of turning Orchard Street into a "mall" on Sunday by forbidding automobile traffic from Delancey to Houston. I found that the absence of cars did make Orchard Street much less crowded and chaotic, which would have been all to the good except that Orchard Street is supposed to be crowded and chaotic. Looking down poor, barren Orchard Street, I realized that it is only a matter of time before the city officials of Addis Ababa give in to some jazzy American urban-design specialist who has a brilliant plan for banning traffic in the city market. "We'll get a marvellous sweep of space here and a great flow of movement over here," he'll explain, stepping over four or five vegetable peddlers and wedging himself into a three-foot alley. "Naturally, we'll have designated off-street parking for all of these donkey carts." I don't mean that I'm opposed to change. Tanenbaum sold his bakery a year or two ago, and I have always spoken approvingly of the transition, once I satisfied myself that the young man who bought it was not going to do anything foolish like closing on Sunday or cutting back on his sup-

ply of a favorite pastry of mine called rugelach. After rattling around Orchard Street for a few minutes, I dropped into Russ & Daughters, and the subject of the stores next door came up.

"Ben's retiring," one of the daughters said.

"Retiring!" I said. I had spent three years making extra trips or making do with inferior cream cheese. Could he now plan, as the final blow, cutting off my supply completely?

"He's training someone to take his place," the daughter said.

Greatly relieved, I went next door to investigate the switchover. The man being trained in the art of farmer cheese, it turned out, was taking over in partnership with the young man who ran what had been Tanenbaum's Bakery. They were even considering the possibility of knocking down the wall in between, creating one store in a space almost as vast as a Checker cab. Despite their youth, the partners are traditionalists in such matters as observing the Sabbath—they are Chassidim from Brooklyn—but they believe in progressive business techniques. I noticed that they had erected a brightly painted double sign between the stores announcing Ben's Cheese Shop and Moishe's Bakery. The bakery even has a motto now: "Keep This Place in Mind/A Better One Is Hard to Find." Having a motto is not unknown on Houston Street (the Russ & Daughters shopping bags say "Queens of Lake Sturgeon"), but it was hardly Tanenbaum's style. Ben's Dairy, where the presence of baked farmer cheese was a secret Ben managed to keep from me for years, now has a sign in the window that not only announces the cheese but lists the varieties on individual slats hanging from the sign, in the way some ice-cream parlors announce their flavors.

"Will the place be run the same way?" I asked Ben and his successor.

"He's going to be closed on Saturdays and Jewish holidays," Ben said firmly.

"Of course. Naturally," I said, trying to control my excitement. "And, uh, the other days?"

"This week," the young man said, "we start opening on Sundays."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

Loomis, who is writing a biography of Hall with the aid of a giant from the Smithsonian Institution, became intrigued with Hall's death after reading the journals of another arctic explorer.—*Great Barrington (Mass.) Berkshire Courier*.

If you're going to have a collaborator, you might as well have a big one.

Here's what Myra Waldo wanted to know about her new General Electric microwave cooking center.



Myra Waldo has written more cookbooks than any other person. Some of her most popular cookbooks include: *The Complete Round the World Cookbook*, *Myra Waldo's Chinese Cookbook* and *The Complete Book of Wine Cookery*. Miss Waldo's questions about microwave cooking are part of a continuing series answered by General Electric.

Q. How does microwave cooking differ from conventional cooking?

A. In conventional cooking, the air or liquid surrounding the food is heated and heats the surface of the food. This heat is conducted into the interior of the food and cooks it. In microwave cooking, the microwave energy is absorbed only by the food and does not heat the surrounding air. This energy causes the food molecules to vibrate against each other, resulting in friction and creating heat which is conducted through the food and cooks it faster. General Electric markets two complete microwave cooking centers (Model J896 and Model J856), plus a countertop portable microwave oven (Model JET80). Cooking speed varies with the type of food being prepared, but here are some comparison times:

FOOD	CONVENTIONAL COOKING TIME	MICROWAVE COOKING TIME
Chili	35 Min.	15 Min.
Thaw Frozen Fruit	10 Min.	2 Min.
Lasagna	45 Min.	17 Min.
Stuffed Peppers (6)	60 Min.	22 Min.
Brownies	25 Min.	9 Min.
Salmon Loaf	60 Min.	14 Min.
Scalloped Potatoes	90 Min.	21 Min.

Q. Can I put something from the freezer directly into a microwave oven?

A. Yes. Frozen vegetables (even those in cooking pouches), frozen package entrees and home-frozen dishes can all be prepared quickly and easily with microwave energy. You can soften ice cream or butter to serving consistency in only a few seconds. Meats, depending on size and thickness, generally take only minutes to thaw.

Q. Can I make pastries in my microwave oven?

A. Yes. You can expect excellent results with General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers because they have heating elements to provide the conventional heat for browning, while the microwaves provide the speed in cooking. Our portable microwave oven is very effective for pastries which do not require a brown crust for appearance, such as brownies.

Q. When foods are cooked in liquids, does the liquid boil out more rapidly than in conventional ovens?

A. No. There's usually more liquid left because of the shorter cooking time. In a conventional oven, heat and longer cooking time result in more evaporation of liquids and natural juices.

Q. Will a potato skin turn crisp in the baking process?

A. Yes. By using the combination of microwave energy and conventional heat in the General Electric complete

microwave cooking centers, potato skins can become very crisp. However, in our portable microwave oven, the natural moisture in a potato keeps the skin moist, and because of the speed of microwave cooking, the skin does not dry out enough to become crisp.

Q. Can I bake a souffle in my microwave oven?

A. Yes. You can create superb souffles with a General Electric complete microwave cooking center because it supplies conventional heat for browning at the same time the microwaves are baking the souffle. Again, our portable microwave oven does not provide a browning element necessary for souffles.

Q. Does a microwave oven require any special electrical installation?

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Riddles of Pop

RIP TORN, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better than Maury Dann, the country singer of "Payday." Torn projects the magnetism of unstable personalities. He is so volatile and charged he really does have the pop charisma the role demands; you don't necessarily think Torn is a good actor, but you don't look away from the screen when he's up there. He can do split-second seizures of rage and pain, and he can flip in an instant from his usual nakedly appraising look to a fiend-pixie smile that is so broad it's hardly human. He is one of the few actors who are convincingly goaty; nobody else does rancidly unromantic sex scenes with the dippy arrogance—the near-madness—he brings to them. Always a little meaner and more self-sufficient than his roles seem to require, he is also freakishly, slyly funny. Torn has life to him, no matter what, and here his terrifying, sneaky smartness fits. Maury Dann has been touring in the Deep South for months, doing one-night stands. In the back of his Cadillac, between two girls, he's a sweating rajah, drinking Coke and beer and bourbon, smoking pot and popping pills. In the thirty-six hours that the film spans, just about everything goes wrong for him, and, already tense and exhausted, he is wound up so tight he's ready to explode.

The people who made "Payday" knew what they were doing. From the opening shots of a couple going in to a country-music concert through to Maury Dann's ultimate explosion, the film lays open his scrambling, chiselling life. An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter (the first he has had produced), makes it possible for the film to cover the grimy pop scene of a small-time recording "star"—the barnstorming life of deals and motels and restaurants, of groupies, quarrels, blackmailing disc jockeys, and payoffs. Maury, a third-rate Johnny Cash, travels in a two-car caravan with his entourage: his manager, McGinty (Michael C. Gwynne); his driver, cook, and "chief bottle washer," the fat, loyal Chicago (Cliff Emmich); and his musicians and girls. They are rootless refugees from poverty, out of nowhere and rushing to a more affluent

nowhere. A teen-age groupie with the slow smile of a Southern belle (Elayne Heilveil) works in a dime store and doesn't know what an omelet is; all her life she's eaten at counters and at McDonald's—"maybe three thousand hamburgers," she says. Being taken along by Maury is like being drawn into orbit. The people in the small towns idolize Maury, because he's somebody; he may be the only kind of somebody they feel is theirs.

"Payday" was made by an independent company, with Ralph J. Gleason, the veteran writer on jazz, who is vice-president of Fantasy Records, as executive producer. Financed by Fantasy Records and completed last year, it was brought in for under seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Universal, Warner Brothers, Twentieth Century-Fox, and Columbia all turned it down for distribution—though it's doubtful if they could bring in a film that looked this professional for three times that amount. To direct, Gleason and Carpenter picked Daryl Duke, who worked for the National Film Board of Canada before moving into Canadian and American television; he had not directed a theatrical feature before, but he knew the music scene. He's maybe too professional a director—too businesslike and slick—but he never lets your attention falter. "Payday" was shot entirely on location in Alabama, and with a cast partly of professionals and partly of local people, who play the drifters and the small-town characters without any false notes that I could detect. "Payday" isn't designed to be conventionally gripping or to have the usual melodramatic suspense; even halfway through, we're not quite conscious of where it's heading. Everything that happens is prepared for, yet in such an unforced way that we don't feel shoved. The editing (by Richard Halsey) seems to carry us along on the undercurrents; when from time to time the plot surfaces, we receive small hair-trigger shocks.

We get to know Maury Dann in different relationships, and we see what he came out of. On the way to a date in Birmingham, he visits his wreck of a mother, who bore him at sixteen, and now, fifty-one and a pill head, looks eighty; he goes out on a quail

shoot, has a fight about his hunting dog, stops in on his ex-wife but doesn't stick around to see his three kids. After each contact with the past, his frustrations need release, and when his blond mistress (Ahna Capri, doing an Ann-Margret role, and very well) goads him at the wrong moment, he throws her out of the car. Carpenter's writing is skillful; each person is given his due—no one is put down or treated condescendingly. Yet this very awareness, this intelligence that informs and controls every detail, shuts us out. The conception precludes Hollywood "heart," as it precludes "poetry"—yet, perhaps irrationally, we want more than accuracy and slice-of-life understanding. We want an illumination, a sense of discovery—*something*.

Rip Torn seems perfect in the role, but there is a disadvantage to him: who could have empathy with Rip Torn? He's always on his own malevolent wavelength. And the movie keeps its distance at all times; we observe what the characters feel, but we are never invited to feel with them. When we stay on the outside like this, there's no mystery. We don't sense other possibilities in the people; we never intuit what else they might have been, never feel anything larger in them than the life they're caught in. It's part of the picture's realistic integrity to show them for what they are, without sentimentality; yet to view stunted lives is not altogether satisfactory—as I think "Fat City" also demonstrated. This picture is much tougher-minded, and it's up-to-date—it has none of the blurring, softening (and antiquing) effect of a tragic tone. I don't know *how* it would be possible to present this life as acridly and faithfully as "Payday" does and infuse into it the beauty of some redeeming illumination without falsifying and destroying it. But this realism is close to the realism of hardboiled fiction; the astuteness is self-protective, and it prevents "Payday" from rising above craft.

When you hear people in the pop-music business swapping stories, you may think that someone should make a movie and show how it really is, and that's what these moviemakers have done. But to lay out what you know is a limited approach to realism. We grasp exactly what we are meant to think and feel about each detail of these dissolute, messy lives. And it frustrates the imagination when a world is so clearly defined—more clearly than is possible, I think, for an artist.

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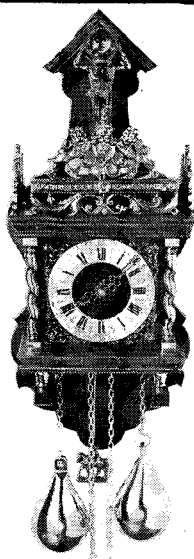
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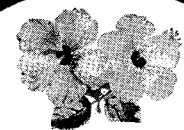
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say, Francesco Rosi's extraordinary 1965 film "The Moment of Truth"—socially a comparable story, dealing with a poor Spanish boy's road out of rural poverty and his barnstorming life as a matador. It, too, is about poverty, dislocation, and corruption, and the movie's method is also apparently objective and impersonal. The difference is that "The Moment of Truth" raises emotions that neither its moviemaking team nor we can fully comprehend, and so the material draws us in and stays with us. It does so, I think, because Rosi's style expresses a larger vision of life than that of his characters—his art is in itself a cry of rage about what the poor are deprived of. The largeness of his vision is proof of the human possibilities that his hero, living in a circle of corruption, is cut off from. "Payday" doesn't have an expressive style that says there's something more than Maury Dann's corruption. There's no rage in the film, and no sensibility that goes beyond awareness, except in a few flashes. There are brief memorable moments: the blowsy blonde's face when she wakes from a nap in the car to see her lover making out with the little groupie belle right next to her; the driver Chicago's mixture of emotions when he hands the car keys over to Maury Dann before being hauled off by the police. And they're memorable just because something larger and not easy to define is going on in them—because they transcend programmed realism. They have what a work of film art has in its *approach*—a sense of wonder.

In "Payday" we see only the crudeness of the pop scene; the music itself is largely neglected. But country music has links to the past, and if we could feel that there was love for this music in Maury Dann himself, and in his followers and audiences, the movie might have that transforming quality we miss. Because when a people's folk art is corrupted—and they're still trying to find some joy in it, since it's still the only art that's theirs—there is deprivation, all right, and rage isn't far away. To show corruption as it is is the honest reporter's way, and although it's a great deal for a movie to do, it's not enough. (It may even imply assent—though I don't think that happens here.) To show corruption as it is and by your style to reveal why it shouldn't be—that's the honest artist-reporter's way.

JIMMY CLIFF, the reggae singer who stars in "The Harder They Come"—made in Jamaica, and the



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first feature made there that deals with Jamaican life—has radiance and the verve of an instinctive actor. The film itself is a mess, but the music is redeeming, and Jimmy Cliff's joy in music, along with the whole culture's, stays with you. (The title song goes on playing in your head.) The director, Perry Henzell (who was also the producer, and the co-author with Trevor D. Rhone), begins to tell a basic hero myth, like that of the poor Spanish boy who dreams of becoming a matador, or the poor American boy who dreams of becoming a prizefighter, or the early life of a Maury Dann. And as long as he stays within the bounds of this story—which is probably very close to that of Jimmy Cliff himself—the film is satisfying, because the Jamaican ferment and spontaneity are new to the screen, and how can we not be interested in the home ground of the people who keep that lilt even in the New York noise? In Jamaica, the rhythmic swing of the voices is hypnotic even without the reggae, which is a further development of the cadenced speech. Reggae—a mixture of calypso and rock and the blues—is the pop pulse of the country. The music seems organic; a church choir syncopating the hymns makes them as lush as the island itself.

The film has been shot in vivid, opaque color; you get an immediate impression of glow and warmth. And of the people's passion for pop, which is maybe just another term for Americanization. The soft drinks and the billboards go right along with the transistor radios on the bicycles which pour out the reggae rhythms. A movie the hero, Ivan, goes to in Kingston—a spaghetti Western—is bastard pop, bloody and primitive, and more vital to the giggling, gleeful audience than the American Westerns it's based on. There must be a natural affinity between pop and heat; it seems perfectly at home in beach cultures—part of the corruption and tourism. (Hawaii is pop.) In his Jamaican setting, the blatant immediacy of pop becomes a new form of exoticism. The early, best passages of the movie are crude but sensual, and almost magical in their effect on us.

As Ivan, Jimmy Cliff is such a thin-kinned, excitable innocent and his lyrics are so naïvely upbeat that it would be bad enough if his life turned into a smudged dream, and at the outset we expect that the movie will be a folk fairy tale set in decadence—a modern hero's education in the rot of the record industry. (It would be instructive to know why Jimmy Cliff left Jamaica and now lives in Lon-

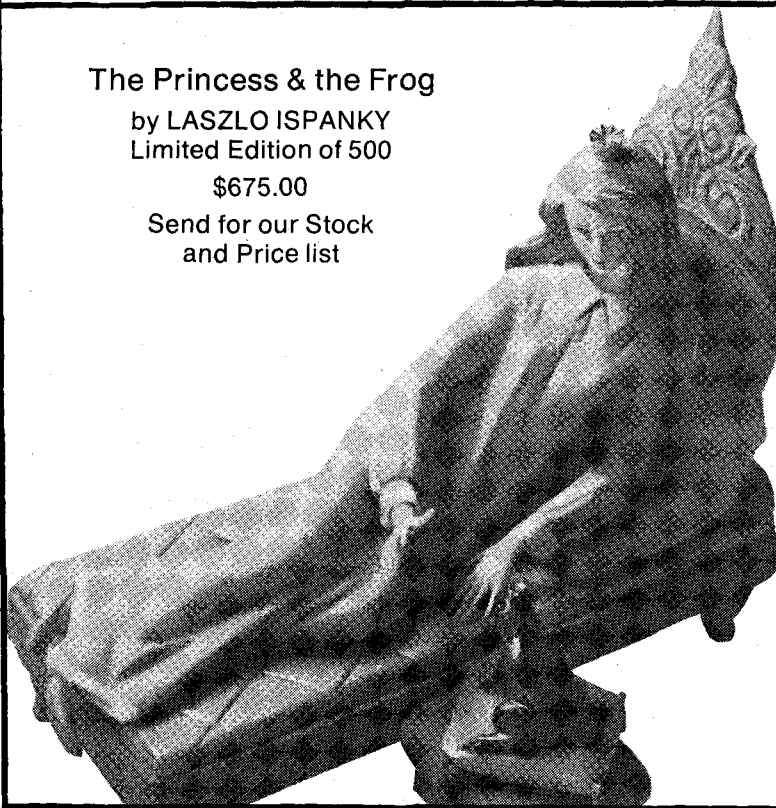
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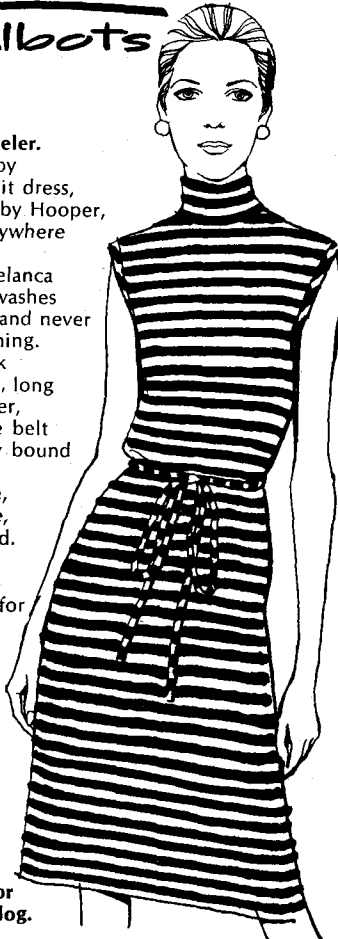
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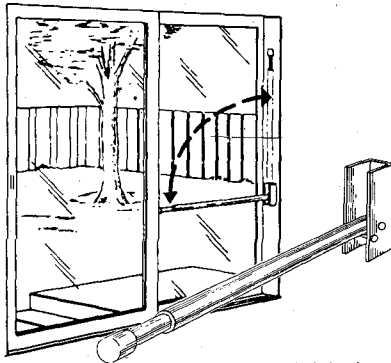
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don.) But Henzell tries to combine a singer's life with the life of Jamaica's first criminal hero—Rhygin, an actual outlaw of the fifties. Ivan makes a record, but the head of the record combine perceives that he's a troublemaker, so the record isn't pushed; rash and angry, Ivan gets involved in the drug trade, kills three policemen, and shoots a woman, and only then, because of his celebrity as a murderer, does his record become famous. The movie turns into a feverish social-protest fantasy, and infectious charm and social convulsions mix badly. (The Elia Kazan-Budd Schulberg film "A Face in the Crowd," which tried to turn a pop idol into a Fascist political figure, ran into comparable problems of rabid inflation and hysteria.) The continuity is hurried and haphazard. By the time Ivan is writing slogans on walls, going from "I Was Here" to "I Am Everywhere," he has turned into a symbol of revolt, and because of him the businessmen try to starve the people into submission. The episodes aren't dramatically intact, and they're not rounded off enough to explain the hero's change from country boy to defiant, publicity-loving outlaw. The movie itself becomes an example of pop sensationalism when Ivan is on the Most Wanted posters and at the top of the hit-record charts. There are so many ironies and cross-currents in the culture that we can't handle this ironic martyrdom, too. We're left without help to account for the irony that is central: the people's true and deep enjoyment of pop synthetic, which they transmute into folk art.

—PAULINE KAEI

THE LITERARY LIFE (TEARS AND LAUGHTER)

[Adv. in the Times]

LONE poetess seeks position as part-time companion to sensitive older woman of refined tastes. Have taken total care of both my parents till they died. Have studied violin and painting. Once called melancholy poetess as I've written many thousand pages of sad poems, good enough for a literary agent to want to edit and copyright, but only few short poems published. (Though poems all sad, I'm always laughing.) Will anyone replying please give some detailed account of herself and her interests.

President Gerard Farley charged that there were "more muggings" on the third of the month than any other time of the month because everyone knew when city pension checks were being delivered. He demanded that pension checks be in the pensioner's mailbox by the end of the month.—Civil Service Reporter.

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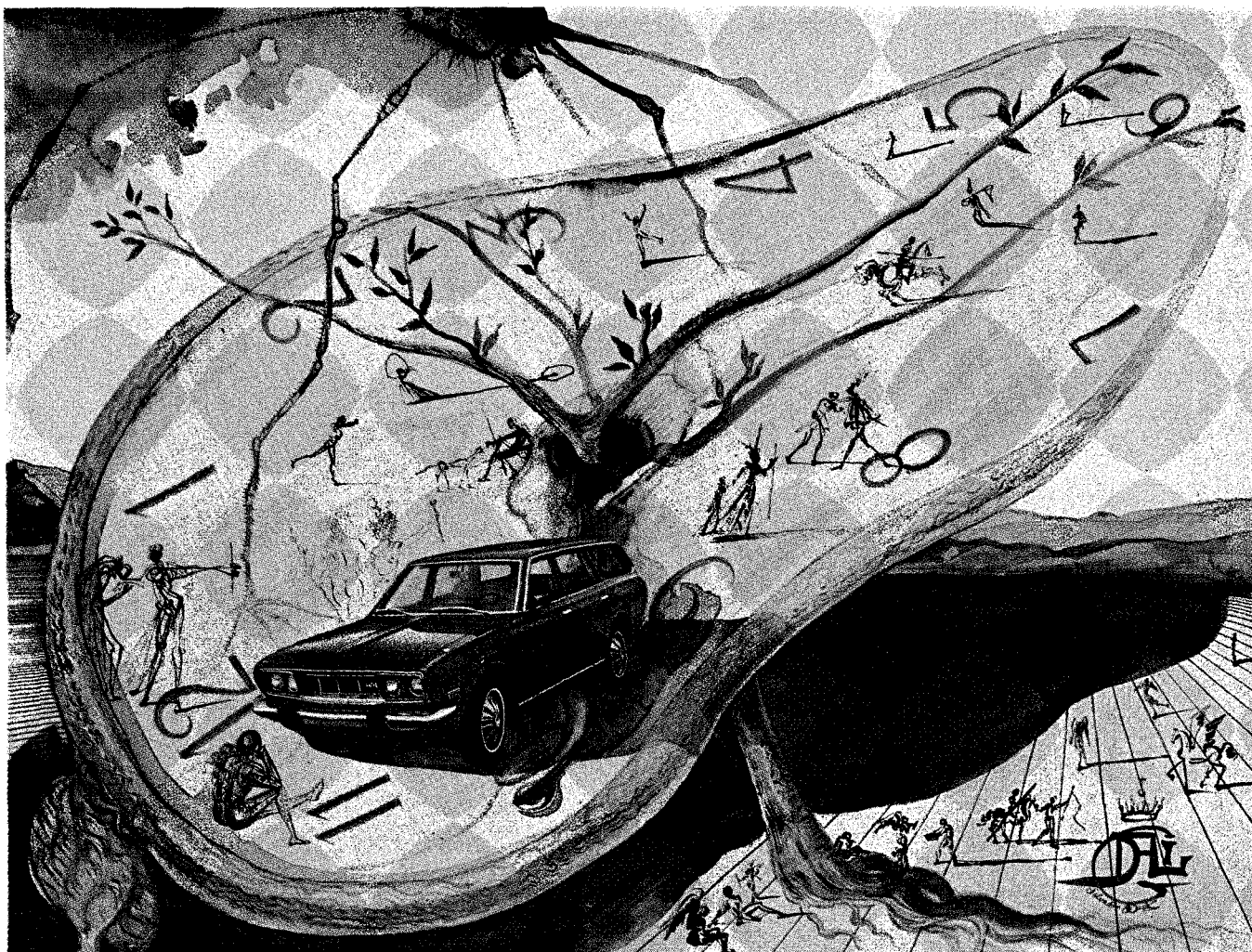
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THE RACE TRACK

Two Million a Day

FOR the past three weeks, OTB has been taking in around two million dollars a day in bets on the races at Bowie, in Maryland, and on the trots at Yonkers. So the other afternoon this department did a bit of bet-shop crawling around midtown Manhattan. For one reason or another, I hadn't been in one since OTB's spectacular debut in Grand Central Terminal nearly two years ago. Though I'm sure the shops were carefully designed to be impersonal and functional, they have the same atmosphere as all the old-time horse rooms (they used to be called pool rooms), but, despite their fresh brown paint, today's rooms seem more drab. Curiously, the one on East Forty-second Street reminded me of a spot on lower Broadway where the A.T. & T. Building now stands. (I was almost caught there one day when the police raided it and took everybody to the station house.) And they're all a far cry from one I remember in Chicago that gave you a copy of the *Racing Form*—it was a dime in those days—and a bottle of beer. What I missed most was the thrill of anticipation that ran through the old rooms: the telegraph clicking and a man wearing a green eyeshade (it was a sort of badge) reading off the Morse message—"They're off and running in the second at the Fair Grounds. At the quarter, Rusty Rats by a half..."

One thing I'll say—OTB's shops are the quietest places in town. Everyone is busy listing wagers on slips called work sheets, which the bettors hand in along with their money. Since they get seventeen spins of the wheel—nine races, four exactas, three quinellas, and a daily double—they have to do a lot of paper work, and horseplayers are fussy about being disturbed. They're not very tidy, either. Of course, you can also telephone your bets in, if you have opened an account and made a deposit to cover the action.

The largest crowd I came across was in the shop in Penn Station; it looked like a corner of the betting ring at the Big A on a Saturday half a dozen years ago. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised, but I was, by the number of women in the lines. They weren't admitted to the old horse rooms. (Will women's lib take a bow for the change?) By the way,

in the shop on East Fifty-sixth Street there was a *grande dame* fresh from a beauty shop. Her car was waiting outside.

The noisiest betting shops I've ever visited are in England, where radio loudspeakers blare the results of all the horse and dog races. Not long ago, I spent most of an afternoon in London in the West End in a shop next door to a well-known art gallery, and there wasn't a quiet moment. The English shops are operated by bookmakers, and you can get action on anything in sports.

There are no horse rooms as such in France, but you can get a bet down anywhere you see a little sign in gilt letters—"P.M.U." (*Pari Mutuel Urbain*)—over the door. I'm told that the betting shops in Japan—they're operated under the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry—are the last word in efficiency and décor. I have to see them someday.

THE three-year-olds were on their best behavior for horseplayers on Lincoln's Birthday last week. At Bowie, Marian Bender, a local darling, breezed home in the Free State Stakes for her fourth straight victory; at Santa Anita, Sham was an easy winner in the Santa Catalina Stakes; and at Hialeah, Protest, a filly, beat a dozen in the Mimosa Stakes. All three of them were favorites. Then, on Wednesday, Hialeah had a stunner. Royal and Regal, who horsemen thought was most likely to walk away with the forthcoming Flamingo, finished fourth in the Everglades Stakes, at a mile and a furlong. He went as impressively as ever for six furlongs but shortened his stride in the stretch, and Restless Jet, Our Native, and Dicks Boots passed him. The shock to the talent, who had backed him heavily, was tempered, since Restless Jet and Royal and Regal were coupled in the betting, because both are trained by Jimmy Croll. So the horse players cashed in at 3 to 5 anyhow.

—AUDAX MINOR

Earlier today, the White House announced several other resignations and changes as resignations and changes.

—The Times.

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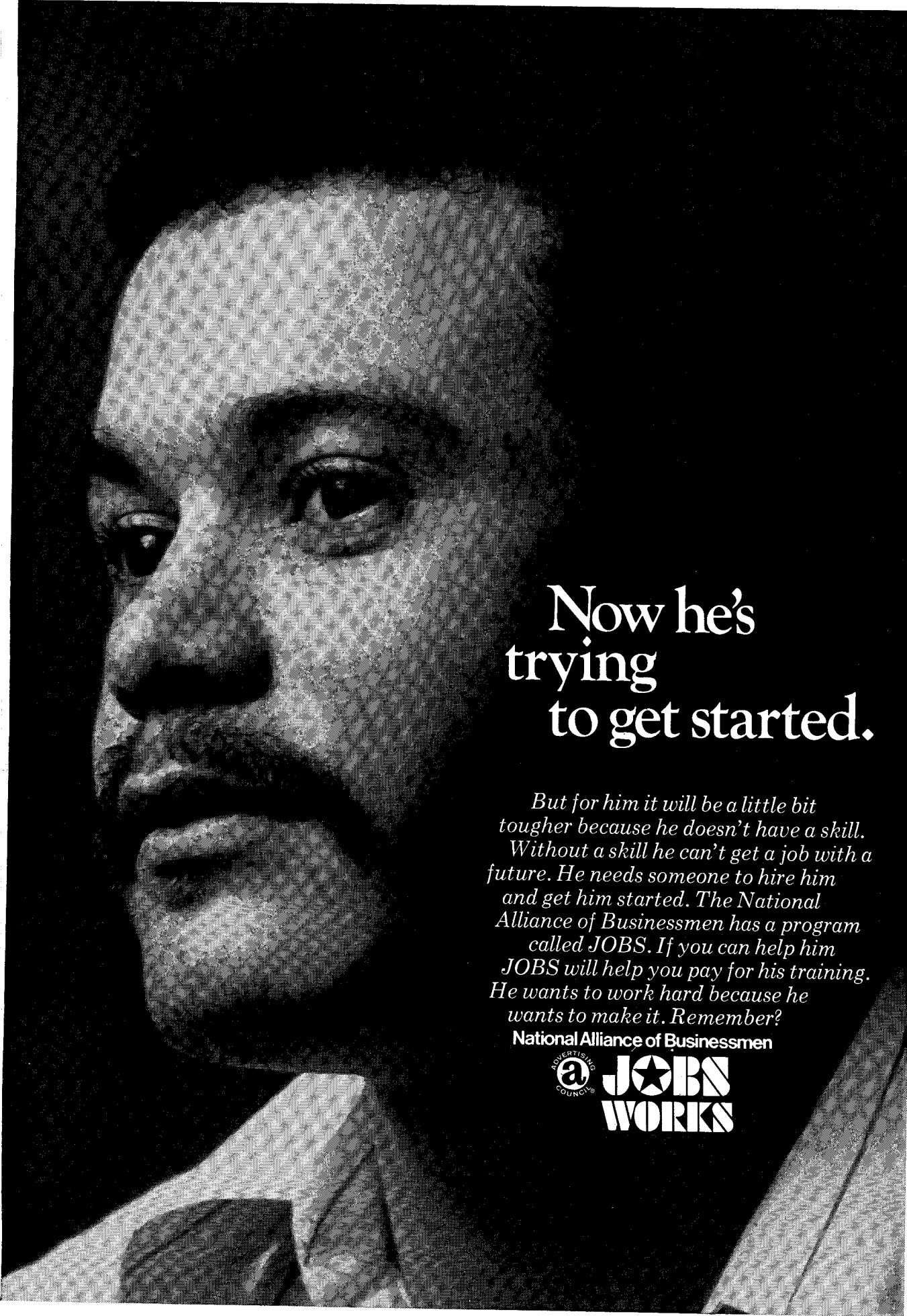
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**JOBS
WORKS**

BOOKS

Bessie Smith Plain

IT is ironic that the first good biography of Bessie Smith ("Bessie," Stein & Day) should have been written by a white. Ironical, but hardly surprising, for blacks were just as responsible as whites for the stigma that jazz dragged after it for so many years. The black middle class was embarrassed by what it felt was the music's ignorant, low-down origin, and the black church, so pervasive until the present generation, regarded jazz as the work of the Devil. Only recently have black writers—LeRoi Jones and A. B. Spellman among them—begun looking closely at their own music. "Bessie" is by Chris Albertson, a Danish jazz scholar who emigrated to this country fifteen years ago. Albertson has managed a triple feat: he has written the first estimable full-length biography not only of Bessie Smith but of any black musician; he has successfully immersed himself in a black world that has almost vanished; and he has at last removed from Bessie Smith the myths that have enclosed her for almost four decades.

The mythical Bessie Smith was the creation of both blacks and whites. The first black American stars came to the fore after the First World War, and

they considered her very rough timber; it is doubtful whether Josephine Baker and Florence Mills would even have broken bread with her. Liberal, well-meaning whites completed the image. They made her death, supposedly the result of a racial situation, a tragic celebration: it was one more unforgivable instance of the white man's cruelty to the black man. Other, and more minor, encrustations accumulated through the years: that her drinking eventually ruined her career; that her magnificent gifts began to diminish around 1930, and that, anyway, she was hopelessly *démodé* by the time of her death, seven years later; that toward the end, she no longer appeared in New York and had been reduced to being a singing hostess in Philadelphia dives; that she was bilked of a fortune by her husband, Jack Gee, and eventually became destitute; that she was an Uncle Tom; and that she was an unappreciated genius in her own time.

Albertson, by dint of heroic original research, snuffs out these notions one by one. Bessie Smith was a hard, periodic drinker all her life, but her occasional binges did not significantly impair her career. Like John Barrymore,

she could still perform almost dead drunk. By the mid-thirties, she had pretty much switched from blues singing, which had lost its currency, to pop singing, which had become fashionable, and her voice was in admirable shape. (Witness her final recordings, made in 1933, with the likes of Frankie Newton, Jack Teagarden, and Chu Berry as her accompanists; they are in many ways her best.) In common with most entertainers, black and white, she suffered lean times during the worst years of the Depression, but by 1936 she was landing first-rate gigs, in particular at the Apollo and at Connie's Inn, at Broadway and Forty-eighth, where she replaced an ailing ingénue named Billie Holiday. (Their paths had nearly crossed once before: Billie Holiday's first recording date and Bessie Smith's last one occurred in the same studio just three days apart. One wonders if they ever met—the mother and her spiritual daughter. Albertson doesn't say.) Jack Gee spent a lot of Bessie Smith's money, but it was freely given him; she was almost wickedly generous, and she completely supported two households of relatives during the last ten years of her life. (She and Gee had no issue, but Albertson has discovered an adopted son, Jack Gee, Jr., who is still alive.) Bessie Smith's attitude toward whites was exacting, reserved, and occasionally rough. Thus, Albertson's excruciating description of how Bessie Smith, after singing at an illustrious *soirée* at Carl Van Vechten's apartment in New York in the twenties, literally flattened Van Vechten's wife when she attempted to give the singer a farewell embrace. Indeed, Albertson's restoration of Bessie Smith is almost painfully complete. Her sexual habits were free to the point of the open practice of bisexuality. And her fabled generosity had a curious dead end, for although, on a whim, she bought Jack Gee a five-thousand-dollar Cadillac and paid cash on the spot for it, she consistently underpaid the performers who worked for her. Moreover, her temper, as the Van Vechten incident suggests, was not only mean, it was titanic: she felled women and men with indiscriminate ease. But Albertson's portrait of Bessie Smith is not all so sombre. He points out, for example, that one of the reasons she preferred Philadelphia to New York was that she could, when necessary, shuffle down to the corner store in her slippers and bathrobe without so much as a head's turning.



Albertson has set to rights all the confused circumstances of her death, and he makes it clear that because of sheer stupidity and needlessness it was a far more melancholy event than we had long believed. Bessie Smith did not die of her injuries in her automobile accident because she was refused admittance to a white hospital. She was quickly taken to a black hospital, and there she died, because there was almost nothing the doctors could do. She had lost a great deal of blood, she was in severe shock, an arm had been amputated, and she had irremediable internal injuries. (Albertson has found the white doctor who happened on the accident—Bessie Smith's car piled into the back of a slowly moving truck on a dark, narrow Mississippi road—and it is his opinion that even under today's care she might not have survived.)

It had looked at last as if she had everything going for her again. Lionel Hampton and John Hammond and even Benny Goodman wanted to record her; there was substantial talk of her making another movie (she was an expert dancer and something of a comedian, and she could probably act); and her last appearances in New York had been widely and favorably reviewed. She had worked almost unbearably hard throughout her life, but she had an iron constitution and was far from worn out. She had been doubly damned—by the white world and by the rigid stratification within her own black world—and she had survived. She was the best-known, best-paid black entertainer of her world and generation, and had she lived, she, too, would have moved onward with the ease of a Sammy Davis, Jr., or a Louis Armstrong or a Mahalia Jackson.

Albertson fails us on only one count. (Never mind the writing in the book, which is come-as-you-are; faulty prose has yet to slow Bessie Smith.) We know no more about the origins of her great gifts than we knew before. But then Bessie Smith had no idea herself. (Ma Rainey's influence on her is debatable, Albertson feels.) Like all transcendent primitive artists, she simply and miraculously was.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A **KEY TO LAURELS**, by March Cost (Vanguard). This excellently told romantic novel is set in a city in Scotland in the year 1918, and centers on a marvellous house called the Laurels, which is owned by a

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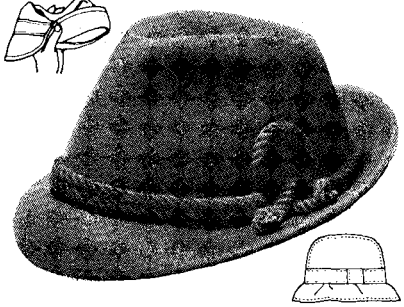
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wealthy maiden lady named Caroline Lumsden. Miss Lumsden is in her early sixties and lives alone except for her staff—a housekeeper-cook named Annie Worth, a housemaid, a kitchen maid, a charwoman, and a gardener. Annie, a delightful character, becomes Miss Lumsden's confidante, and time rolls back as we read of brilliant lives led by the very rich of long ago. Miss Cost writes with great verve and simplicity, and is not afraid to give her work a thin little touch of sentiment once in a while.

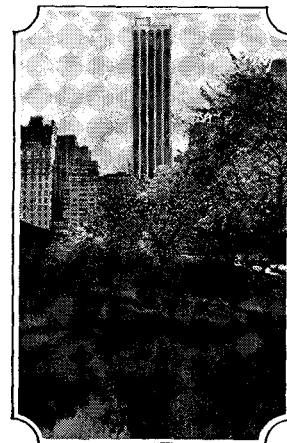
WILD PITCH, by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin). A light novel, but one with a certain tensile strength, about two potshot murders in a Montana cattle-country village, about a thoughtful sheriff who investigates the trouble, and about a seventeen-year-old boy named Jason Beard who is his admirer and volunteer assistant. It is Jason who tells the story, and he tells it somewhat as Chick Mallison tells of the exploits of Gavin Stevens in the Faulkner stories. It is, moreover, Jason, with his fresh eyes—with his unmuddled response to village and weather and the behavior of people—who gives the novel a sturdy and pleasurable actuality.

THE COLUMBUS TREE, by Peter Feibleman (Atheneum). Almost everyone in this flashy expatriate saga set in Andalusia is a wreck. The flotsam includes a washed-out American socialite with a secret, ugly (impoverished) past; her washed-out, cynical (but innocent-at-heart) daughter and her soon-to-be-washed-out adolescent son; a mystically washed-out fisherman's wife; a humanely washed-out Spanish aristocrat and patriot; and even a washed-out one-eyed dog. A lot happens in this book: social disasters of all sorts, a doomed love affair, political torture, and a ghastly murder. But despite Mr. Feibleman's gifts as a storyteller and the steady infusion of snappy Spanish, its lackluster characters make it a dispiriting book to read.

GENERAL

BUCKY: A GUIDED TOUR OF BUCKMINSTER FULLER, by Hugh Kenner (Morrow). A useful and irritating book about a useful and irritating man. Kenner met the Great Comprehensivist for the first time in 1967, and the meeting, he writes, "solved for me, that week, a book called 'The Pound Era' I had been

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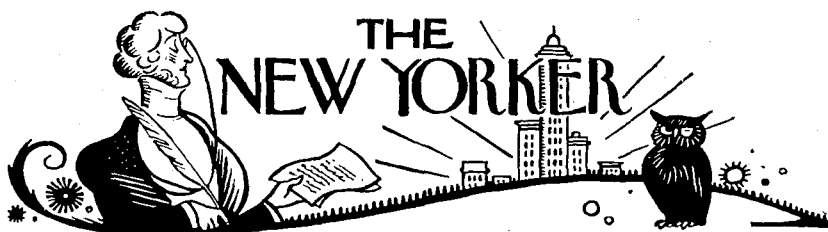
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trying to think out for years and was suddenly able to start writing." Fuller's lifelong devotion to whole systems and large-scale dynamic patterns helped to unknot Kenner's own literary imagination. But Kenner does not entirely succeed here in his explication of Fuller's thought, possibly because his clarifications of the vector equilibrium, tensegrity, and other Fuller arcana are couched in such arch, with-it, "Whole Earth Catalog" language that they often fail to clarify. Although not a biography, the book does make a serious effort to get all the way around its subject, and it includes an intelligent survey of the case *against* Fuller. The shortcomings and inconsistencies of his thought are dealt with in salutary detail, and the man himself is firmly differentiated from the cult object he is currently in danger of becoming. Kenner is very clear about Fuller's basic appeal: "He lets us hope that the world in which all these changes occur can still make sense: that it has one Coördinate System."

CARO: THE FATAL PASSION; THE LIFE OF LADY CAROLINE LAMB, by Henry Blyth (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). The celebrated serio-comedy, as Byron himself called it, whose central figures were the neurasthenic Lady Caroline Lamb; her lover, Lord Byron (although their love was probably never consummated); and her husband, William—later Lord Melbourne, Prime Minister to Queen Victoria—has been written about by almost everyone with even the slightest interest in the follies of the nineteenth century. Now comes Mr. Blyth, who has relied heavily on Caroline's letters and journals, which probably explains why her husband, and even Byron, emerge as relatively shadowy figures, and why the book is so long on ephemera and contradictory gossip. Poor Caroline did lead a rather sad, incredibly high-pitched existence, but reality never seemed bad enough, or romantic enough, to her, so she usually improved on it. Thus, any version of her life seen chiefly through her eyes is bound to end up sounding, as this one does, like a Regency soap. Those who remember David Cecil's delightful, and more substantial, "Melbourne" will be disappointed with the present volume.

THE HEART OF THE BATTLE: FOR A NEW SOCIAL CONTRACT, by Edgar Faure, translated from the French



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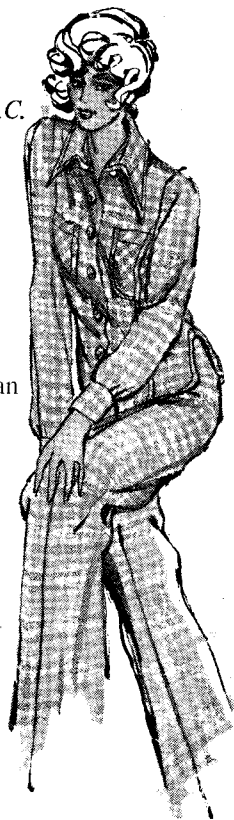
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by Gill Manning (McGraw-Hill). An ambitious essay by a former French Prime Minister which is personal, theoretical, and practical all at once. M. Faure talks about his background to explain how, by training and temperament, he is a moderate leaning to the left, preferring a steady current of reform to a wave of revolution. Nonetheless, his critique of Marxism and of various Marxist schools attempts to suggest what is valuable in their ideas. He is also enough of a realist to recognize that, whether the attacks on the "consumer society" come from the left or the right, the fact is that a good many Frenchmen still do not consume enough—especially of necessities. His book shows several valuable qualities—intellectual curiosity, good sense, and good humor.

WILD EXCURSIONS: THE LIFE AND FICTION OF LAURENCE STERNE, by David Thomson (McGraw-Hill). Brashness and diffidence,

pathos and absurdity, a teasing rather than a forthright approach to sexuality and, for that matter, to friendship—these oppositions and uncertainties appeared in Sterne's life and character as well as in his writings. They have led some critics, from the eighteenth century to the present, to suspect that there was something fraudulent or immoral in the man. Mr. Thomson thinks not. He persuasively argues that, for good reasons—such as Sterne's vagabond childhood and his adolescence as the dependent of rich and sometimes capricious relatives—Sterne never knew exactly who he was, and did not want to find out. He was a fantasist, a daydreamer, an actor, who had no use for reality except insofar as it suggested themes for reverie.

NOTE: "Deeper Into Movies," a collection of movie reviews by Pauline Kael, all of which originally appeared in these pages, has been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

ROBERT M. COATES

AMONG the American expatriates thronging Paris in the twenties, one of the most promising—and in appearance surely one of the most vivid—was a young writer named Robert M. Coates. A friend of Hemingway and Gertrude Stein (indeed, he introduced them to each other), he was tall and broad-shouldered, with bright-blue eyes, pink cheeks, and an immense aureole of crinkly red hair; a glimpse of him cycling through the streets in workmen's blue clothes with his great head seemingly ablaze was among the looked-for wonders of Paris in those days. "He looked like a flag," Janet Flanner once said of him. The son of an itinerant Yankee diesinker—that most skilled and highly paid of crafts—he had grown up all over America; the only conventional aspects of his upbringing were his going to Yale and his liking it there.

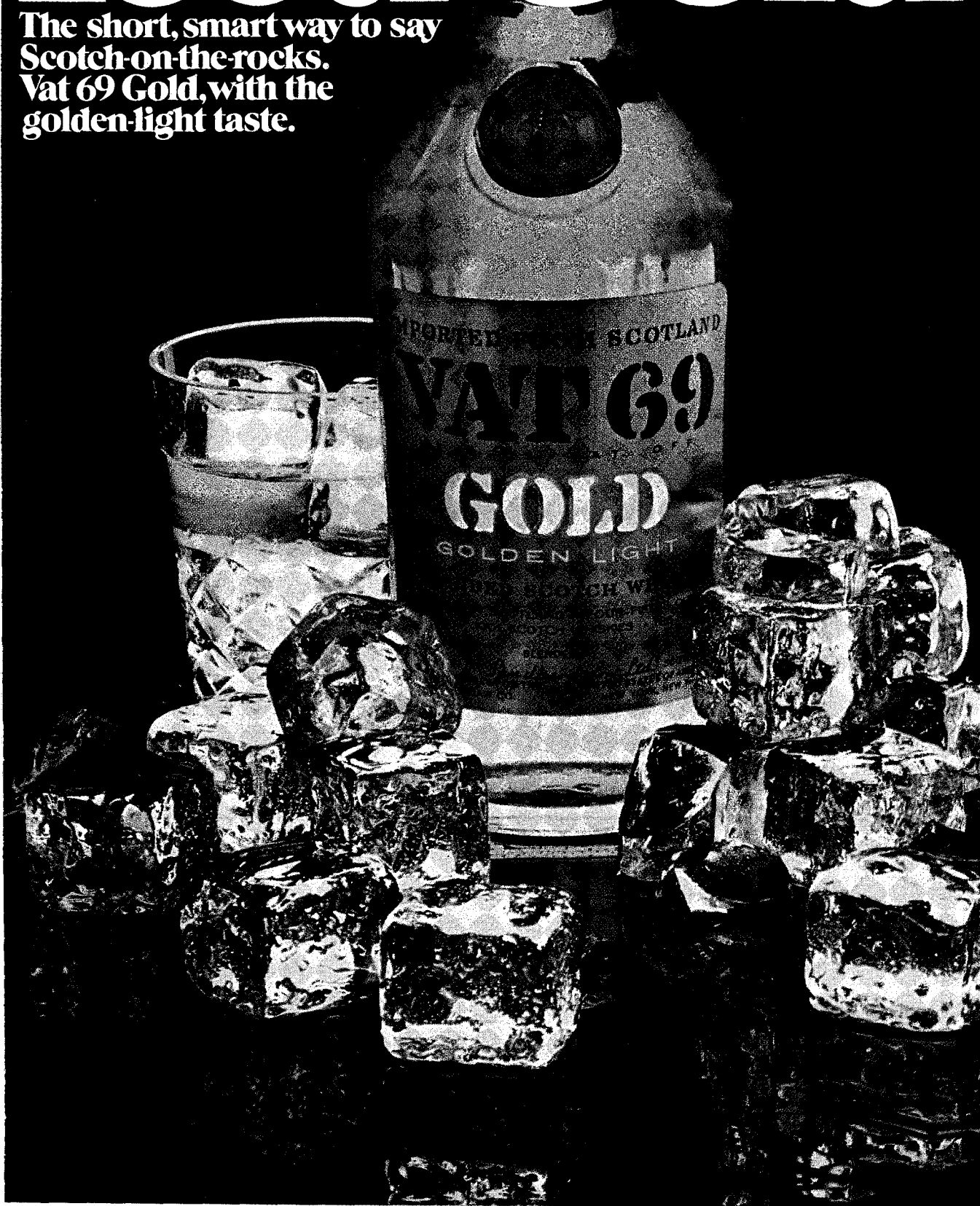
In 1927, having come back to this country, he began writing for this magazine, then two years old. In the ensuing forty years, he wrote over a hundred short stories for us, and innumerable book reviews, Profiles, and other fact pieces. From 1937 to 1967, he was the art critic of the magazine; many of the artists whose careers he followed had been young with him in Paris. In 1926, he published one of the celebrated unread books of the century, a novel called "The Eater of Dark-

ness." Reflecting his discipleship in the Dada movement, it is full of eerie double, and even triple, parentheses, and it may yet come into its own. Of his books, only the novel "Wisteria Cottage" achieved a popular success; it is a terrifying work, and so are many of his short stories, including an often reprinted one, "The Fury." In his writings about the city, he conveyed the impression that an immitigable evil brooded in the sunniest of our streets; in his writings about the countryside he seemed to perceive not evil but an enemy, and the enemy was nature, indifferently turning its back upon its stepchild, man.

Coates never achieved the wide recognition that his talents deserved, and this appeared to cause him not the slightest twinge of envy of others or bitterness toward fate. He was a man almost notorious for the sweetness and gentleness of his manner; he stammered when he spoke, but the stammer was convivial and made his listeners await with all the greater interest whatever delightful thing he had to say. With age, his curly mane turned tawny, and he came to look more and more lionlike as he paced tirelessly, mile upon mile, even into his seventies, the streets of the city and the back roads of upstate New York. Truth to tell, he was the least fierce lion that has ever lived.

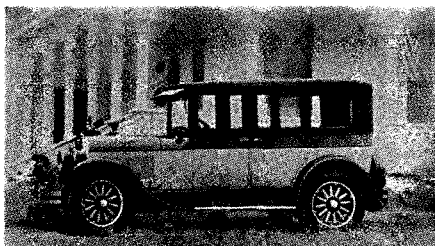
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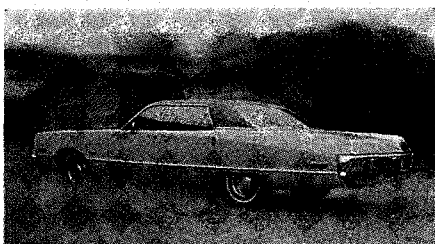
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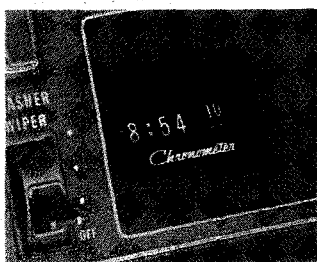
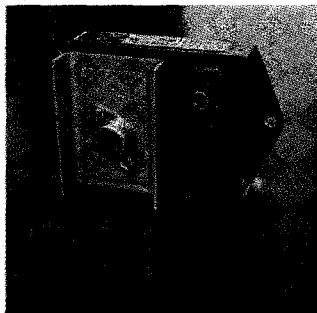


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